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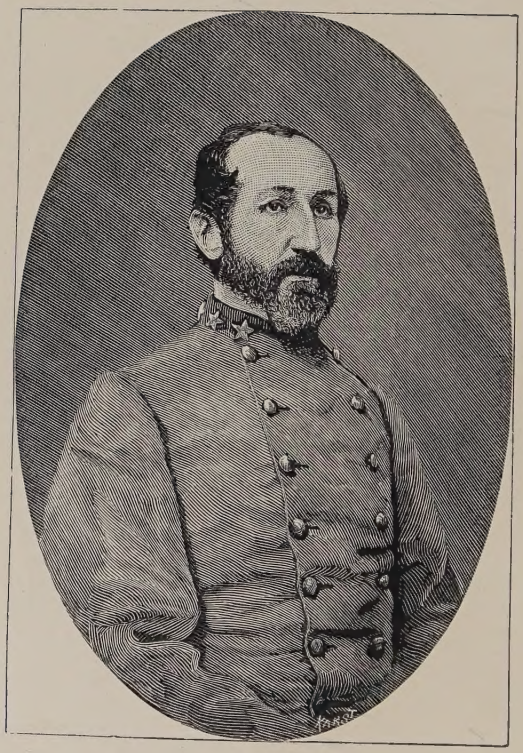

GENERAL JOSIAH GORGAS,

Chief of Ordnance of Confederate States.

SOUTHERN

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Gregg's Brigade of South Carolinians in the Second Battle of Manassas.

By EDWARD MCCRADY, Jr., *Lieut-Col. First S. C. Volunteers.*

[An address before the Survivors of the Twelfth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, at Walhalla, South Carolina, 21st August, 1884.]

When I look around upon you all, my old comrades, and see in this peaceful assembly the now quiet faces I have often seen lit with the fire of battle, and gaze upon your maimed forms and scarred countenances, and recall the time when I saw your blood shed, I hardly can tell which feeling is uppermost in my heart. It is surely gratifying to those of us who survive once more to meet; but as I recall each face before me, my memory is busier with those who are not here. Such meetings as these must be sad—infinitely sad. We meet the survivors of a lost cause and lost friends, of hopes and aspirations which all the chastenings of the last twenty years have not taught us were unfounded or unworthy. If our memories to-day, then, are filled with sadness let us thank God they bring to us no recollections of shame, but of honor and glory. You and I, my comrades, have realized as well the satire as the pathos of the old story of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim. Twenty odd years ago,

as we marched away with flags flying and drums beating, to fight for our State, the eyes of all the world, we thought, were upon each and every one of us, and we looked forward with exultation to the time when the war over, we would glory in telling of our heroic deeds. We did not doubt but that we would have attentive and eager listeners to our tales. We have learned since that few things are so wearisome to our friends as our old war stories. And when two or three of us, old soldiers, get together and commence—as we are sure to do—forming our lines of battle and marshaling our little battalions, and charging the enemy's breastworks, and all that, do we not see those from whom we looked for wondering admiration quietly slipping away uninterested in our well worn martial exploits? Do we not hear them humming something about the old king, who

> "Fought all his battles o'er again,
> And thrice he routed all his foes, and
> Thrice he slew the slain?"

And, after all, is it not enough if we can say with Uncle Toby:

* * * "And for my own part, though I should blush to boast of myself, Trim. Yet had my name been Alexander, I could not have done more at Namur than my duty."

And may we not content ourselves with the recollection, that if we did no more than our duty, that we *did try* to do faithfully?

Begging, then, the patience of our friends who honor us with their presence to-day, let me ask them to bear with us while we go over the battle of the 29th August, 1862, the second day of the great battle of Manassas, on which day our brigade bore so conspicuous a part, and in which battle, all together, the State of South Carolina suffered so terribly.

Colonel William Allan, who was Chief of Ordnance on General Jackson's staff, and who is as able a writer as he was a faithful and gallant soldier, whose pen has contributed so much to the truth of the history of the war, and to whom the soldiers of our corps especially are so much indebted for the preservation of their records, in a recent letter to the Philadelphia *Times* describing the battle-fields of Manassas, as they appeared on a visit twenty years after the events which have made them so famous, thus describes the position which our brigade held on Friday, the 29th of August, 1862:

"We were now at the extreme northern limit of the field of the second battle, and we turned to the southwest, and soon found our way to the position taken by Jackson on August 29th, 1862, and held by him so tena-

ciously during that day in the woods. This position runs along the unfinished roadbed of the section of the Manassas Gap railroad, which was intended to give an independent line from Manassas to Alexandria. The war came on before the line was completed, and the crumbling banks and cuts still stand, after twenty years, only to mark the site of numberless deeds of heroic valor. Jackson availed himself of the protection offered by the cuts and hills of the railroad, and here met and repulsed during the 29th the tremendous assaults, which Pope made in the hope of overwhelming his meagre forces before Lee could bring Longstreet to his aid. A veritable stone wall his men proved here for a second time on this historic field. The fury of Pope's attacks that day fell on Jackson's left, held by A. P. Hill; and here Gregg's brigade of South Carolinians fought with unsurpassed courage from morning till late in the afternoon. More than six hundred of his one thousand, five hundred men had fallen around the heroic Gregg, when, with ammunition exhausted, he replied to General Hill that he 'thought he could still hold his position with the bayonet.'"

Colonel Marshall, of Baltimore, who, you recollect, was military secretary of General Lee, in an address before the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, delivered in 1874, in discussing some of the disputed questions of the war, observes:

"It has been sixty years since Waterloo, and to this day writers are not agreed as to the facts of that famous battle.

"It is not fourteen years since our war began, and yet who, on either side, of those who took part in it, is bold enough to say that he knows the exact truth with reference to any of the great battles in which the armies of the north and south met each other?"

The justice of this remark of Colonel Marshall is well illustrated, my comrades, in the history of the battle in which we took the prominent part mentioned by Colonel Allan. No battle of the late war has been so much studied and discussed as that of the second day of the Second Manassas, Friday, the 29th August, 1862. The second defeat of the Federal forces on Bull Run, following other reverses, created such exasperation in the Northern minds that the administration in Washington, as well as the commander under whom the disaster had occurred, found it necessary to offer a sacrifice to appease at once the anger and fears of the people. A distinguished officer, one from whose skill and valor we of Gregg's brigade had already suffered, and had reason to appreciate, was selected as the victim. General Porter was tried, convicted and cashiered, "condemned," as the Board of Officers who re-examined his case say, "for not having taken part in his own battle." Twenty odd years after, the country is still discussing the justice of that con-

viction, and at last he has been vindicated by the action of Congress. This discussion, carried on with great earnestness and ability in both houses of Congress, as well as by his counsel, has attracted the attention of professional students of military history, and the examination of witnesses from both sides of the great struggle has revived and kept alive the interest in the battle as if it had been fought but yesterday. Since Waterloo, no battle, probably, has been so much studied and discussed.

This discussion would naturally have been very interesting to us, who took an active part in that battle, but our interest is greatly increased when we find that the discussion has now resulted in the question seriously asked and warmly debated: *Was there a battle at all on the 29th August, 1862?*

This is, indeed, a startling question to us, when we recollect that our brigade was engaged from daylight until dark, and lost over six hundred men out of fifteen hundred carried into action, including eight out of eleven field officers, and half of our company officers. But the question is asked, and is thus answered by the Board of Officers who have reviewed General Porter's case:

"The judgment of the court-martial upon General Porter's conduct was evidently based upon greatly erroneous impressions, not only respecting what that conduct really was, and the orders under which he was acting, but also respecting all the circumstances under which he acted. Especially was this true in respect to the character of the battle of the 29th of August. *That battle consisted of a number of sharp and gallant combats between small portions of the opposing forces. These combats were of short duration, and were separated by long intervals of simple skirmishing and artillery duels. Until after 6 o'clock only a small part of the troops on either side were engaged at any time during the afternoon.*"

General McGowan, who made the report for our brigade after General Gregg's death, describing our position, says: *

"Our line made an obtuse angle pointing towards the enemy, one side of which ran nearly parallel with the railroad cut, and the other along the fence bordering the cleared field before spoken of. Within these contracted lines was the little tongue of woodland, which we occupied, and which we were directed to hold at all hazards. On this spot, barely large enough to hold the brigade, *we stood and fought, with intervals of cessation, from eight o'clock in the morning until dark.*"

General Hill reports the three days' fighting: †

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* *Reports Army Northern Virginia*, volume II, page 276; *Rebellion Records*, volume XII, part 2, page 677.

† Reports *A. N. V.*, vol. II, p. 124; *Rebellion Records*, vol. XII, part 2, p. 669.

"My loss was one hundred and ninety-nine killed and thirteen hundred and eight wounded; total, fifteen hundred and seven, of which Gregg's brigade lost six hundred and nineteen.

"The brave Colonels, Marshall, of South Carolina, and Forbes, of Tennessee, were killed. Lieutenant-Colonel Leadbetter, of South Carolina, also met a soldier's death. Colonels Barnes, Edwards, McGowan, Lieutenant-Colonels McCorkle, Farrow and McCrady, and Major Brockman, of Gregg's brigade, were wounded. . .

"The stubborn tenacity with which Gregg's brigade held its position this day is worthy of highest commendation."

General Jackson reports:*

"Assault after assault was made on the left, exhibiting on the part of the enemy great pertinacity and determination; but every advance was most successfully and gallantly driven back. General Hill reports that six separate and distinct assaults were then met and repulsed by his division, assisted by Hays' brigade, Colonel Forno commanding. By this time the brigade of General Gregg, which, from its position on the extreme left, was most exposed to the enemy's attack, had nearly expended its ammunition. It had suffered severely in its men, and its field officers, except two, were killed or wounded."

General Lee in his report,† after mentioning a threat made on Longstreet, says:

"While the demonstration was being made on our right, a large force advanced to assail the left of Jackson's position, occupied by the division of General A. P. Hill. The attack was received by his troops with their accustomed steadiness, and the battle raged with great fury. The enemy was repeatedly repulsed, but again pressed on the attack with fresh troops. Once he succeeded in penetrating an interval between Gregg's brigade on the extreme left and that of General Thomas, but was quickly driven back with great slaughter by the Fourteenth South Carolina regiment, then in reserve, and the Forty-ninth Georgia, of Thomas' brigade. The contest was close and obstinate, the combatants sometimes delivering their fire at ten paces. General Gregg, who was most exposed, was reinforced by Hays' brigade under Colonel Forno, and successfully and gallantly resisted the attack of the enemy, until the ammunition of his brigade being exhausted, and all its field officers but two killed or wounded, it was relieved, after several hours of severe fighting, by Early's brigade and the Eighth Louisiana regiment."

Is it not strange then that in the face of these official reports it should be questioned whether or not there really was a battle on the 29th August, 1862?

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* *Reports Army Northern Virginia*, volume II, page 95; *Rebellion Records*, volume XII, part 2, page 641.

† *Reports Army Northern Virginia*, volume I, page 24; *Rebellion Records*, volume XII, part 2, page 554.

The discussion arose in this way: Pope charged that Porter, who was on the extreme left of the Federal line, and who he (Pope) had directed to attack and turn Jackson's right, had remained idle and inactive all the day, while he (Pope) "fought a terrific battle" on his right (our left.) To this Porter answered that the position Pope had directed him to take was a mile in rear of our line; that Longstreet was in force before him, and that Pope was holding him responsible for not doing on the left what he (Pope) himself, with the bulk of the army, had been unable to do on the right; and that, moreover, he (Porter) had heard no such firing on Pope's right as would inform him that a battle was raging. Singular to say the noise of our engagement does not appear to have been heard at the other end of the line.*

A battle, technically speaking, is defined to be an engagement between two armies, as distinguished from the skirmishes or minor actions fought between their smaller sections. In this sense, it is true that there was no general battle on the 29th; but that there was a battle of great severity between considerable parts of the two armies, we, the survivors of Gregg's Brigade, are here to testify to-day.

It has seemed to me, therefore, my comrades, that it would be interesting to you, and valuable to the history of our State, to recall with you this morning the part taken by our brigade on that memorable day, and with the official reports of the officers, both Federal and Confederate, before us to inquire who were our opponents, the troops of what States and commands we fought, and how many there were that we encountered during those long hours from sunrise to dark. I am the more induced to take this battle for the subject of our recollections to-day as I have the original draft of the report I made of the movements of the First Regiment, written very soon after the battle, which is valuable, because, as you remember, the reports made by the regimental officers were all lost by General

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*Many testified to this for General Porter, and in a history of the Fifth New York Volunteers, of Sykes's division of Porter's corps, the author mentions, not apparently with any regard to the Fitz John Porter case, that they heard heavy firing in the afternoon a few miles to their right, and it was the general impression among the rank and file that an engagement was going on, but the firing was nothing unusual, as they had been accustomed to hear it in various directions for several days.—*Davenport's Fifth New York Infantry*, page 264.

Gregg, and he himself had made none when killed at Fredericksburg.*

The report of General McGowan, admirable as it is, was made several months after the battle, when other great and stirring events had intervened, and when all the officers commanding regiments on the occasion had been killed, or were absent, wounded, while he was recompiling it; and as his own regiment had been held in reserve until late in the day, he himself was uninformed as to some occurrences of the early morning, which I think worthy of note.

The story of this battle can never be told without commencing with Jackson's great march from Jeffersonton, on Monday morning, the 25th of August, to Manassas, where we arrived on Tuesday evening—a march of fifty seven miles in two days.

General Crawford, with his famous Light Division in Wellington's army in the Peninsula, was accorded the honors of the victory at Talavera, because, though he reached the field too late to take part in the action, he had made the extraordinary march of sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours, leaving only seventeen stragglers behind. But this was done, not with a corps, but with a small picked body of troops—three regiments, which he had carefully trained for long marches, and who were thoroughly equipped, and well shod and fed, and fresh when they started. Our march was commenced as you will well recollect, after we had already been marching and skirmishing with the enemy across the Rapidan for a week, when we were already jaded and when we were miserably shod. I shall never forget that march; not all the struggle and bloodshed which followed it could efface the impression of the indomitable will and heroic endurance of our men as hungry and bare-footed they toiled over the rugged roads and rocky hillsides, pressing on as if the goal was peace and rest, and not the bloody fields to which they were so exultingly if painfully traveling. Can I ever forget the blood stains that I myself saw on the road left by the shoeless men whose suffering was first and only to be told by the gaping wounds on their bare feet as they lay dead on the field, to which they had so heroically struggled—to die?

Thrilling descriptions of this march have been given by writers

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*Since the delivery of this address, I find my report published in the *Rebellion Records*, volume XII, part 2, page 684, I was misinformed therefore as to the loss of the reports of this battle.

of both North and South—one an author, to whom I shall have other occasions to refer, and who, himself, took an active part in these operations, and commanded a brigade in Banks' corps of Pope's army,* and who has written, I think, the best account of the campaign published. It tells how every precaution was taken to conceal our march from Pope. "All unnecessary noise," he says, "was suppressed. Every road leading in the direction of the Federal army was watched by the Confederate cavalry. The troops moved as men will move when they are impelled by enthusiasm. Their eyes sparkled, their expression was ardent, and their step elastic. They seemed to have been lifted out of the obscurity of their lives into a higher plane of glorious achievements." He tells of that scene, which, no doubt, all of you who were there will remember, and which has been so well described, too, by Professor Dabney in his *Life of Jackson*, when Jackson stood by the road side to see us all pass as the evening of the first day's march closed in. He says:

"Near the end of the day's march General Jackson rode to the head of his column. There, on a great stone, he stood gazing as his soldiers passed. It was sunset. His face was darkened by exposure; his uniform was soiled and dingy, but his figure was rigid, and his expression, though stern, was radiant with hope. Before him passed in review his faithful men and their devoted leader. * * * And now some of those men of the old Stonewall brigade were before him. Jackson could not repress their enthusiasm. In vain he sent to them to be silent; in vain urged them not to make known their presence to the enemy by their cheers. Such considerations had been urged to the first troops passing, and they had repressed their desires, giving token of their expressions of confidence and admiration for their commander by silently swinging their caps in the air. But the men of the old brigade, now grown into a division, could not repress their shouts. They cheered tumultuously. "It is of no use," said Jackson; "you see," turning to one of his staff, "I can't stop them." Then he added, "who could not conquer with such men as these?"

Alas! alas!! alas!!!

We halted, as you well recollect, late on Tuesday evening within a mile or two of Manassas Junction, and lay there for the night, worn and weary, but ready for whatever might happen the next morning. General Trimble, with two regiments of his command, pressed on and secured the depot that night with but little resistance, and happily with but little loss—fifteen killed and wounded. By day

* Major-General George H. Gordon, United States volunteers, first Colonel second regiment Massachusetts infantry, author "History of the Campaign of the Army of Virginia."

dawn the next morning we were on our feet again, pushing on to the Junction to break our long fast on the stores provided for Pope's supply. Arrived there, our mess details were soon made, and we were just about to receive the longed-for rations, when an officer rode up and ordered General Gregg to move his brigade forward immediately to meet the enemy. For once our gallant commander was slow in obeying such an order. He knew that our men were absolutely famishing, and in no condition to march or fight until they had had some food, for, on that march of two days, all the rations we had had were three ears of green corn each, plucked from the field on the road side. Another and more pressing message came, but General Gregg still delaying, that our mess detail should return with our rations, General Jackson himself rode up, and very peremptorily ordered us forward. We had gone but a little distance when the firing ceased. General Archer, with his brigade of our division, having repulsed a brigade of New Jersey troops, which escaping by the train which had brought them from Alexandria, and no other force appearing, we lay during that morning, Wednesday, in the old trenches which General Johnston had built around Manassas.

On our march to this position, we passed through the camp in which our Federal friends had the day before been quietly resting, and saw on all sides abundant supplies. We managed, however, to keep our ranks pretty steadily, until coming up to a large sutler's store, and the firing in front having ceased, thus relieving us from the sense of a pressing necessity for our presence, it was more than our officers could do to restrain our hungry men from a charge upon that well-stored establishment. I do not know where he got it from, but this is the account given by General Gordon of the storming of that sutler's store, and which I do not think you will consider a bad one. He says :

"Weak and haggard from their diet of green corn and apples, one can well imagine with what surprise their eyes opened upon the contents of the sutler's stores, containing an amount and variety of property such as they had never before conceived of. Then came a storming charge of hungry men, rushing in tumultuous mobs over each other's heads, under each other's feet—anywhere, everywhere, to satisfy a craving hunger, stronger than a yearning for fame. There were no laggards in that charge, and there was abundant evidence of the fruits of victory. It is barely possible that the luckless purveyors of luxuries for Pope's army witnessed such amusing scenes without reflecting upon an ensuing ruin. Men, ragged and famished, clutched tenaciously at whatever came in their way, whether of

clothing or food, of luxury or necessity. Here a long yellow-haired, bare-footed son of the South claimed as prizes a tooth-brush, a box of candles, a quantity of lobster salad, a barrel of coffee; while there another, whose butternut colored homespun hung around him in tatters, crammed himself with lobster salad, sardines, potted game and sweetmeats, and washed them down with Rhenish wine."

It is said that our friend, General Trimble, was very indignant at this sacking of the stores he had captured the night before and had guarded until our division came up. But, my comrades, his troops had been there several hours before us, and we were not present to see the stores they had rifled, and to grudge them the supper they had eaten. However that may be, I know I forgave the fellow who, in flat disobedience of my positive order, came up from the rear with a Westphalia ham, hard tack, and a bottle of wine, and shared them with me.

General Gordon, continuing his account, says:

"Nor was the outer man neglected. From piles of new clothing the soldiers of Jackson arrayed themselves in the blue uniforms of the Federals. The naked were clad, the bare-footed where shod, the sick and wounded were provided with comforts and luxuries, to which they had long been strangers."

But in this he is mistaken, and while I do not wish to be critical upon our leaders, I have always thought that this was an instance in which the real weakness of our army organization exhibited itself. We held possession of Manassas for nearly twenty-four hours—all of Wednesday, from daylight until dark—and we had captured there two miles of burdened cars, laden with clothing, shoes, oats and corn, and there were there horses, wagons and ambulances, besides the contents of the sutler's stores; but so far from these things having been distributed, our brigade, you recollect, was left that night to cover the burning of these stores while Jackson, with the rest of our corps, moved to the neighborhood of the position on which we were the next afternoon to meet the enemy and there contend with him for three days.

Now, had we had an active, efficient and well organized quartermaster staff, why could not these supplies of clothing and shoes have been distributed amongst us? No enemy was pressing us from early in the morning for the rest of the day, and the details, which were ordered in the afternoon, too late for the purpose, might have effectually distributed the much-needed shoes to our bare-footed men. Late in the afternoon I was ordered to send all the men of the First,

who were in actual need of shoes, to the Quartermaster, at the Junction, and I sent, as I recollect, out of about three hundred of the regiment, one hundred men, who might be said to be bare-footed; but they returned without the shoes, the enemy, threatening us from Gainesville, it was determined to set fire to the supplies we had not availed ourselves of the morning hours to distribute.

I have dwelt upon this because the failure of the Maryland campaign has been attributed in a great measure to the straggling, which, I believe was, to a great extent, caused by the want of shoes in the army, and the blame has always fallen on the men and on the line officers. General E. P. Alexander tells us that General Lee exclaimed with tears, "*My army is ruined by straggling;*" and Colonel Chesney, the English military writer who has paid such an exquisite tribute to our beloved leader, and whose writings are so full of appreciation and praise of our soldiers in other respects, dwells upon this charge as that to which they were amenable. But I would ask any one who had walked over that battle-field, and had seen the feet of the dead, to say how the living, whose feet were in the same condition, could have held out longer on that campaign? Had it been realized when we captured these stores that every pair of shoes was equivalent to a man for our army, and had the energy with which General Jackson himself would swim swollen streams to find a ford for the men, been exercised as much in seeing that they were clothed and shod, I cannot but think it would have added greatly to his ability to carry out his brilliant conceptions, and would have saved his devoted followers from undeserved censure.

Left to cover the burning of the stores, our brigade moved out as the evening was closing in and picketed in the direction of Gainesville and Bristol. The bright light of the conflagration behind us rendered the woods in our front but darker and more impenetrable to our eyes as we strained them watching for the enemy, who, we supposed, attracted by the flames and informed by them of Jackson's movement from the junction, would endeavor by a rush to recover the stores not yet destroyed. But no such effort was made, and at 2 o'clock in the morning we withdrew from the woods, and passing the burning spoils, we took up our line of march for Centreville, whither the rest of our division had proceeded us the evening before. In the first light of the morning we crossed Blackburn's ford, and felt ourselves on hallowed ground as we passed where Bonham's Brigade of South Carolinians had been stationed the year before on that day which first had made Manassas Plains famous in the annals

of war. Arrived at Centreville, we breakfasted on such of the supplies as we had brought away with us from the junction, and rested there awhile from our night's watch. Then again we were up and on the march; now back in the direction of the old battle-field, we moved down the Warrenton turnpike. After crossing Bull Run, at the stone bridge, we filed to the right and made our way across the country to Sudley's ford, and were placed in position behind the railroad cut, which was to be our rampart and defence the next day. It was now late in the afternoon. Pope was hurrying up his troops "in pursuit of Jackson," as he had telegraphed to Washington; and King's Division of McDowell's corps, without a thought of their proximity to us, were marching quietly along the Warrenton turnpike, which we had just left and by which we had just come from Centreville, when, without note of warning, a quick and rapid fire of artillery sent bursting shells within their ranks.

So far from retreating, Jackson had thrown his corps directly upon the flank of the columns Pope had ordered to press forward in our "pursuit." Jackson was fully aware of Pope's movements, and to meet King he had at noon sent forward Taliaferro and Ewell through the woods along the deep cuts and steep embankments of the unfinished railway towards the Centreville pike. Here he formed his line in a wood on the brow of a hill, with Groveton on his left, and awaited King's approach, and King, all unconscious, marched to his destruction. You recollect, my comrades, how the noise of this battle on our right burst upon us:

> "—death shots falling thick and fast
> As lightnings from the mountain cloud."

Our brigade was hurried to the scene of action, and ordered to report to General Ewell, who was directing the battle; but we were not engaged that afternoon, and as I have much to say of the next day's work, which concerns us so much more nearly, I must hasten on without dwelling upon the brilliant commencement of the three days' struggle. Suffice it to say, that it was a short but most terrific contest, in which both sides suffered very heavily, the Federals leaving more than one-third of their forces engaged dead or wounded on the field, while we suffered heavily, and lost both of the division commanders engaged—Generals Ewell and Taliaferro—who were wounded.

We lay that night on the hard and rocky sides of the railroad cut,

knowing that many of us who did sleep were sleeping their last sleep on earth, and that others were watching for the rising of the sun, whose setting beams would fall upon their lifeless bodies ; and yet, on that summer night, the moon shone sweetly, and the stars came out quietly, as if there was nought but peace and good-will upon earth, as if no fierce men were lying waiting but the end of their vigils to commence again their murderous strife. The night passed on, and the day, the long day for those who should survive it, commenced—Friday, the 29th August—during which over six hundred of our little band of fifteen hundred were to fall.

The first dawn was greeted by the shells of the enemy, who had been preparing during the night to throw their main force upon our left, and to overwhelm us before Lee with Longstreet's corps came to our assistance. Some of these shells fell in our ranks, and thus, early in the day, was the bloody work begun. About seven o'clock the brigade was put in motion in the following order : the Twelfth, Thirteenth, First, Orr's Rifles, and Fourteenth, and we were marched back again to our first position of the evening before, the extreme left of Jackson's line. On our approach to the spot we were to occupy we were halted, and a company from each regiment was detailed as skirmishers, to cover our front and flanks. The skirmishers crossed the railroad cut, and pushed into the woods opposite, while General Gregg posted our regiments upon the hill on which the left of our line of battle was to rest, and which he was instructed that he was to hold at any and every cost.

Our position upon this hill or rocky knoll was slightly in advance of Jackson's general line ; here, the ground rising to some extent, the grade of the railroad bed, in our immediate front, rendered the depth of the cut about six feet, but sloping away to our right and left, reduced it to one or two feet on our flanks, while further on to our right, in front of Thomas' brigade, it rose to an embankment. The ground upon our side of the road-bed was almost entirely bare, while, on the other side, it was covered by a thick growth of brush. On our right, too, this growth extended to about fifty yards of our flank, while on our left, at about the same distance, was a field inclosed by a worm fence. The portion of this field, nearest our position, was cleared and open, but on the side of the field, furthest from us, there was a stand of corn closely covering it. This position was important, not only because it was our extreme left, but because of the Sudley ford which it commanded.

On arriving at this spot, our skirmishers having preceded us and

crossed the cut, the brigade was posted, the First on the right, the Thirteenth (Colonel Edwards) next, then the Twelfth (Colonel Barnes), and then the Fourteenth (Colonel McGowan); the last mentioned regiment thrown back along the worm fence I have mentioned and facing the north. Orr's Rifles, Colonel Marshall, were placed behind the centre in reserve. Our line thus made an obtuse angle, pointing towards the enemy. The rest of our division was posted as follows: Thomas' brigade of Georgians on our right, behind where the grade of the railroad bed began to rise from a cut to an embankment, and next to them Fields' brigade of Virginians, the right of our divisison. Branch's and Pender's brigade of North Carolinians, and Archer's of Tennesseeans, were held in support of the first line, Branch in the rear of our brigade. So Hill's Light Division was posted and ready for the day's bloody work. Ewell's division, under General Lawton, formed the centre of Jackson's line, and Taliaferro's, under General Starke, was on the extreme right.

We had been posted in our position but a few moments, I think, when the crack of the rifles in the woods in our front informed us that our skirmishers had come upon the enemy. We were eagerly listening to the dropping fire in our front, when General Gregg came up to me and telling me that it was desired to feel the enemy and ascertain what the force before us was, but that General Jackson did not wish a general engagement brought on, he ordered me to move the first regiment across the cut, crossing one rank at a time; and his instructions were, that when I had got the regiment safely across I would be met by Lieutenant Fellows, of the Thirteenth, who would guide me to where the skirmishers had engaged the enemy, upon coming up with whom I was to give them two or three volleys, and then charge them with the bayonet. How I, a regimental officer, was to be responsible for bringing on a general engagement, if I carried out these instructions, I did not very well understand; but you recollect, my comrades, that the General was very deaf, and on such occasions very impatient of explanations, so as my orders were at least clear, whatever might be the consequences, I hastened to obey them, and under his supervision his old regiment was crossed over the cut, and left him upon its adventurous expedition. Under Lieutenant Fellows' guidance I changed our front somewhat to the left, and the regiment advanced gallantly to its work. We had advanced but a little distance, however, and had not reached the point at which the volleys were to be given and the charge with the bayonet made, when, interrupting the programme thus marked out for us,

our enemies took the initiative without waiting our compliments, but intent it seemed on gratifying our inquisitiveness, opened on us quite a severe fire. The ground over which we were advancing was thickly wooded and covered with underbrush, so that we could see but a few paces in our front; and here, too, it sloped both to the front and flanks; from the hollow, at the bottom of the slope, the enemy poured into the regiment a destructive fire. The fire was returned with spirit; but upon attempting to move forward to the charge, as directed by General Gregg, I found our left exposed, and that we were already in danger of capture, as we had marched into the very jaws of our enemy. Instead, therefore, of carrying out the brilliant manœuvres proposed, I sent a message to General Gregg telling him of the situation. The messenger had scarcely gone when a fire was opened upon us from our right and rear, as well as from the left, and finding both flanks endangered, and the enemy in such force, I sent Captain Shooter, the next in command in the regiment, to explain to General Gregg our critical condition, and to ask for support. The fire increased rapidly, and finding the position becoming more and more untenable, I determined to extricate the regiment, if I could, without waiting for the assistance I had asked, as I feared if I waited much longer that it would be too late. This was accomplished with some difficulty, and we formed on a position in which we could hold our own, until you, my comrades, came up to our help.*

I certainly had not ascertained anything more about the enemy than that they were in considerable force in our immediate front, and were advancing upon us. So, while we are awaiting the coming of the Twelfth, which General Gregg sent us word he would send, let us turn, as we now may do, to the Federal reports, and learn what my reconnoissance had not disclosed, viz: what forces of the enemy

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* The Duke of Wellington, we are told, used to say: "All troops ran away—*that* he never minded—all he cared about was, whether they would come back." *Croker Papers*, volume I, page 352. If the truth must be told in this instance, the regiment, in the confusion from misunderstanding an order, broke, and commenced a precipitate retreat, but the color-sergeant, Dominick Spillman, and others, refusing to leave, the men reformed on the colors, and then, with well-dressed line, at the word of command went through the motions of loading and firing and facing about to retire, and again to deliver their fire as if on parade, and so retreated to the position at which they were joined by the Twelfth. They demonstrated the truth of the Duke's aphorism: "Brave men sometimes run. It requires the greatest of all courage to come back into the fight."

these were against whom our little regiment had been sent, and who you, of the Twelfth, were also to meet as you so gallantly came hastening to our assistance.

Major-General Franz Sigel reports:

"On Thursday night, August 28th, when the first corps was encamped on the heights south of Young's Branch, near Bull Run, I received orders from General Pope to attack the enemy vigorously the next morning. I accordingly made the necessary preparations at night, and formed in order of battle at daybreak, having ascertained that the enemy was in considerable force beyond Young's Branch, in sight of the hills we occupied. His left wing rested on Catharpin Creek, towards Centreville; with his centre he occupied a long stretch of woods parallel with the Sudley Springs (New Market) road, and his right was posted on the hill on both sides of the Centreville-Gainesville road. I therefore directed General Schurz to deploy his division on the right of the Gainesville road, and by a change of direction to the left to come into position parallel with the Sudley Springs road. General Milroy, with his brigade and one battery, was directed to form the centre," &c.

General Schenck's division was to form the left of Sigel's attack; but we, I think it will appear, are only concerned at the time with Schurz's division and Milroy's independent brigade. So we need not follow Schenck's movements, which, in fact, did not amount to much.

It will interest you, I think, my comrades, to know the composition of this division and brigade which Sigel had ordered to attack us. Schurz's division, I find, was composed of two brigades of three regiments each. The first brigade was commanded by Colonel Schimmelfenning, one of the best educated, General Gordon says, of all those foreigners who offered their swords to the Federal government—one whom it was your destiny to meet again upon that glorious but disastrous day to us, as we lost our great leader in the hour of victory at Chancellorsville. This brigade, which was upon the right of the division as it advanced, was composed of the Sixty-first Ohio, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel McGroarty; Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania, commanded by Major Blessing, and a regiment which the Federal government had the audacity to call the Eighth Virginia. Who the commander of this bogus regiment was I have not been able to ascertain. The second brigade was commanded by another foreigner, with an equally euphonious name, Colonel Krzyzanowski. This brigade was composed of the Fifty-fourth New York, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ashby; the Fifty-eighth New York, commanded by Major Henkel, and Seventy-fifth Pennsylvania, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Mahler. Milroy's independent

brigade consisted of the Eighty-second Ohio, and four regiments designated as the Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth Virginia, but which we will take leave to assume were not recruited on Virginia soil. Sigel's other division consisted of two brigades of four regiments each. So in his corps he had nineteen regiments. Pope in his report estimated this corps, after deducting losses by death, wounds and sickness, prior to the 27th August, as nine thousand strong—that is, nearly five hundred men to a regiment. Schurz's division, then, which was marching upon us, of six regiments, was little less than three thousand strong, and Milroy's two regiments, which during the fight, as it will appear, came to Schurz's assistance, added, say, one thousand, making the force assailing our left somewhat about four thousand strong.

It is always difficult, in studying the reports of the opposite side, to locate precisely the relative positions of the particular corps of the contending forces ; but in this struggle we are fortunately able to fix one point with some definiteness, from which we can arrange the positions of the attacking and defending bodies with some accuracy.

Colonel Krzyzanowski, detailing the operations of his brigade, the advance of which commenced at about half past five, A. M., says :

"Scarcely had the skirmishers passed over two hundred yards when they became engaged with the enemy. For some time the firing was kept up, but our skirmishers had to yield at last to the enemy's advancing column. At this time I ordered my regiment up, and a *general engagement* ensued."

I will not just now follow him in his description of the "general engagement," but will recur to it directly. I skip that now, to quote from the part of the report, telling of the position his brigade occupied after we had returned to the railroad, the following :

"We were then enabled to secure our wounded and some of our dead, and also *some of the enemy's wounded belonging to the 10th South Carolina regiment.*"

This is no doubt a typographical error for the *1st South Carolina*, and the wounded Krzyzanowski secured were some of our poor fellows who fell while our regiment was out there alone before you had come up, our regiment thus having struck the left brigade of Schurz's division as it was advancing to our attack.

We had not as long to wait the coming of the Twelfth as I have taken to tell you of the forces you were to meet when you came. Promptly answering our summons, you came up under your gallant and beloved commander, Colonel Barnes, and moving upon the left of the First, we joined you, and charged and drove the enemy

some distance beyond the point from which our regiment had before been driven back. But finding the enemy still strong upon our right, and again receiving his fire from that flank and in our rear, I halted the First, and throwing back the right wing, endeavored thus to hold our position, which now became necessary for the safety of the Twelfth, as you had pressed forward without us. Captain Shooter returned at this time, and informed me that General Gregg had sent Colonel Edwards with the Thirteenth to our support on the right, but the denseness of the undergrowth preventing our seeing him, or his finding us, I sent Sergeant L. A. Smith, who volunteered to go to communicate with Colonel Edwards, and to guide him to our position. This Sergeant Smith did at great personal danger, the enemy's sharpshooters having possession of the woods between the advance of the Thirteenth and ourselves. Colonel Edwards, in moving to our support, had met the enemy in such force as to compel him to engage them, and thus prevented his effecting a junction with the First. About this time I received a message from Lieutenant-Colonel Jones of the Twelfth, requesting me to move the First forward to the support of the Twelfth. Colonel Barnes had pushed you upon the enemy to some distance in advance, and you were then being pressed by them in superior numbers. The enemy, however, upon our right rendered it impossible for the First to advance; indeed, it was all we could do to hold our own position, and had we moved forward, both regiments, as it appeared to me, would have been taken in rear and cut off. Fortunately, just at this time, Colonel Marshall with the Rifles came up and advanced to the support of the Twelfth. The four regiments were then recalled, and we were again posted behind the railroad cut.

In this affair the four regiments engaged suffered severely, and lost some of our very best men, but it will amuse you, serious as the subject is, to learn how the enemy over-estimated our numbers, especially when I read you the bombastic and extravagant accounts of it by the redoubtable Milroy, two of whose regiments it was that attacked the right flank of the First, thus preventing its coming to your support, and preventing the Thirteenth from forming a junction with the First.

General Sigel reports, after describing the position and the order of his line of battle: *

"In this order our whole line advanced from point to point, taking advan-

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* *Rebellion Records*, volume XII, part 2, page 266.

tage of the ground before us until our whole line was involved in a most vehement artillery and infantry contest."

General Schurz reports:*

"Meanwhile the fire in front had extended along the whole line and become very lively, my regiments pushing the enemy vigorously before them, about one half a mile. The discharges of musketry increased in rapidity and volume as we advanced, *and it soon became evident that the enemy was throwing heavy masses against us.*"

Think of the "heavy masses" of three regiments coming to the support of a fourth.

Colonel Krzyzanowski, who was immediately in front of the First when we sent to ask for assistance, says:†

"Scarcely had the skirmishers passed over two hundred yards when they became engaged with the enemy. For some time the firing was kept up, but our skirmishers had to yield at last to the enemy's advancing column. At this time I ordered my regiments up, and a general engagement ensued. However, I noticed that the Fifty-fourth and Fifty eighth regiments had to fall back *owing to the furious fire of the enemy, who had evidently thrown his forces exclusively upon those two regiments.* The Seventy-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, which up to this time had not taken part in this engagement, was (at the time the Fifty eighth and the Fifty-fourth retired) nobly led by Lieutenant-Colonel Mahler upon the right flank of the enemy and kept him busy until I had brought the Fifty eighth at a double quick up to its previous position, when those two regiments successfully drove the enemy before them, thereby gaining the position of the Manassas Gap railroad."

General Milroy seems to have been everywhere, dashing about independently, even, of his independent brigade. He says:‡

* * * * "After passing a piece of woods I turned to the right, where the Rebels had a battery that gave us a good deal of trouble. I brought forward one of my batteries to reply to it, and soon heard a tremendous fire of small arms, and knew that General Schurz was hotly engaged to my right in an extensive forest. I sent two of my regiments, the Eighty-Second Ohio, Colonel Cantwell, and the Fifth Virginia, Colonel Zeigler, to General Schurz's assistance. They were to attack the enemy's right flank, and I held my two other regiments in reserve for a time. The two regiments sent to Schurz were soon hotly engaged, the enemy being behind a railroad embankment, which afforded them an excellent breastwork.

The railroad had to be approached from a cleared ground on our side through a strip of thick timber, from 100 to 500 yards in width. I had intended, with the two regiments held in reserve (the Second and Third Virginia regiments), to charge the Rebel battery, which was but a short distance

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* *Rebellion Records*, vol. XII, part 2, p. 296. † *Ibid*, p. 311. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 319.

from us over the top of the hill on our left, but while making my arrangements to do this, *I observed that my two regiments engaged were being driven back out of the woods by the terrible fire of the Rebels.*

I then saw the brave Colonels, Cantwell and Zeigler, struggling to rally their broken regiments in the rear of the forest, out of which they had been driven, and sent two of my aides to assist them and assure them of immediate support. *They soon rallied their men, and charged again and again up to the railroad, but were driven back each time with great loss.* I then sent the Second Virginia to their support, directing it to approach the railroad at a point on the left of my other regiments where the woods ended, *but they were met by such a destructive fire from a large Rebel force that they were soon thrown into confusion, and fell back in disorder. The enemy now came on in overwhelming numbers.* General Carl Schurz had been obliged to retire with his two brigades an hour before, *and then the whole Rebel force was turned against my brigade, and my brave lads were dashed back before the storm of bullets like chaff before the tempest.*"

And so on. General Gordon, in a note* to his account of this part of the battle, says: "Thus far in the battle the feats of valor on the Federal side we have given from official reports." "It is remarkable," he adds, "that the most patient research among Confederate reports reveals no account of any heavy or prolonged struggle *up to this time* with either General Schurz or Milroy. Indeed, the Confederates claim to have resisted the efforts of these Federal officers with but a small part of their force."

General Thomas, who was on our right, advanced it seems to our support—I suppose when Colonel Edwards with the Thirteenth and Colonel Marshall with the Rifles moved out—but he disposes of the part his brigade took in it in a few lines. He says: †

"General Gregg's brigade meeting the enemy there (near the railroad), this brigade advanced to his right, the regiments being thrown in successively until all became engaged. The enemy were in strong position on the railroad. We at once advanced and drove them from it."

Thus, as I understand, General Thomas disposes of the rest of Milroy's brigade and of Schenck's division of Sigel's corps. At any rate, he is the only other officer on our side who found anything worthy to note of the performances at this time, so elaborately reported by Milroy.

General Branch, you recollect, was in our rear in support of our brigade, and when he saw our brigade engaged, he, too, sent in three

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* *The Army of Virginia*, page 258.

† *Reports Army Northern Virginia*, volume II, page 257; *Rebellion Records*, volume XII, part 2, page 702.

regiments—the Thirty-seventh, Eighteenth and Seventh North Carolina, which became actively engaged no doubt with Colonel Schimmelfenning's brigade, which was on the extreme right of Sigel's corps, and lapping over our left. But General Lane, who made the report, makes very light of the affair. He, himself, with the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-third North Carolina had been sent by General Branch to dislodge the enemy who were in the woods beyond the cornfield on our left, but learning, he says, that the enemy were in force in the woods, and that General Gregg had been ordered not to press them, he informed General Branch, and was ordered by him to remain where he was. *

All this took place, as you will remember, before ten o'clock, and I cannot but think, on reading the Federal reports, that the results of the reconnoissance, on which the First was sent, were far more important than could have been contemplated when a single regiment was ordered "to feel the enemy." The audacity of the attack of the First, the dash with which it was supported by the Twelfth, and the promptness and vigor of the Thirteenth and Rifles in meeting Milroy, seem to have disconcerted the enemy and checked his advance upon the position which we were to hold so tenaciously for the rest of the day. Judging from the Federal reports, and the further action of Sigel, we must have crippled his corps beyond what could have been expected.

It was now about 10 o'clock. Our position in the morning had scarcely been regained when the enemy were reported advancing in force through the woods from which we had just retired. Four companies of the First were again sent forward under Captain Shooter, by General Gregg's order, as skirmishers, to meet them. Colonel Edwards, with the Thirteenth, was placed in the position held by the First previous to our advance, and with the remaining six companies of our regiment I was placed by General Gregg in position about twenty yards in rear of the Thirteenth. The Twelfth was some distance in rear of the First. The Fourteenth and Rifles confronting the cornfield to the left. These positions had scarcely been taken when the skirmishers of the First were driven back before the advance of the enemy in force, and falling back across the railroad, the companies formed in their places upon the wings of the regiment. They had scarcely done so before the breaking of the

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* *Reports Army Northern Virginia*, volume II, page 273; *Rebellion Records*, volume XII, part 2, page 676.

bushes and the orders of the officers, as they strove to preserve the alignment of the regiments advancing through the woods to our assault, could be distinctly heard, and told of the approach of the enemy still concealed by the heavy brush.

Let us see who it was that was coming so steadily and cautiously to our attack.

During the affair in front of the railroad, which I have just described, General Kearney, of Heintzelman's corps, had been ordered to the support of Sigel, and had arrived upon the ground, and some of his regiments had probably taken part in that fight, as Schurz reports that two small regiments sent to his support had slipped in between the two brigades. But, however that may be, Kearney was now in our front, ready for action, and Sigel had written, requesting him to attack at once with his whole force, as Longstreet, who was expected to reinforce Jackson during the day, had not yet arrived upon the battle-field, and it was hoped to gain decisive advantages before his arrival. Kearney seems to have found difficulty in getting into position on his right (our left), and he had to request Schurz to shorten his front and condense his line by drawing his right nearer to his left, so as to make room for him on his right. Orders were given Colonel Schimmelfenning accordingly. Schurz having seen the letter of Sigel to Kearney, ordered a general advance of his whole line, which he claims was executed with great gallantry, "the enemy," he says, "yielding everywhere before us."*

Is this not a little news to you and me, my comrades? Captain Shooter, with the four companies of the First, after some very sharp skirmishing, in which we again lost some very valuable men, did fall back, as he was expected to do, having developed the line of attack, but except this, I do not know of any yielding anywhere on our line. Certain it is, they left us where they found us—behind the railroad cut.

And now began the really terrific work of the day, which ended only with the day itself. From the dense growth which shielded the enemy from our view, they poured in upon us a deadly fire. Our men had seldom better direction for their aim than the bushes from which the fire came. The enemy dared not cross the railroad cut, though in superior force to ours, and, after vainly endeavoring to force us from our position by their fire, they were compelled them-

* *Rebellion Records*, volume XII, part 2, page 298.

selves to retire in confusion. As they fell back, however, cheers told us of other and fresh troops advancing.

The Federal reports of this battle are very curious reading to us, especially of this attack. General Schurz claims that Colonel Schimmelfenning not only got possession of the embankment on his right (our extreme left), but that he advanced beyond it. He admits that he fell back under heavy pressure, but he insists that he held the embankment.* Krzyzanowski's skirmishers had two mountain howitzers, from the effect of the fire of which, we are told, it was said the Confederates recoiled for a time, then he, too, advanced and gained the embankment which Schurz claims that he continued to hold until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon.† Now, the earth from the excavation, over which all this fighting took place, made an embankment on each side, and if the Federals mean that they held their side and we held our side, I have no question to make with them. But they were the assailants. Their purpose was to dislodge us from our side before Longstreet came up, and if they did not do this, I do not see the cause of the exultation. We had no objection to their remaining there until Longstreet was ready to make his attack. But if they mean to say that they ever got possession of the embankment on our side before Grover's attack in the afternoon, they say what you and I, my comrades, know is not so. I here say before you all, who were participants and witnesses, that Gregg's brigade never yielded a foot of ground until Kearney's attack late in the afternoon. Not even Grover's brilliant assault moved our brigade an inch.

But, as I was saying, as Schurz's troops fell back from their attack, cheers in the distance told us of fresh troops advancing.

General Gordon tells us:‡

"It was now two o'clock. The fight again broke out in the centre; but the struggle there was carried on by the division of Heintzelman's corps, commanded by General Hooker, and by a brigade from Reno's division. The contest was maintained by a Federal line, of which Robinson was in command on the right, Hooker in the centre, and Milroy rampant generally on the left."

These were the troops whose cheers we heard when Schurz's division fell back, and the right of this assault on our centre lapped over until it struck our brigade, which was on the left. The attack was

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* *Rebellion Records*, volume XII, part 2, p. 298.

† *Army of Virginia*, Gordon, p. 259.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 262.

short and sharp, but easily repulsed. There are no reports of Reno from which to learn the particulars of the part his troops took in the affair, but it is certain that we engaged them, for I, myself, after the assault was over, questioned prisoners taken from his corps by our regiments.

It must not be supposed that there was rest and safety for our troops during the interval between the attacks I have been describing. There was no quiet for us that day from dawn till evening. The Federal sharpshooters held possession of the woods in our front, and, whether or no assaults were being made, kept up a deadly fire of single shots whenever any one of us was exposed. Every lieutenant who had to change his position did so at the risk of his life. What then was our horror, during one of these intervals of attack, to see General Jackson himself walking quietly down the railroad cut examining our position, and calmly looking into the woods that concealed the enemy. Strange to say he was not molested. He was spared that day to fall at Chancellorsville, at the moment of his greatest success, by a similar unnecessary personal exposure. I venture to say that on neither occasion had he the right thus recklessly to expose a life of so much consequence to the cause for which we were fighting.

And now took place the most brilliant action of the enemy during that day, the assault of the New England brigade under Grover.

General Gordon says:*

"Many days after the battle, while the earth was covered with shreds of clothing, with pieces of leather, and with all the fragments of a crash of arms, while the dead strewed the field and the earth was red with blood, men and women followed the course of those heroic men of New England and knew not nor cared to know that it was on the same ground that Milroy had defied the whole Confederate army together."

Let me give you, my comrades, General Gordon's account of this attack, and then read you General Jackson's short report of it from our side. These accounts do not exactly agree as to what was actually accomplished by our gallant assailants. When did the stories of those on opposite sides in battle correspond? But both accounts do agree in the heroism of the attack and the desperate resistance with which it was met. They disagree, too, as to the troops on our side who met the charge. General Gordon represents the assault as delivered in front of Ewell and Jackson's divisions, whereas General

* *Army of Virginia*, Gordon, p. 261.

Jackson reports that the break made by the New Englanders was in an interval between Thomas's brigade and Gregg's. On this point surely General Jackson is the best authority, and you and I, my comrades, are here to-day to corroborate him, and to bear the witness of wounds received in that terrific struggle. I, for one, cannot be mistaken, for that night I shared my canteen with a poor fellow of a New Hampshire regiment, who lay dying on the ground he had reached, and from which his brave companions had been driven back. This is General Gordon's account, written in a style fitting the conduct of his countrymen, whose deeds he was extolling:*

"At three o'clock an officer galloped up to General Grover with an order to advance in line of battle over the cleared ground, to pass the embankment, enter the edge of the woods beyond and hold them. For this work there was no reliance but the bayonet, and General Grover so told his men. Move slowly forward, he said, till the enemy's fire was felt; then advance rapidly and return it, and then the bayonet; give them one withering volley and then the bayonet, man to man, in the struggle. His line was formed, the First, Eleventh, and Sixteenth Massachusetts, the Second New Hampshire and the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania. These men entered a heavy wood where the enemy's skirmishers were found, and they pressed them to their reserves which in turn fell back until the railroad embankment was seen ten feet in height. As the Federals emerged from the woods, the first Confederate line from behind this cover opened a heavy fire. It was returned. The Federals leaped up the embankment and the Confederates met them on its summit. For a few minutes there was a severe struggle. Neither had yielded to a fire which had been delivered almost muzzle to muzzle; nor had the Federal line halted before awful volleys that tore life out of men in that leaden storm as the tornado tosses leaves and branches from its path. It was a pure contest of muscle, hand to hand, man to man. But it was brief; skulls dashed in here with muskets clubbed, lives let out there with bayonet thrusts, were held in consternation by the Confederates. They turned in flight. Over the embankment our men followed in pursuit—over the bodies of slain and mangled wretches that had rolled down the declivity when the breath went out of their bodies; on through the scattered and broken fragments of the first line of the enemy to a second which was broken like a reed. One frantic effort the Confederates made here; one terrible volley they delivered. The Federal onset never ceased. With wild yells on they came, and the Confederates continued their flight. Still onward pursued the Federals, until a third defensive line was reached, from which the foe advancing met a thin and wasted front of gallant men. The Confederates were fresh, their ranks were closed and their numbers were larger than Grover's. Now, too, the Confederate artillery opened from the Confederate right with an enfilading fire. The right centre and a portion of the left line were swept

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* *Army of Virginia*, Gordon, p. 266.

back. With the Sixteenth Massachusetts General Grover tried to turn the enemy's flank; but the break in his own, and the length of the enemy's line told against him. He was obliged to retire first to the embankment, and thence, pursued by musketry from the woods and by shell and canister from the Confederate artillery, to his first position under the hill. The survivors rallied to their colors. Colors? In some regiments there were no colors left--nothing but the staff; in others there were shreds of colors only. Of the brave men of that brigade four hundred and eighty-six officers and men were killed, wounded or missing.

"In the Eleventh Massachusetts regiment the loss was one hundred and twelve out of two hundred and eighty three officers, non-commissioned officers and privates carried into action." *

Now let us turn to General Jackson's account of this affair. He reports:

"About two o'clock, P. M., the Federal infantry, in large force, advanced to the attack of our left, occupied by the division of General Hill. It pressed forward in defiance of our fatal and destructive fire with great determination, a portion of it crossing a deep cut in the railroad track, and penetrating in heavy force an interval of near a hundred and seventy-five yards, which separated the right of Gregg's brigade from the left of Thomas's brigade. For a short time Gregg's brigade, on the extreme left, was isolated from the main body of the command. But the Fourteenth South Carolina regiment, then in reserve with the Forty-ninth Georgia, left of Colonel Thomas, attacked the exultant enemy with vigor, and drove them back across the railroad track with great slaughter. General McGowan reports that the opposing forces at one time delivered their volleys into each other at the distance of ten paces."

I have before me the draft of the report I made as soon after the battle as I was sufficiently recovered from the wound I received to write, and I cannot better tell what happened at this time under my own immediate observation than by reading to you an extract from it:†

"The greater portion of the day had now been spent, and we still held the ground, but none doubted that the great struggle was still to come. The cheers were soon again heard, and the breaking of the bushes, as the enemy advanced. Upon our left, too, this time they came in force up the railroad cut, and were soon on us with a fire both from front and left flank. This time they were in force also to sweep around upon our right and endeavor to cross the cut. Here, as they advanced, they came upon Thomas's brigade, posted in the thicket on our right. A short resistance, and Thomas's brigade gave way before the superior numbers of the assailants. As the enemy followed them, they came upon the right flank of Colonel Edwards

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* The brigade, it is said, numbered less than two thousand.

† See the report, *Rebellion Records*, volume XII, part 2, p. 684.

(the Thirteenth) and ourselves. We had no time to form a regular line to meet them, but such as proved itself equal to the task was soon filled up. I directed companies A C and L to wheel to the right, which, with their reduced numbers, just filled in the space between Colonel Edwards and ourselves. He, too, formed some of his men to the right. The enemy pressed in on us in pursuit of the troops on our right, which had been broken. But they met desperate resistance. They came upon us in ten and twenty paces, but our men stood gallantly to their posts. The work of death was terrific, but as each man fell, his place was filled by another. Here Captain Barksdale, Lieutenant Munro, Lieutenant Hewitson, and Sergeant Smith, Company C, distinguished themselves by their gallantry and efficiency. But the unequal fight could not long have been maintained. Fortunately, just at this time Colonel Barnes with the Twelfth came to our assistance. With a shout the Twelfth came charging with the bayonet, and the Georgians having rallied behind and supporting him, the enemy gave way, and were driven back across the woods from which they came."

I am glad, my comrades of the Twelfth, that I happened to have preserved the copy of the report made by me at the time, as it enables me thus to supply an omission in the facts furnished General McGowan when, after the deaths of General Gregg and Colonel Barnes, and the loss of all the reports that had been made, he was called upon, in the absence, too, of those who could have given him the information, to make the report of the brigade. I am sure we are indebted to him for the admirable report he made. I am sure, too, it is no disparagement of our friends of the Fourteenth, nor lack of full appreciation of their gallant conduct, mentioned by General Jackson, when I claim for Colonel Barnes and yourselves the distinguished part the Twelfth bore in that action.

I recollect, just before the battle, Colonel Barnes saying to me that he intended to use the bayonet on every opportunity. He said he thought long-taw firing a mistake on our part; that it wasted ammunition, which was a matter of great consequence to us, and more than that, lost to us the advantages of the *élan* of our troops, which he thought greater than that of the enemy, and he was determined, therefore, to close with him whenever the occasion offered. When, then, Grover and his New Englanders broke in upon our neighbors and threatened to cut off our brigade from the corps, I looked anxiously for the Twelfth, which I knew was lying just in our rear. I did not have to wait long. Up you were in a moment, and Colonel Barnes, true to his purpose, gave the order for the charge without stopping to fire. General Gordon is enthusiastic over the charge of Grover's brigade, but I think if he could have seen the Twelfth as they rose with a rush and a shout, and with cold steel

and nothing more, closed in with the New Englanders, he would have found room for his brush on our side, too, of the picture he has so well drawn.

The struggle, indeed, was a memorable one. It was the consummation of the grand debate between Massachusetts and South Carolina. Webster and Calhoun had exhausted the argument in the Senate, and now the soldiers of the two States were fighting it out eye to eye, hand to hand, man to man. If the debates in the Senate chamber were able and eloquent, the struggle on that knoll at Manassas was brave and glorious. Each State showed there that it had "the courage of its convictions." General Gordon does not exaggerate or paint too highly the scene of that conflict. But it was too fearful, if not too grand, to last. Slowly at first the New Englanders began to give back, and step by step we pressed on them every inch gained by us, until Colonel McGowan, with the Fourteenth of our brigade and the Forty-ninth Georgia, coming up to our assistance, Grover's men at last broke, and then followed the awful and pitiful carnage of brave men who have failed in an assault. Grape and canister cruelly tearing to pieces in their retreat those whose lives had escaped while fighting hand to hand with their foes.

But our work was not yet over for the day. Another assault was preparing for us. This time it was Phil. Kearney, a distinguished soldier in the Mexican war, one for whom South Carolinians had a very kindly feeling from his intimacy with a beloved son of the State who had fallen, killed by the Indians, in a small affair a year or two before the breaking out of the war, and in whose death the State had felt that she had lost a young soldier of brilliant promise.* Kearney, who was to die before our division but three days after, was now forming his line for another determined effort to turn our left and drive us from the position we had held all day.

General Gordon says:†

"The Federal line was formed with Poe's brigade on the right, Birney on the left, and Robinson in reserve. Before it were the six brigades of A. P. Hill's division and one of Ewell's in two lines. Hill held the most important point of Jackson's line—his left. He had been entrusted with this defence because Jackson knew that his zeal and courage in the Southern cause was equal to his own. Notwithstanding this disparity of numbers, General Kearney, without hesitation, gave the command to assault the

* Lieutenant James Stuart, who had distinguished himself in Mexico and was killed by the Indians in 1851.

† *Army of Virginia*, Gordon, page 274.

enemy. The brave Federal troops dashed forward over all impediments and rolled the first line of the enemy upon his right. It was the beginning of victory, it presaged success, but that was all. The force was too light, the wave was spent and began to recede. General Stevens, of Reno's command, was on the ground on Kearney's left. He saw that assistance was needed, and he charged forward in support, but in vain. He did not have the numbers."

General Gordon adds in a note to page 276: "As appears from previous pages, the superiority of numbers in front of Kearney were greatly on Hill's side."

Now General Gordon has certainly endeavored to be fair in his story of this day, and appreciating how hard it is to see and to write impartially, when we are describing such scenes in which our sympathies and interest are all on one side, I think we may well say that he has been eminently so, barring an occasional outburst against individuals. But let us see as to the disparity of the force with which Kearney attacked us at this time.

By General Hill's field return, on the 20th July we had in our division of six brigades, ten thousand six hundred and twenty-three men present for duty.* Our division lost at Cedar Run, 9th August, one hundred and ninety-four killed and wounded, † leaving us ten thousand four hundred and twenty-nine, with which we commenced the march to Manassas. Our division had been fighting and marching for several days, and it is safe to say that at least five hundred of the six hundred and nineteen, we lost out of our brigade alone that day, had already fallen before Kearney's attack. We had fought Sigel's corps all the morning, and that corps Pope estimated at nine thousand, ‡ and Schurz's division was so completely exhausted by its fight with us by noon that it took no further part in the action of the day. § We had fought Hooker's division of Heintzelman's corps, which, it appears, was five thousand five hundred || strong, together with a brigade at least of Reno's, say one thousand five hundred more. And now came Kearney, with four thousand five hundred ¶ comparatively fresh troops, and with him Stevens' division of Reno's corps, also fresh troops. Reno's corps was estimated by Pope as seven thousand, but estimated by Ropes as eight thousand

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* *Four Years with General Lee*, Taylor, page 60; *Southern Historical Papers*, volume VIII, page 180.

† *Reports Army Northern Virginia* (Hill's report), volume II, page 13.

‡ *The Army under Pope*, Ropes (Scribner), Appendix E, page 195.

§ Gordon, page 259. || *The Army under Pope*, page 194. ¶ *Ibid*, 194.

strong,* consisted of fifteen regiments organized into five brigades and two divisions.† Stevens's division comprised but three small brigades, one of three and the other two of two regiments each. The regiments of the division, under Pope's estimate, averaged four hundred and sixty-six men each. So Stevens added three thousand two hundred and sixty-six men to Kearney's four thousand five hundred—together, over seven thousand seven hundred fresh troops attacking a division originally, it is true, of a little over ten thousand, but which had then been fighting ten hours at least. Surely the disparity was entirely against Hill's division, and not in our favor. Complimenting Schurz's division, as it was relieved at midday by Hooker, General Gordon says, page 259:

"From 5 o'clock in the morning his (Schurz's) division had been under fire. Since the evening before they had been without food; from death and from wounds their losses had been severe; from constant engagements, they had exhausted their ammunition. They retired behind the hill on which the battery of the second brigade had been in position, and from thence they moved to a wood about four hundred yards to the rear. The division of Schurz's took no further part in the actions of the day. The General commanding this division praised the conduct of his troops, and they were entitled to praise."

We think so too. They were entitled to praise. But who on our side had this division been contending with since five in the morning? Was it not with Hill's division? And had we been eating while they were without food? Had not we, too, suffered from death and from wounds? Was not our ammunition expended equally with them? And yet they were relieved as having done their full share of the day's work, while we, after having withstood Hooker's division and Gower's charge, since Schurz had been relieved, were expected to be more than a match for Kearney's and Stevens's seven thousand fresh troops.

Kearney indeed had a beginning of victory, a presage of success. Our men were thoroughly exhausted. Whatever the spirit was still willing to do and dare, the flesh was failing. The Frenchman's epigram as he witnessed the charge at Balaklava, "*c'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre*," had no application here. It was the reverse. It *was* war, but it was not grand. Ten hours of actual conflict had exhausted all the romance of the battle. It was business; it was work, wearisome work, in the face of death we were doing. Our feet were worn and weary, and our arms were nerve-

* *The Army under Pope*, page 195. † *Ibid*, page 210.

less. Our ears were deadened with the continuous roar of the battle, and our eyes were dimmed with the smoke. Ah! we too needed rest. The rest Schurz's men were having yonder, over the hill in their rear. But Kearney was pitiless. It mattered not to him that we were tired, and that our ammunition was gone. On, on he came, pouring into us his deadly volleys, and then the rush. Our men fell fast around us. The Thirteenth and the First after having held our position all day, at last were pushed back. The enemy pressed on, crossed the cut, and slowly but steadily compelled us, step by step, to yield the long coveted position—the position, on the extreme left, a little in advance of Hill's line, with which, early in the morning, our brigade had been entrusted, and which we had maintained all day. But we would not give it up without a desperate struggle. Now again the same hand to hand fight we had with Grover, we renewed with Kearney—we were not, however, entirely without help. General Branch came to our assistance with one of his regiments, and, literally, with coat off, personally took part in the affray. With his aid we made a stand on the top of the knoll, and there, over the bodies of our dead and wounded comrades, we struggled on. On our left, too, the Rifles were still contending for the cornfield, and there that gallant soldier, Colonel J. Foster Marshall, and his Lieutenant-Colonel, D. A. Leadbetter, were both killed, with many other good men of that devoted regiment, but the enemy attacking them was again repulsed, and those who had pressed the rest of us back to the top of the hill, now hesitated and commenced to yield. We pressed them in our turn. They broke and fell back in disorder. I recollect that as they did so, they left a mule which, notwithstanding all the turmoil, was quietly cropping a green blade, here and there, in the blood-stained grass around him. His singular appearance attracted our attention even in that terrible moment, and I was looking at him, wondering, when some one exclaimed, "Why, he has a mountain howitzer behind him!" Sure enough, there it was. Amidst the roar of musketry and the din of arms we had not noticed this instrument of destruction which, in a few yards of us, had been mowing down our men with canister. Probably it was one of the same that Sigel had sent to Krzyzanowski and which Gordon tells us were "happily placed" in his skirmish line in the first attack in the morning. But Stevens, who was supporting Kearney, was on hand to make one more last effort of the day. We heard the cheers of his men as he ordered them in—telling us that our work was not yet done.

It was at this time that an officer rode up to Gregg, with a message from General Hill, asking if he could hold the position any longer; and then was his famous reply, that his ammunition was exhausted, but "he thought he could still hold his position with the bayonet."

And this was absolutely true. The ammunition we had carried into action had been expended for some time; and it was one of the cruelties of our position, that before the Infirmary corps were allowed to help a wounded man, before his wound was looked at, he must be stripped of his accoutrements, and his ammunition distributed among his comrades. This economy, and the ammunition we got from the dead and wounded of our assailants, had enabled us to carry on the fight.

I have always wished that the scene which followed General Gregg's message could be painted by some great artist able to do it justice. Having sent word to Hill that he had no ammunition, but would hold the position with the bayonet, General Gregg drew up the remnants of his five regiments, now reduced to a mere handful, in two lines, the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth in one line, in front, under Lieutenant-Colonel Simpson, of the Fourteenth, (now the honored Chief-Justice of the State) and the First and Rifles under my command, as a second line, behind the First. All the other field officers, except Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, of the Twelfth, had by this time been killed or wounded. We were upon the top of the hill, the point to which we had been driven back by Kearney, some two or three hundred yards from the railroad excavation. Here General Gregg formed us to await the assault of the enemy, whose cheers we heard as they were ordered forward. I can see him now, as with his drawn sworn, that old Revolutionary scimitar we all knew so well, he walked up and down the line, and hear him as he appealed to us to stand by him and die there. "Let us die here, my men, let us die here." And I do not think, my comrades, that I exaggerate when I say that our little band responded to his appeal, and were ready to die, at bay, there if necessary. The moment was, indeed, a trying one—a trying one to men who had shown themselves no cowards that day. We could hear the enemy advancing, and had not a round with which to greet them, but must wait the onslaught with only our bayonets. On they came. They had nearly reached the railroad, and were about to cross to the charge when a shout behind paralyzed us with dread. Was all the glorious fight we had made that livelong day to end in our capture

by an unseen movement to our rear? Terror stricken we turned, when lo! there were our friends coming to our assistance, and not the enemy to our attack. Field, with his Virginians, and Pender, with his North Carolinians, relieved by Early and Forno, of Ewell's division, came rushing up, comparatively fresh for the work, and cheering us as they advanced on either side of our little band, waited not the assault, as we were doing perforce, but with a wild Confederate yell, rushed upon Stevens as he was in the confusion of crossing to our attack. The Federals halted, turned and fled, our friends crossing the railroad and pursuing them. He "did not have the numbers," Stevens reported, and Gordon agrees with him that as usual the Federals were overpowered.

General Gregg had not expected that the attack would have been so easily repulsed. Indeed, he believed that the troops who had relieved us would soon be driven back, and the contest renewed on the hill where we stood, and he determined upon a desperate move in case his apprehensions should be realized. Telling Colonel Simpson of his fears, he ordered him to move the Fourteenth back to the old field near the fence, and there to lie down until our troops fell back—to lie still as they did so, and to let them pass, and the enemy in pursuit of them, and then to rise and charge with the bayonet the pursuing enemy. With bayonets fixed, the Fourteenth moved back to the old place, and lay down as directed. Happily, our friends had done their work better than General Gregg had anticipated, and Stevens "did not have the numbers" to resist their fury.

So, as the sun went down, we rested from our terrible labors of the day—we rested, but not in security. The evening shades crept upon the bloody field, and the contending armies paused for the night in their fierce struggle. An angry shell now and then, however, came hurtling through the trees, and one of them falling in a group of the First, killed Lieutenant John Munro, who had greatly distinguished himself during the day, and with him his comrade, young Nat. Heyward, who, during the battle, had been serving on my staff.

Thus ended the part taken by Gregg's brigade of South Carolinians at Manassas, and of which Gordon says: "In Southern histories and by Southern firesides the brave deeds that Southern soldiers had on this day achieved, were to mark it as the bloody and glorious day of the 29th August."

In a small affair the next morning I had the misfortune to be wounded with a few others of the brigade, about a dozen, I believe, but the brigade took no part in the great battle of the 30th.

But on this third day of that great struggle, on the extreme op-

posite part of the field, the right of Longstreet's corps, other South Carolinians were to be as prominent in the terrible work of that day the 30th, as we had been on the 29th, and to suffer as terribly.

Virginia can justly point with peculiar pride to the famous charge of Pickett's division of Virginians at Gettysburg—a charge now almost as famous as that at Balaklava. "The State of North Carolina should write *immortal* on the banner of its Fifth regiment," was the tribute of its heroic adversary at Williamsburg—General Hancock. The lamented Cobb, and his brigade, have indelibly associated the name of Georgia with Marye's heights at Fredericksburg; and each State can name some battlefield on which its troops especially distinguished themselves, and I think in doing so South Carolina can find none in which her sons more gloriously maintained her fame than in the great battle of which I have been speaking. Lest it should be thought that I have exaggerated the deeds of her soldiers on that day, let me give a few figures as to the losses of this State, which will better illustrate their conduct than any panegyric which might be composed. Colonel Taylor estimated the strength of Jackson's corps at Manassas at seventeen thousand three hundred and nine,* but Colonel Allan, after a very careful computation, puts the strength of Jackson's infantry at twenty-two thousand five hundred.† The total losses in our corps, including Ewell's fight at Bristol of the 26th, Trimble's capture of Manassas that evening, Archer's affair with the New Jersey brigade on the 27th, and the battles of the 28th, 29th and 30th, were three thousand six hundred and fifty-one,‡ about one in every six; deducting the strength (one thousand five hundred) and losses (six hundred and nineteen) of our brigade, will leave the losses of the rest of the corps very nearly one man in every seven, while in our brigade the casualties were *two out of every five* men carried into action; and these losses it will be borne in mind, with the exception as I have mentioned of about a dozen wounded on Saturday morning, were all incurred in the single day's fight of Friday.

But as I have said it was not left to our brigade alone to maintain the honor of South Carolina on the plains of Manassas. In Longstreet's corps the State was represented by Jenkins's and Evans' brigade, the Hampton Legion, then in Hood's brigade, and the Fifteenth regiment, and James's battalion in Drayton's brigade. And well

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* *Four Years with General Lee*, page 61.

† *Southern Historical Papers*, volume VIII, pages 178–217.

‡ *Reports Army Northern Virginia*, volume I, page 50.

did they maintain her fame. I cannot now be the historian of their deeds, and of the prominent part they, too, bore in the great battle of the 30th ; but let me give you some more figures, which will show that however justly proud you and I, my comrades, are of our own part, we can claim no monopoly of South Carolina's glory at Manassas.

General Lee's army, on that occasion, was composed of one hundred and thirty-five regiments of infantry, Jackson's corps sixty-eight, and Longstreet's corps sixty-seven. Of these, forty two were from Virginia, twenty-eight from Georgia, seventeen and two battalions, say eighteen regiments, from South Carolina, thirteen from North Carolina, eleven from Alabama, nine from Louisiana, five and a half from Mississippi, and three each from Tennessee, Texas and Florida. *

The loss in the forty-two regiments from Virginia, in killed and wounded, was 1,588;† in the twenty-eight regiments from Georgia, 2,173; in the seventeen regiments and two battalions,‡ say eighteen regiments, from South Carolina, 1,745;§ in the thirteen regiments from North Carolina, 757; in the nine regiments from Louisiana, 477; in the three regiments from Texas, 366; in the three regiments from Tennessee, 131. The exact numbers of the killed and wounded in the regiments from Alabama, Mississippi and Florida, respectively, cannot be known, as there were no regimental reports of casualties of the three brigades of Wilcox, Featherston and Pryor. The only report of casualties in these brigades is from Wilcox, who commanded them on that day, and he gives only the total in the three brigades at 330.‖ In the five other regiments from Alabama, which were reported, there were 276, killed and wounded; in the two from Mississippi, 156, and in the two from Florida, 20.

It must be remembered, however, that the regiments were not all of equal numbers. For instance, in our division, by the field return of July 20, 1862, the regiments generally averaged three hundred and

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* *Southern Historical Papers*, volume VIII, pages 178–217.

† These figures are computed from list of casualties, *Reports Army Northern Virginia*, volume I, page 50.

‡ Third, or James's battalion, and Fourth, or Mallison's battalion, counted half regiments.

§ The losses of the Twelfth and Rifles not given in list of casualties, *Reports Army Northern Virginia*. For these see *History Gregg's Brigade*, by J. F. J. Caldwell, page 37.

‖ *Reports Army Northern Virginia*, volume II, page 231.

fifty-seven men* while in our brigade at Manassas they averaged only three hundred.† Still greater was the disparity in the regiments of Jackson's and Ewell's division which had been in the Valley campaign. Early's regiments in the Manassas campaign averaged but two hundred and fifty; others had not more than one hundred and fifty;‡ It is probable, therefore, that of the forty-two regiments from Virginia, the seventeen which had been with Jackson in the Valley did not average two hundred. So, too, some of the regiments which had been in the Peninsula, under Johnson, were greatly reduced.

But there is another comparison by which the disproportionate loss of South Carolina troops in this battle can be more accurately shown. By Colonel Allan's estimate, as we have seen, Jackson's corps of infantry was 22,500 strong, and he puts Longstreet's at 26,768.§ So that Lee had 49,268 infantry present. The official list of casualties at Manassas, makes a total of 7,244;‖ but these include forty-nine casualties in the artillery, which, for our present purpose, must be excluded,¶ leaving 7,195 killed and wounded in the infantry. To these we must add the losses in our two regiments (Twelfth and Rifles) omitted in the official list, *i. e.*, two hundred and sixty-one, and the losses in the brigades of Wilcox, Featherston and Pryor, three hundred and thirty, making our total loss in the infantry, 7,786. Of the 49,268 infantry which Lee had at Manassas, South Carolina furnished about 6,000, as follows: Gregg's brigade, 1,500,** Jenkins, (estimate) 1,500,†† Evans, 2,200,‡‡ Hampton Legion (estimate) 300,§§

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* *Southern Historical Papers*, volume VIII, page 180.

† *History Gregg's Brigade*, page 37.

‡ *Southern Historical Papers*, volume VIII, page 180. § *Ibid*, 219.

‖ *Reports Army Northern Virginia*, volume I, page 52.

¶ I have omitted the artillery from my calculation as I have not sufficient data as to the State to which the batteries belonged, and there are but few reports, if any, from officers of batteries.

** *History Gregg's Brigade*, J. F. J. Caldwell.

†† The strength of this brigade is not given in the reports; but in the lists of casualties published in the *Mercury* the numbers carried into action are given: First South Carolina volunteers (Hagood's), 324; Palmetto sharpshooters, 350; Fifth South Carolina volunteers, 220; Sixth South Carolina volunteers, 350. The numbers of the Second Rifles and Fourth battalion South Carolina volunteers are not given in their list of casualties in this battle; but in the lists of casualties at Frasier's farm, 30th of June, the numbers carried into action are given as, Second Rifles, 275, Fourth battalion, 70. Supposing their strength to have been the same at Manassas, this brigade would have had present 1,589.

‡‡ *Reports A. N. V.*, volume II, page 290. §§ General T. M. Logan.

Drayton's brigade, Fifteenth regiment, 415, James's battalion, 160 equals 575.* Of the 7,786 casualties in the army as above, 1,749 occurred in the South Carolina regiments as follows: Gregg's brigade lost 619, Jenkins, 404, Evans, 631, Hampton Legion, 74, and the Fifteenth regiment 21, equals 1,749. South Carolina thus lost more than one-fourth, or two out of every seven of *all* her troops present, while the loss in the rest of the army was little more than one in every seven.

But the losses of South Carolina were not to be counted by numbers only. Her best blood was poured out on that rocky bed at Manassas. In our brigade that distinguished citizen and soldier, Colonel J. Foster Marshall, and Lieutenant-Colonel D. A. Leadbetter, were killed. In Jenkins's brigade Colonel Thomas J. Glover, one of the most promising sons of the State, and Colonel Moore, of the Second Rifles, fell, doing their duty nobly. In Evans's brigade our loss in killed was still heavier. At the head of the Seventeenth regiment fell one who had been an honored governor of the State, whose advanced years did not warrant his service in the field, but whose devotion to the State revived the energy of his youth, and with Governor Means fell also his son, Major Robt S. Means. Colonel J. M. Gadberry, of the Eighteenth Regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel T. C. Watkins, of the Twenty-third Regiment, also died upon the fatal, if glorious, field for our State.

Just in front of the deepest part of the railroad cut, where the knoll is highest, a rough hewn stone monument tells where the brave Federal soldiers fell within a few feet of the coveted goal. The crumbling bank and the filling cut are fast effacing the last traces of the spot where her soldiers fought so desperately for the honor of South Carolina.

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* Major H. E. Young, Acting Assistant-General Drayton's brigade, from field returns, September 11, 1862.

APPENDIX.

In Caldwell's history of Gregg's-McGowan's brigade, the loss of the brigade at Manassas, is given as follows. The official reports make the loss 619, a small discrepancy which might easily creep in, and which it is impossible now to correct :

	Killed	Wounded.	Aggregate.
First Regiment	24	119	143
Orr's Regiment—Rifles	19	97	116
Twelfth Regiment	24	121	145
Thirteenth Regiment	26	118	144
Fourteenth Regiment	8	57	65
Total	101	512	613

The following were the casualties among the officers of the brigade:

Killed—First Regiment: Captain C. D. Barksdale and Lieutenant John Munro; Lieutenant John C. McLemore wounded mortally—died; *Orr's Regiment—Rifles:* Colonel J. Foster Marshall, Lieutenant-Colonel D. A. Ledbetter, Captain M. M. Norton, and Lieutenant William C. Davis; *Twelfth Regiment:* Lieutenants J. A. May and —— Hunnicut; *Thirteenth Regiment:* Adjutant W. D. Goggins and Captain A. K. Smith; *Fourteenth Regiment:* None—11.

Wounded—First Regiment: Lieutenant-Colonel Edward McCrady, Jr., commanding, Lieutenant Z. B. Smith, Adjutant, Captain M. P. Parker, Lieutenants T. H. Lyles, J. R. Congdon, John King, and Thomas McCrady; *Orr's Rifles:* Captain J. B. O. Barkley, Lieutenants James S. Cothran and ——— Fannery; *Twelfth Regiment:* Colonel Dixon Barnes, Major W. H. McCorkle, Captain L. M. Grist, Lieutenants J. Burdock and David L. Glenn; *Thirteenth Regiment:* Colonel O. E. Edwards, Lieutenant-Colonel T. Stobo Farrow and Major B. T. Brockman, Captains R. L. Bowden, P. A. Eichelberger, J. W. Meetze, Lieutenants J. D. Copeland, J. S. Green, W. T. Thorn, J. B. Fellows, R. M. Crocker; *Fourteenth Regiment:* Colonel Samuel McGowan, Captains Charles M. Stickey and Joseph N. Brown, Lieutenants W. J. Robertson, M. T. Hutchins, ——— Carter, and John H. Allen—33. Total, killed and wounded, 44.

Lieutenant-Colonels Cadwallader Jones, of the *Twelfth*, and William D. Simpson, of the *Fourteenth*, only, of the eleven field officers who went into action, escaped unhurt.

General Ewell at First Manassas.

Colonel Campbell Brown's Reply to General Beauregard.

[Note.—The following letters appeared in the *Century* for March, 1885. They are reprinted for circulation among the friends of General Ewell, especially those who were associated with him during his long service in the armies of the United States and of the Confederacy.

Many of these will be interested to know that the close of our great civil war (which he survived something over six years) by no means ended his usefulness or extinguished his patriotism. Accepting frankly the results of that contest, he gave his energies and his influence to restoring the arts of peace and building up a new South. With characteristic modesty he avoided publicity, but his quiet example was widely felt. His Tennessee farm soon became known as a model of judicious and progressive management, and one of the very earliest centres of the new agricultural methods which are regenerating the South. Upon this farm, in January, 1872, he quietly met the end of an unselfish, noble, and useful life.

General Ewell was scrupulously careful of the military reputation of his associates in arms, and doubly so when a subordinate was concerned. These feelings, combined with his genuine modesty, led him, on more than one occasion within my knowledge, even in his official reports, to claim less than his due share of honor, and do less than justice to his own merits, and on other occasions caused him to remain silent rather than impute blame to a dead comrade. Had the same moderation and self-restraint influenced General Beauregard, this publication would be unnecessary.

Campbell Brown.]

In General Beauregard's article on Bull Run, on page 101 of the November *Century*, is this severe criticism of one of his subordinates:

"The commander of the front line on my right, who failed to move because he received no immediate order, was instructed in the plan of attack, and should have gone forward the moment General Jones, upon whose right he was to form, exhibited his own order, which mentioned one as having been already sent to that commander. I exonerated him after the battle, as he was technically not in the wrong; but one could not help recalling Desaix, who even

moved in a direction opposite to his technical orders when facts plainly showed him the service he ought to perform, whence the glorious result of Marengo, or help believing that if Jackson had been there, the movement would not have balked."

The officer referred to is the late Lieutenant-General R. S. Ewell, and the censure is based on the following statement on page 95:

"Meanwhile, in rear of Mitchell's Ford, I had been waiting with General Johnston for the sound of conflict to open in the quarter of Centreville upon the Federal left flank and rear (making allowance, however, for the delays possible to commands unused to battle), when I was chagrined to hear from General D. R. Jones that, while he had been long ready for the movement upon Centreville, General Ewell had not come up to form on his right, though he had sent him between seven and eight o'clock a copy of his own order, which recited that Ewell had been already ordered to begin the movement. I dispatched an immediate order to Ewell to advance, but within a quarter of an hour, just as I received a dispatch from him informing me that he had received no order to advance in the morning, the firing on the left began to increase so intensely as to indicate a severe attack, whereupon General Johnston said that he would go personally to that quarter."

These two short extracts contain at least three errors, so serious that they should not be allowed to pass uncorrected among the materials from which history will one day be constructed:

1. That Ewell failed to do what a good soldier of the type of Desaix or Stonewall Jackson would have done, namely, to move forward immediately on hearing from D. R. Jones.
2. That Beauregard was made aware of this supposed backwardness of Ewell by a message from D. R. Jones.
3. That on receiving this message he at once ordered Ewell to advance.

The subjoined correspondence, now first in print, took place four days after the battle. It shows that Ewell did exactly what Beauregard says he ought to have done, namely: move forward promptly; that his own staff-officer, sent to report this forward movement, carried also to headquarters the first intelligence of the failure of orders to reach him; that no such message was received from D. R. Jones as is here ascribed to him; and that the order sent back by

Beauregard to Ewell was not one to advance, but to retire from an advance already begun.

These mistakes, I am sure, are unintentional; but it is not easy to understand them, as General Beauregard has twice given a tolerably accurate, though meager, account of the matter—once in his official report and once in his biography published by Colonel Roman in 1884. Neither of these accounts can be reconciled with that in *The Century*.

Upon reading General Beauregard's article, I wrote to General Fitzhugh Lee, who was Ewell's assistant adjutant-general at Manassas, asking his recollection of what took place. I have liberty to make the following extracts from his reply. After stating what troops composed the brigade, he goes on:

"These troops were all in position at daylight on the 21st of July, ready for *any* duty, and held the extreme right of General Beauregard's line of battle along Bull Run, at Union Mills. As hour after hour passed, General Ewell grew impatient at not receiving any orders (beyond those to be ready to advance, which came at sunrise), and sent me between nine and ten A. M. to see General D. R. Jones, who commanded the brigade next on his left at McLean's Ford, to ascertain if that officer had any news or had received any orders from army headquarters. I found General Jones making preparations to cross Bull Run, and was told by him that, in the order he had received to do so, it was stated that General Ewell had been sent similar instructions.

"Upon my report of these facts, General Ewell at once issued the orders for his command to cross the run and move out on the road to Centreville."

General Lee then describes the recall across Bull Run and the second advance of the brigade to make a demonstration toward Centreville, and adds that the skirmishers of Rodes's Fifth Alabama Regiment, which was in advance, had actually become engaged, when we were again recalled and ordered to "move by the most direct route at once and as rapidly as possible, for the Lewis house," the field of battle on the left. Ewell moved rapidly, sending General Lee and another officer ahead to report and secure orders. On his arrival near the field, they brought instructions to halt, when he immediately rode forward with them to General Beauregard, "and General Ewell begged General Beauregard to be allowed to go in

pursuit of the enemy, but his request was refused." General Lee adds: "That this splendid brigade shared only the labor, and not the glory of that memorable July day was not the fault of its commander; and when General Beauregard says that he cannot help believing that if Jackson had been on his right flank at Manassas the 'movement would not have balked,' he does great injustice to the memory of a noble old hero and as gallant a soldier as the war produced."

As to the real causes of the miscarriage of General Beauregard's plan of attack there need be little doubt. They are plainly stated by his immediate superior in command, General Joseph E. Johnston, in his official report, as being the "early movements of the enemy on that morning and the non-arrival of the expected troops" from Harper's Ferry. He adds: "General Beauregard afterward proposed a modification of the abandoned plan, to attack with our right, while the left stood on the defensive. This, too, became impracticable, and a battle ensued, different in place and circumstances from any previous plan on our side."

There are some puzzling circumstances connected with the supposed miscarriage of the order for our advance. The delay in sending it is unexplained. General Beauregard says it was sent "at about eight A. M.," but D. R. Jones had received his corresponding order at ten minutes past seven, and firing had begun at half-past five.

The messenger was strangely chosen. It was the most important order of the day, for the movements of the army were to hinge on those of our brigade. There was no scarcity of competent staff-officers, yet it was intrusted to "a guide," presumably an enlisted man, perhaps even a citizen, whose very name was unknown.

His instructions were peculiar. Time was all-important. He was ordered not to go direct to Ewell, but first to make a *detour* to Holmes, who lay in reserve nearly two miles in our rear.

His disappearance is mysterious. He was never heard of after receiving the order, yet his route lay wholly within our lines, over well-beaten roads and far out of reach of the enemy.

Lastly, General Beauregard, in his official report, gives as his reason for countermanding the movement begun by Ewell at ten o'clock, that in his judgment it would require quite three hours for the troops to get into position for attack. Had the messenger dispatched at eight been prompt, Ewell might have had his orders by nine. But at nine we find Beauregard in rear of Mitchell's Ford, waiting for an

attack which, by his own figures, he should not have expected before twelve.

It is not for me to reconcile these contradictions.

CAMPBELL BROWN,
Formerly Aide-de-camp and Assistant Adjutant-General on General Ewell's staff.

SPRING HILL, TENN., December 29, 1884.

[*Correspondence.*]

UNION MILLS, July 25, 1861.

General Beauregard:

SIR,—In a conversation with Major James, Louisiana Sixth Regiment, he has left the impression on my mind that you think some of your orders on the 21st were either not carried out or not received by me.

My first order on that day was to hold myself in readiness to attack—this at sunrise. About ten, General Jones sent a copy of an order received by him, in which it was stated that I had been ordered to cross and attack, and on receipt of this I moved on until receiving the following:

10 & 1-2 A. M.

On account of the difficulties of the ground in our front, it is thought advisable to fall back to our former position.

(Addressed) General EWELL. (Signed) G. T. B.

If any other order was sent to me, I should like to have a copy of it, as well as the name of the courier who brought it.

Every movement I made was at once reported to you at the time, and this across Bull Run, as well as the advance in the afternoon, I thought were explained in my report sent in to-day.

If an order were sent earlier than the copy through General Jones, the courier should be held responsible, as neither General Holmes nor myself received it. I send the original of the order to fall back in the morning. The second advance in the afternoon and recall to Stone Bridge were in consequence of verbal orders.

My chief object in writing to you is to ask you to leave nothing doubtful in your report, both as regards my crossing in the morning and recall, and not to let it be inferred by any possibility that I

blundered on that day. I moved forward as soon as notified by General Jones that I was ordered and he had been.

If there was an order sent me to advance before the one I received through General Jones, it is more than likely it would have been given to the same express.

Respectfully,

R. S. EWELL, *B. G.*

MANASSAS, VA., July 26, 1861.

GENERAL,—Your letter of the 25th inst. is received. I do not attach the slightest blame to you for the failure of the movement on Centreville, but to the guide who did not deliver the order to move forward, sent at about eight A. M. to General Holmes and then to you—corresponding in every respect to the one sent to Generals Jones, Bonham and Longstreet—only their movements were subordinate to yours. Unfortunately no copy, in the hurry of the moment, was kept of said orders, and so many guides, about a dozen or more, were sent off in different directions, that it is next to impossible to find out who was the bearer of the orders referred to. Our guides and couriers were the worst set I ever employed, whether from ignorance or over-anxiety to do well and quickly, I cannot say; but many regiments lost their way repeatedly on their way toward the field of battle, and of course I can attach no more blame to their commanding officers than I could to you for not executing an order which I am convinced you did not get.

I am fully aware that you did all that could have been expected of you or your command. I merely expressed my regret that my original plan could not be carried into effect, as it would have been a most complete victory with only half the trouble and fighting.

The true cause of countermanding your forward movement after you had crossed was that it was *then* too late, as the enemy was about to annihilate our left flank, and had to be met and checked *there*, for otherwise he would have taken us in flank and rear, and all would have been lost.

Yours truly,

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

General R. S. EWELL, Union Mills, Va.

P. S.—Please read the above to Major James.

N. B.—The order sent you at about eight A. M. to commence the movement on Centreville, was addressed to General Holmes and yourself, as he was to support you, but being nearer Camp Pickens, the headquarters, than Union Mills, where you were, it was to be communicated to him first, and then to you; but he has informed me that it never reached him. With regard to the order sent you in the afternoon to recross the Bull Run (to march toward the Stone Bridge), it was sent you by General J. E. Johnston, as I am informed by him, for the purpose of supporting our left, if necessary.

G. T. B.

Do not publish until we know what the enemy is going to do, or reports are out, which, I think, will make it all right. B.

The Last Chapter of the History of Reconstruction in South Carolina.

By Professor F. A. Porcher.

Paper No. 6—*Conclusion.*

THE ELBERTON RIOTS.

The next considerable riot has acquired historical importance, as it was the occasion employed by the Governor to frame an indictment against the people of the State. The parties concerned in putting it down were brought before the Chief-Justice of the United States to answer to a conspiracy to intimidate the black citizens of Aiken and Barnwell counties, and to prevent them from exercising the elective franchise. Several men of both parties were slain, but the death of a few men was a matter about which the courts need not be troubled, and no inquest was made into the cases of homicide; and in consequence of the rulings of the court, no opportunity was given to explain the causes and the history of this riot. The whole history displays the animus of the Governor, and the recklessness with which he seized upon a local disorder to have a large portion of the State brought under the dominion of the Federal soldiers.

The following is the statement of several gentlemen of the highest position in that part of the country, men who knew the truthfulness of their report, and who were in no way implicated or suspected of any participation in the affair. Their report, under their signatures and their oaths, was submitted to the commissioners who sat in

Aiken to investigate the matter, aided by the Attorney-General and the District Attorney. The commissioners disregarded this paper, preferring to get at the truth from negroes, who were paid for their affidavits, which affidavits were prepared for the occasion, printed with blank spaces for the insertion of such matter as might be specially sworn to by the respective witnesses.

On Friday, September 14th, two negroes entered the dwelling of Mr. Alonzo Harvey, a planter of Silverton, Aiken county. Mr. Harvey was absent; they attacked his wife and child with clubs, seriously injuring them. Mrs. Harvey, fortunately, got her husband's gun, which, although not loaded, frightened the negroes and drove them off. In a short time, about a dozen white men, hearing of the outrage, assembled in pursuit of the assassins, and caught a negro, Peter Williams by name, who, on being taken to Harvey's, was recognized by both Mrs. Harvey and her child, as one of the assassins. This negro, probably ill-guarded by the numerous body who had him in charge, contrived to get away, was shot and brought back wounded. On Saturday rumors were rife that the negroes were assembling in arms in the neighborhood of Rousis's bridges, to avenge the shooting of Williams. In the evening the whites also began to assemble. Information was received on Sunday that Fred. Pope, the leading negro in the assault on Mrs. Harvey, had sought protection with the armed negroes at Rousis's bridges. Angus P. Brewer, a special constable, armed with a warrant issued by Griffin, a colored trial justice and a Republican, with a *posse* of white men, proceeded to Rousis's bridges to arrest Pope. In a defile near these bridges this *posse* was, unexpectedly and without any challenge, fired upon by some negroes in ambush, and the fire was returned. Only a few shots were exchanged, and no damage done either side. The whites retired from the defile and sought to negotiate with their assailants. After a delay of more than two hours, caused by the reluctance of the negroes to respond to the advances of the other party, the blacks finally consented that if six unarmed whites, whom they named, would meet six negroes, also unarmed, they would abide by whatever decision the joint committee should agree upon. The whites assented and the committee met, the constable with his warrant being one of them. He exhibited his warrant and demanded the surrender of Pope, but on the assurance of the negroes that Pope was not at that time with them, it was mutually agreed that both parties should disperse and return quietly to their homes, both parties pledging themselves to this agreement. The whites dispersed, but

the blacks did not. In less than two hours afterwards they assailed two white men on the same spot. At the lower bridge over the same stream, they ambushed fourteen white men on their way home—about sixty shots were fired upon them—of whom five were wounded; the fire was returned and one negro was killed. The whites then dispersed. The negroes at eight o'clock that night waylaid John Williamson and Everett Stellangs. Williamson was killed. They then tore up the track of the Port Royal railway, wrecked a train, cut the telegraph wires and burnt the mill and gin house of Dr. Bailey. Of course the country was filled with rumors which were doubtless exaggerated. By ten o'clock on Monday morning about an hundred white men had assembled and proceeded to the point where the railroad had been broken. There they were fired upon by the negroes. The fire was returned—one negro was killed, the others ran away. The whites then moved towards Elberton. There the negroes had assembled in large numbers, armed, yelling, cursing and threatening the lives of the women and children. In front of Elberton is a deep swamp, which was occupied by the blacks, but they retired before the regular approach of the whites, with the loss of one of their number. The whites camped at Elberton. That night the negroes waylaid at Penn Branch a party of white men and wounded S. Dunbar and H. Killingworth, and killed Robert Williams. On Tuesday the whites proceeded to Rousis's bridges, the original scene of the troubles, where they met the Federal troops. The bridge had been torn up by the negroes, and they occupied the swamp. At the approach of the whites they fired and retired into the swamp. The whites then appealed to the troops to disperse the armed negroes, who had waylaid and killed men in the night, burnt property and threatened the lives of women and children. On the assurance that this would be done, they returned to their homes, leaving the settlement of the riot to the discretion of the Federal officers.

Such is the plain unvarnished statement of facts given in the order in which they occurred, without effort to create an impression against either party. This statement does not tell how rapidly the negroes could assemble, how the whole county was like a movable camp; how, at the tap of a drum or the blowing of a horn, negroes would instantly be under arms—arms which had been given by Governor Scott to his favorite militia; it does not tell how terror prevailed over the whole country; how old men, women and children were sent to certain places where they might be protected from the threatened

violence of a body of negroes who acknowledged no law, and who undertook to avenge the shooting of one of their color, whose crime was something very near to assassination. Let it be always borne in mind that, right or wrong, the impression was as deeply seated as it was universal, that nothing was so eagerly desired by the Republican party as a tale of outrage and violence towards negroes, and that nothing was so studiously avoided as any act which could give a foundation for such tales. We shall see further on that a high official signalized his devotion to his party by the facility with which he tortured this riot into a seething mass of Democratic wrong, outrages and folly. When the unprovoked assault was made on the defenceless Mrs. Hardy and her son, the action of her neighbors in searching for the miscreants was but a spontaneous movement of self-defence. After one of them was captured and identified, his captors were so far from doing him violence, that he actually made his escape; and if he was shot as he ran away, there was nothing in that act which could be tortured into violence to effect a political end. The ostensible object of the gathering of the negroes was to avenge this shooting, and every act which they performed was not only unlawful, but aggressive. If they were out in arms to commit violence, it was the simplest act of self-preservation in the whites to take up arms to resist them. They might have made havoc among the negroes; they refrained from every act of violence, except when absolutely necessary, and at last gladly hailed the presence of the Federal troops, who appeared on the fifth day, and left the settlement of the disturbance to them.

This spirit of forbearance characterized every step of the whites throughout this terrible summer. It permitted the negro to derange the whole labor system of the rice fields; it stayed the arm of the whites when a mob of negroes held the city of Charleston, and had shed the blood of one of her citizens. It was no less strong during the Elberton riots; it was peaceful to the end, and it ultimately triumphed.

I do not know whether the Governor on this occasion resorted to his usual remedy of sending a trusty and confidential agent to inquire, pacify and report. The troops of the United States were there. The sheriff played into the hands of the Radicals by the following dispatch to the Governor, September 19: "I have just returned from the reported riot—have seen or heard of no fighting. I saw no colored men under arms, nor did I hear of any. None could be found up to late last night. The whites were all under

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC

arms, and reinforcements arriving. I was powerless to disband them. The country is excited. (Signed)

"JORDAN, *S. A. C.*"

This dispatch was calculated to produce the impression that the assembling of armed whites was causeless, as no negroes under arms were either seen or heard of. When this dispatch was made public, a reply to it was made by those gentleman who had accompanied the sheriff, one of whom was his nephew.

These gentlemen charge that the sheriff's report is false, or at least unfair, and of a partisan character: 1. It is not true that he had returned from the scene of the riot, for he had not gone within seven miles of it. 2. It is not true that he was powerless to disband the white troops, for he had made no attempt to do so. 3. He saw no armed negroes, because he did not go where they were to be found. And 4. It was not true that he heard of no negroes under arms, because those who were with him heard of them, and he must have heard the same riots.

Whether true or false, the sheriff's dispatch proved a condition of affairs about Aiken so alarming as to demand the attention of the Governor. How did he show his sense of responsibility? He went on a journey to the North. Judge Mackey happened to see him on the car, and urged him to remain at home. The Governor, he said, ought to make personal efforts to save the lives of the people over whom he presided. The Governor's engagements in Massachusetts were of more importance than the peace of South Carolina.

When the United States troops appeared at Rousis's bridge, assumed the conduct of affairs, and the whites had dispersed and returned to their homes, there was an end to the riot of Elberton. Several lives had been lost, which ought to have been inquired into. But the lives of the citizens were a matter of little importance to the Governor, and he left the State, taking with him the Attorney-General. But Elberton promised to yield a rich harvest of crimes, dear to the hearts of the government. It was converted into a manufactory of Democratic intimidation of negro voters. Mr. Corbin, the District Attorney, visited Aiken early in October, in order to put this manufactory in operation. In reality he had no official relation to Chamberlain, but, embarked as they both were in the sacred cause of Radicalism, he generously lent his aid to the Governor, and made his report to him. One would naturally expect, from a law officer of such standing, a report on which facts would be carefully

and accurately detailed. On reading it we shall find that Corbin does not come up to the character of a witness, it is a mere matter of hearsay information and belief.

He begins by saying, that he had spent three days in Aiken, where he took affidavits of a considerable number of persons from different parts of the county, but he does not mention the names of any of these parties. He asserts (what no one denied) that Rifle clubs exist throughout the county, armed with the best and most approved weapons. These clubs, he says, have created, and still create a reign of terror. Colored men, through fear of them, were living out of doors, away from their homes at night. Many of them were killed by these clubs, and others were taken out of their beds and whipped; and many colored men had told him that their only security from death or whipping, was to pledge themselves to vote the Democratic ticket. He continues—From the best information I could get while in Aiken, the number of men killed by the clubs in three weeks was certainly thirteen, and probably thirty. The civil arm is powerless to prevent these atrocities. The sheriff dare not, for fear of his life, arrest any of them. He did not go within seven miles of the eight hundred men assembled at Rousis's bridge, commanded by A. P. Butler, and marching upon a crowd of negroes, whom they had surrounded, and intended, *as some allege*, to kill. It is the Governor's duty to put down this state of things.

Now, it is disgraceful to a civilized State, that reports, so basely framed, should be made the basis of a call on the United States for military assistance. It was more than a fortnight since the county was quiet before Corbin made his appearance on the scene. Time had been allowed witnesses to frame a consistent tale of horrors. Corbin never left Aiken but was able to get affidavits from a considerable number of citizens from different parts of the county. It is certain, therefore, that his visit was expected and that proper witnesses went to Aiken to meet him with their tales of outrage; and in this part of the report he betrays the true end of his visit, viz: to get up a story of intimidation of free voters. The report of the number of persons killed is perfectly disgraceful if we consider it as coming from an official; from the best information he could get, certainly thirteen and probably thirty men had been killed in three weeks, and the civil arm was powerless to prevent these atrocities. This is fearfully true, but it was the blacks, not the clubs, that had successfully set the civil arm at defiance. That two or three black men had been killed during the riots is true, but as they were ag-

gressors no notice was taken of it; but if thirteen men had been killed, as Corbin described, could any one doubt but that their names would have been heralded all over the country as the victims of Democratic ferocity. The very fact that none such were so heralded is conclusive proof that there were no such victims, and no one knew that better than Corbin himself. Lastly, he says, that white men, eight hundred in number, had surrounded a crowd of negroes, and, *as some allege*, intended to kill them. What is the meaning of this hesitating phrase, as some allege? Did any one doubt that such was their intention? that it was even their duty for the preservation of their own safety and that of their families? Could Corbin blame them for it? It was the timely appearance of the troops which prevented a fearful slaughter—none of the men in that body would have minced the matter as Corbin did. Even Corbin knew that his report was of no use but to make an electioneering squib, and furnish Chamberlain with a pretext, which he could not otherwise get, for an appeal to the President.

Before we dismiss the subject of the Elberton riots, I must remark on the *tone* of the report of Captain Lloyd, who relieved Colonel Butler at Rousis's bridge, It contains nothing but what is, perhaps, strictly true, but the report is that of a man who considered the whites the aggressors. He says, and his report is endorsed favorably by Captain Mills and General Ruger, that the timely arrival of his troops doubtless prevented a great massacre of the negroes. This is very true, but the tone was calculated to confirm the partisan report of Corbin, and the frantic screams of Chamberlain. Even Captain Lloyd declares, that when relieved by them, the whites quietly went to their homes.

COLONEL HASKELL, THE GOVERNOR AND THE JUDGES.

After the formal nomination of Chamberlain by the Republican convention, Colonel Haskell, the chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, wrote to Chamberlain to propose that he and Governor Hampton should jointly canvass the State and present to the people their respective claims, thus insuring a full and fair discussion and a fair and intelligent vote. He further took occasion to notice the abuse which the Democratic party had received on the part of Chamberlain's supporters, which he assumes to believe that Chamberlain knew to be false, and he says: "Your appearance before the Democrats in the State will be a pleasing refutation of the slanderous

charges published against our party in newspapers claiming to be your organs, and also in Northern papers backed by the name of Senator Patterson and others of your political friends. These charges should be either contradicted by your denial of them, or you should go in person to ascertain their truth. You are Governor as well as candidate; as the latter you may not be bound to correct charges which you know to be false, but as Governor you are bound by your pledges and your honor to prevent your followers using the sanction of your official silence, to sustain charges against your opponents, when they allege the overthrow of the peace and dignity of the State which you are sworn to defend. You are bound either to contradict the assertion that the law is overthrown and terrorism prevails, or to suppress this lawlessness." He then makes an offer of the whites to assist the Governor in restoring order. "It is our right to be called upon to aid you before you appeal to the United States Government. Our services are at your disposal, and whatsoever is our duty we are ready to do."

This letter gave Chamberlain an opportunity to write an answer, which was extensively circulated at the North in the interest of Hayes. This letter is very long. He not only does not contradict, but he reiterates all the slanders which an infuriate party had uttered against the whites. He begins with acknowledging the courtesy of Colonel Haskell's invitation, which he accepts (but did not keep his promise.) He denounces the conduct of the Democrats at joint meetings. Those at which he had been present at Edgefield and elsewhere had been attended by Democrats who had perpetrated every sort of insult short of physical violence. (He forgot that he had himself set the example four years before.) He denounced the Rifle clubs as a basis of political organization, as illegal associations. These clubs were guilty of actual violence; at Harrisburg they had wantonly butchered unresisting prisoners. The Republicans, he admitted, were responsible for the Charleston riot, but he is proud to add that it was suppressed by Republican authority. (The Governor knew that the riot suppressed itself, and that Republican authority did nothing to suppress it.) The cause of the Elberton riot was not well known, but it had been proved that colored men had been killed, not while resisting the process of law, not while engaged in acts of violence, but they were shot down in the fields, in the roads, in their cabins, wheresoever they might be found. He had learned that forty or fifty had thus been killed, and had reason to believe that the killing was not yet over. All the violence in the State is due to Democratic

agencies, and he, therefore, declines to call on the Democrats to suppress disturbances of which they were the authors. It would be like setting wolves to guard the sheep. Neither can he call on the negroes, for that would bring on a conflict. In such an emergency, he says, "my only reliance must be on United States troops. I shall do my duty, and the President will do his, and the world will see whether the principles of a free ballot can be trampled under foot by any combination or party of men in the State."

With this distinct notice of an appeal for military force, which it must be remembered must come from the Legislature, unless the Governor solemnly declares the country to be in such a disturbed state that the Legislature cannot assemble, Colonel Haskell, in order to confront him on that ground, promptly appealed to every circuit judge in the State to make a report of the condition of their several circuits. Each judge promply replied that there was no disturbance of the ordinary peace, and that the mandates of the courts were readily obeyed and executed. Judge Wiggins, in whose circuit were the counties of Aiken and Barnwell, replied that writs of arrest were resisted in his circuit, but when pressed for an explanation, reluctantly admitted that such resistance proceeded from negroes who had been engaged in the Combahee and Elberton riots.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of his letter to Colonel Haskell, the Governor issued his proclamation declaring that Aiken and Barnwell are so disturbed by riotous and seditious brawlers that he is compelled to call out the military force of the State to enforce the execution of the laws. He denounces the Rifle clubs throughout the State as an illegal and dangerous body of men, and orders them to disarm themselves and to disband. Three days are allowed the seditious disturbers of the peace to disperse, and the same time allowed the Rifle clubs to break up their organization. He further addressed a public letter to the people of the United States, and repeats the assertion that the arm of the law is powerless in South Carolina, and asserts that to his personal knowledge about a hundred negroes had been slain in the late disturbances. (The number of the slain had doubled since his letter to Colonel Haskell.)

ARRESTS. THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

Meanwhile two men were sent by Chamberlain to Aiken to prepare for these arrests of Democrats, both black and white, which were to strike terror into their hearts, and bind the State helpless to

the chariot-wheels of the Republican party. These men (one was the Commissioner Canton) were secretly engaged in the back room of ten Radical lawyers, taking the affidavits of Radical negroes and party hacks. The whites discovered, by chance, what they were at, and Mr. Hammond, with about twenty other gentlemen of known respectability, went with an affidavit, the substance of which has been already given, forming, as it does, the history of the Elberton riot. This paper was civilly received, but, as it was not of a nature to further the end the commissioners had in view, was laid aside. About the same time, as if to show how completely the Governor had entered into the conspiracy against the whites, the Governor removed from office the trial justice, Griffin, the negro Radical magistrate, in resisting whose warrants of arrest the riots had begun.

On the 12th October the commissioner was ready for work, and the arrests began. He was informed that if he would publish the names of those who were to be arrested the parties would save the marshal the trouble, and surrender themselves. But the commissioner preferred to make a mystery of his iniquitous proceeding, and the marshal, or his deputy, assisted by United States soldiers, went out daily to arrest white, and occasionally black Democrats. The warrants charged upon the prisoners a conspiracy to intimidate some citizens of African descent, and the murder of others. Each of the warrants was supported by an elaborate printed affidavit, made by some negro, and attested by his mark. The marshal is said to have paid one dollar for each of these affidavits. Frequently there were indications on the part of the government of a desire to provoke hostilities.

On the 19th a large body of Democrats, both white and black, went to Aiken to meet Governor Hampton, and do honor to him. The principal officer of this meeting was A. P. Butler, one of the most beloved and respected men of that county. As soon as the meeting was over, the United States Marshal, with his *posse* of Federal soldiers, stepped up and arrested Mr. Butler and eleven others on the old charge. It was doubtless expected that this open insult would have been resented and resisted. But their design was frustrated. These gentlemen quietly submitted to the arrest, and calmly awaited their release on bail.

On the 16th, Chamberlain's formal demand on the President for aid to suppress insurrection in South Carolina reached Washington. The President was at the time absent from the capitol on a pleasure excursion, and the heartrending appeal for aid was not considered

by the Cabinet of sufficient importance to disturb or interrupt the recreations of their august chief. The delay was not very long. The President returned on the 17th, and before night a proclamation was issued commanding all Rifle clubs to disperse, disband and disarm, and ordering all the disposable force of the army to be sent to General Ruger to be employed in maintaining peace in South Carolina.

In making his demand on the President for aid, he must have declared that it was impossible on account of the disturbed state of the country for the Legislature to meet. If he did not make such a declaration, Grant could not have complied with his request ; if he did make it, then every man, woman and child in South Carolina, and Chamberlain knew, as well as anybody else, that this declaration was a lie. I have no words to soften the expression. It was a barefaced and a base lie, and Chamberlain knew that it was so

Thus the man on horseback, so confidently promised by the disreputable Patterson, had come at the call of Chamberlain. He came not to protect life and preserve peace, but to awe the whites, and destroy every vestige of Republican government in South Carolina. We shall soon see what was his method of restoring peace to the distracted country.

The arrests of Democratic citizens, both black and white, continued up to the time of the election. How many were arrested in Aiken, Barnwell and Edgefield I do not know; there must have been over two hundred. Excitement thickens as we approach the time of the elections. The negroes regarded the troops as sent, not so much to protect them as to intimidate the whites. Every means that could be devised was tried to intimidate colored Democrats, but as this was on the right side, the commissioners took no notice of them. Their object was to keep the polls free for Radical voters. If Democrats were hindered or impeded in the exercise of the franchise it was not worth their notice.

CAINHOY.

The next serious riot that occurred was in St. Thomas' parish, near the village of Cainhoy, in which eight men were murdered, their bodies being shockingly mutilated.

On the 16th October a steamboat left Charleston for Cainhoy, with about sixty Democrats, nearly all white, and about as many Radical negroes, with Bowen, the sheriff of Charleston, at their head. By agreement the meeting at Cainhoy was to be a joint meeting to be

addressed alternately by members of both parties. The men from Charleston carried no arms. It had become a universal practice to carry pistols, which, of course, was done on this occasion. When the boat reached Cainhoy, Bowen went on ahead of the rest to organize the meeting, for the mass consisted of his adherents; the rest followed leisurely. After the meeting was organized, the speaking began with Mr. W. S. Leroy, who was followed by a colored Radical. Some young men, not curious about the business of the meeting, strolled about, and entered a building which had once been used as a kitchen. In the chimney of this building they saw several muskets piled, and took them out. Instantly a cry was raised, they are going to kill you, and a large body of negroes ran to a thicket which covered a small stream, took thence rifles which had been concealed there, and began a fierce fusillade upon the whites. These had no weapons but their pistols, and many were entirely unarmed. To make an aggressive demonstration under the circumstances would have been more than useless, and all that the most prudent could do was to make their retreat as safe as possible. Several men were wounded, and when the party reached Cainhoy, it was found that seven or eight had been left behind, of whose fate nothing was known. The boat returned to Charleston and a detachment of the Rifle clubs instantly sent back to Cainhoy to protect the village from a probable attack by the enraged negroes, and to bring back those who had been missing. No attack was made on the village, but at the scene of the meeting were found the bodies of some gentlemen shockingly mutilated. These were sent on to Charleston, and it is significant of the state of feeling among the negroes of Charleston who crowded the wharf to await the return of the boat, that they greeted the biers on which were the bodies of the murdered men with hisses.

It was afterwards ascertained that when Bowen went ahead and found, on reaching the place of meeting, that a large number of men were armed with rifles, he directed them to be concealed, as the whites who were expected did not have arms and expected to find them also unarmed. The rifles were accordingly put out of sight so that they might be recovered at a moment's notice.

The fact that some young men on finding the muskets, which had been concealed in the chimney, had handled them, and this gives a pretext for the outbreak, gave the Radicals a color to represent this as an assault of Democrats on the meeting. Bowen accordingly telegraphed to the Governor as follows: "A fight, during a joint dis-

cussion at Cainhoy, was originated by a portion of the Democrats from the city attacking the meeting and killing an old colored man. This was the first shot, afterwards a general row ensued."

This is an extraordinary dispatch, and a little examination must convince any one that it does not tell the truth. That a few young men, unarmed, straying from their friends, like themselves unarmed, should wantonly fire upon a meeting consisting largely of their friends, that they should begin the mad attack by killing an old negro man, is a supposition so monstrous as to require positive proof. Had they wished to kill any one there was much higher game within their reach. The story is contradicted by every witness who was examined at the inquest. The old negro was the only negro who suffered, and he was killed in the *melee* probably by his own friends. Indeed, it is likely that these muskets, old and nearly useless, were purposely placed where they were found, in the hope that they would be found. The weapons which had been concealed, and which were so readily brought out, were effective rifles.

The coroner's jury sat to investigate this Democratic riot. The solicitor of the county, Butts, made himself very busy at the inquest, installed himself as chief examiner, dictated what answers should be recorded, browbeat the members of the inquest, who would from time to time put questions, and as far as he possibly could dictated the answers. His arts were of no avail; he could extort nothing from his witnesses to bring in a verdict against the Democrats; and where a witness bore hardly upon the Radicals, he would stop him by declaring that the inquest had had enough of such stuff, and did not want any more of it. The coroner s inquest could bring no charge against the white people, and thus put the seal of condemnation upon Bowen's partisan dispatch.

Meanwhile the village of Cainhoy was guarded by the detachments from the rifle clubs, until the arrival of a portion of the United States troops. They were accompanied by Wallace, the marshal, who took care to suggest to the officers in command that the armed men who joyfully went there and who were congratulating themselves on being thus relieved, were members of the dreadful Rifle clubs which the President had ordered to be disbanded, and that, perhaps, it would be right to proceed against them for disobedience to the proclamation. But the commander had good sense as well as good feeling, recognized the supremacy of the great law of self-preservation, and exchanged military as well as civil courtesies, with the gentlemen whom he had gone to relieve.

The Cainhoy massacre, though humiliating, furnished another proof of the self-control exercised by the whites. It was an unprovoked, a brutal and an outrageous assault. It would have justified, as it deserved, the most signal retribution. The Rifle clubs which proceeded that same evening to the scene, had it in their power to strike a blow which would have been remembered for years, and the moral sense of no people in christendom would have condemned them had they done so. But they did not; they went with words of peace; they gave their protection to the village which lay exposed to the insults and assaults of the savage mob, and they quietly and gladly gave way to the troops who came on the same mission. This moderation was not understood by the negroes. They supposed it was the result of fear, and the glorious day of Cainhoy and the defeat of the whites was celebrated by them in songs and dances. Day by day their tone became more aggressive, day by day the imbecility of Chamberlain's government, and the partisan tyranny of Grant's, more offensive. The papers teemed with sickening reports of insults, of outrages, of the work of the torch. But enough of these disgusting details.

ELECTION RIOTS.

On the 7th November the election was held. In Charleston, long before six o'clock, a mob, accompanied by the beat of a drum, gave tumultuous notice of the election, and by six o'clock the polls were thronged. All day there was the most intense excitement. Every poll was attended by brutal looking negroes, who, decorated with ribands, proclaimed themselves the special deputies of the sheriffs, armed with clubs, and ostensibly keepers of the peace. Scarcely less repulsive in appearance were the deputies of the United States marshal, who, as at this election Federal officers were to be elected, were directed by the Attorney-General to watch the polls and preserve the purity of the election. At every poll were the gentlemen of the precinct, who, without distinction of age, profession, or condition, went there to assist by their moral influence to preserve the peace. General Hunt was in town with his troops to quell any disturbance that might arise. About the polls, too, were numbers of negro women decorated with Chamberlain badges, giving encouragement to their darkey brethren and ready to join in and add to the horrors of a riot.

The day passed off quietly in the city, but it was evident from the very large number of votes polled that hundreds of illegal votes had

been cast ; large numbers of negro Democrats had been intimidated and declined to vote. At the county polls the negroes went armed. As the votes were counted in the night immediately after closing the polls, the telegraph was all the next day reporting the state of the polls, and we were soon persuaded that Hampton was elected Governor and Tilden President. Of course the exultation of the whites was great, and the disappointment of the blacks commensurate with the hopes which they had entertained. Disorder was common in the streets all day, but in the afternoon it culminated in a fearful riot. How it arose no one could explain, bnt it seems to have been occasioned by the discharge (perhaps accidental) of a pistol near the east end of Broad street. The crowd was dense and several shots were fired with no damage. But the excitement spread, and the crowd at the courthouse recklessly fired upon passengers in the street who were quietly going to their places of business. In this way Mr. E. Walter was killed and his father wounded. The mob assailed every white man who passed there ; made furious demands at the station house for arms, and failing to obtain them tore up trees, palings, fences, to furnish themselves with the means of destruction. The police was turned out to quell the riot, but failed to do anything but to arrest whites who were in the streets. True to the character of the negro riots, it was everywhere at once. It began on Broad street, but there was a riot at every corner, and every white man was in danger of insult if not of violence.

Notwithstanding the president's proclamation, the members of the Rifle clubs went to the station house with their weapons to offer to assist in restoring peace. By that time General Hunt had arrived there with a small body of soldiers and instantly accepted their services. Marshal Wallace officiously reminded him that these were the offensive and seditious Rifle clubs against whom both the President and the Governor had fulminated their proclamations. "I don't know what they are," said the general ; "I know they are gentlemen whom I can trust, and I am very glad to have them," and they assisted in securing the town and kept it quiet that night.

Several persons were injured in this riot, but Walter was the only one killed. Whether any negroes were killed was never known. It was said that they always carried off their wounded and dead, and were profoundly silent about it. It was said afterwards that about ten had been killed, but no coroner's jury sat on any colored victim of the riot. The next day there was a feverish uneasiness all over town. The telegraph was incessantly reporting news of the election, and the

bulletin boards of the newspapers were crowded with anxious men. A body of men assembled at the Mayor's office to take counsel about the best means of keeping the city quiet. General Hunt was there, so was the Collector of the Port, Worthington, a boon companion of Patterson; he was the man who had bribed the Legislature for Patterson, and was believed to have incited most of the disturbances which had disgraced the town. It was said to be his special duty in Charleston to act the spy upon the officers stationed there, and report to Washington the names of those officers who seemed to cultivate social relations with the Democrats. General Hunt told the Mayor that the negroes who were thronging the streets should be sent to their homes, for, that in the restless disposition which they manifested, an outbreak might at any moment be expected. The Mayor replied that the negroes had as good right to be on the streets as the whites, and he did not see why the same rule should not be applied to both parties. General Hunt replied: "My object, Mr. Mayor, is not to discuss principles and rights, but to provide for the peace of the city. I know that the whites will not provoke a disturbance. But your party has been industriously teaching the blacks all the summer that if Hampton is elected they will be remanded to slavery, and every telegram that comes makes it more certain he is elected. You who have done the mischief can alone undo it, and your advice to go home will be better than my order to that effect." He soon afterwards left the room, and Worthington promised that in a few hours General Hunt would be removed from the city. In less than three days Worthington's prediction was verified. General Hunt was removed.

THE BOARD OF CANVASSERS.

The excitement, caused by the election and the subsequent riots, died off, and for a short time we rejoiced in the contemplation of the great victory, and complacently awaited the reëstablishment of civil government. But an ominous note from Columbia came to disturb our minds and qualify our hopes. The Democrats believed that Hampton was elected by a majority of about twelve hundred votes; that a majority of the House of Representatives had been elected, and that on a joint ballot of the two Houses they would have a majority of one vote. It was now asserted that Chamberlain had received a majority of two or three thousand votes, and so large a number of representatives as to give the Radicals a majority on joint

ballot of about twenty votes. On what was this expectation grounded?

In all the Southern States in which the negroes had a majority, an expedient was devised for perpetuating this power, which made all elections a mockery and a nullity. In this State it was a Board of Canvassers, consisting of the principal officers of the State, to whom the returns of the elections were made, who canvassed the returns and determined the result. They were authorized to throw out votes which they deemed illegal or improper; in fine, to do anything to keep the power in their own hands. No man could be sure of his election, even though he had received a unanimous vote; for this omnipotent board, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, might decide that the whole election was irregular and consequently void. A board of such enormous power, composed of men of principles, more than doubtful, required watching, and General Conner, and other eminent lawyers, went to Columbia to watch their proceedings and take care of the interests of the Democrats.

The first point made was, that as a majority of this Board, the treasurer, the secretary of State, and another, were candidates for election, they could not sit in judgment on their own cases, and consequently the board was incompetent to act. It must be remembered that by law every ballot contained on a single piece of paper the names of all the persons balloted for, so that it was impossible to canvass any one name on the paper without canvassing all. To this reasonable objection the facile Stone, Attorney-General, admitted that the objection was well taken, and that each member of the board, who was a candidate, must retire when his name was under discussion. This was an expedient that, under the circumstances, could proceed only from a knave or a fool.

The next point was, that as the Constitution makes each House the sole judge of the validity of the election of its members, the board has no right to do more than count the votes and certify them to the Secretary of State, leaving to each House the subsequent duty of determining the validity of the elections. As the Board did not concur in this view, General Conner applied to the Supreme Court for an injunction against further proceedings by the Board until the matter could be examined by the court.

(I fear, lest if I attempt to follow the details of this case, I should fall into technical errors. I shall therefore, briefly as possible, tell what did happen.)

The court ordered the Board to examine the election returns and

return them to the court. The report on this order showed that sixty-four Democrats and sixty Radicals had been elected to the House of Representatives. The court then issued a *mandamus* directing the report to be certified and sent to the Secretary of State. This *mandamus* never reached the board. After making their last return they went into secret session, decided that the elections in Edgefield and Laurens were void in consequence of the intimidation of voters in those counties. Certificates of election were withheld from those who had been elected in those counties, and thus securing to the Radicals a majority in the House of Representatives, they adjourned forever.

Great and just was the indignation of the court when this sharp practice was reported. The whole board was declared in contempt, a fine of one thousand five hundred dollars imposed on each of them, and they were committed to jail during the pleasure of the court. Fortunately they had made a return of the election to the court, and the clerk was directed to give certificates under the seal of the court to the members elected for Edgefield and Laurens.

But the Radical party have always found in the judiciary of the United States a judge who will be a convenient instrument in the game of rascality, and one was already in Columbia ready and willing to serve them. The session of the Circuit Court was at hand, and Judge Bond had reached Columbia fully a week before the time. His presence boded no good, and it was not long before the worst fears of the people were realized. A motion for the release of the imprisoned canvassers was brought before him and he granted it. On what ground he undertook to interfere with the Supreme Court I know not. He gave no reasons at the time, but promised to give them subsequently. If he ever did, the interest in the matter had died away and nobody cared to know how he could justify this unwarrantable blow at the independence of the State court. The judge had a duty to discharge to the party which had put him in power and he paid the debt. He would have had a more fragrant reputation had he been less true to the behests of his party.

THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

The President having failed to intimidate the people of South Carolina from expressing their opinions at the polls, resolved now to try to effect by violence the seating in the Governor's chair the charlatan whom the people had rejected. On the 26th November, the

following order was sent by Cameron, the Secretary of War to General Ruger :

"D. H. Chamberlain is now Governor of South Carolina beyond controversy, and remains so until a new Governor shall be legally inaugurated. Under the Constitution the Government has been called, to aid with the military forces of the United States, to maintain a Republican government in the State against resistance too formidable to be overcome by the State authorities. You are directed, therefore, to sustain Governor Chamberlain in his authority against domestic violence until otherwise directed.

U. S. GRANT."

And in forwarding this order General Ruger is directed, in obeying these instructions to advise with Governor Chamberlain and dispose his troops in such manner as may be deemed best to carry out the spirit of the President's order.

It is now sufficient to read this order to see the whole tissue of fraud and of partisan spirit which breathes in every line. But an order from the President deserves at least the respect of an examination. Let us briefly do so.

In the first place, why the gratuitous assertion that Chamberlain was, at that time, the actual Governor of South Carolina? It was neither doubted nor denied. It was only himself who seemed by his imbecility and his utter dependence upon Federal troops to doubt it. His enemies had elected the man of their choice, and were content to wait patiently for the time when he would lawfully assume his position. In the second place, Chamberlain had ten months before called in the aid of the Federal troops and these troops were still there in pursuance of the call. Whence, then, this new order? In the third place, though not expressed in the order, it was really given in view of the approaching session of the Legislature. If Grant was really desirous of doing his duty under the Constitution, he would have let things remain in *statu quo*, until the Legislature, which was about to meet, should advise him what he ought to do, but this would not have suited the views of the party. He speaks of the duty of the Government to aid in maintaining a Republican Government in the State. Could the President have meant that inasmuch as one party called itself Republican and the other Democratic, his duty called him to aid the former to the exclusion of the latter? This supposition is an insult to his understanding, but even so, more favorable to his character than the gross tyranny of the order by which he

proposed to destroy all republican government. Chamberlain is made the supreme judge of what is meant by a Republican Government, and all the available forces of the United States are put at his disposal to wield the destinies of a State which loathed, abhorred and had rejected him.

The President was guilty of a high crime against representative government. A legislature had been elected which put the Democrats in power. Four men of more than questionable character, three of whom were candidates for election, had undertaken to say that the election in two counties was void. They thus changed the balance of power by usurping a function which the Constitution gives exclusively to the several branches of the Legislature, and the dictum of these few men was to overrule the voice of the State; and this was the Republican Government which the President ordered his soldiers to defend.

The troops were ordered to protect Chamberlain against Democratic violence. No one knew better than Chamberlain himself that the only party that contemplated violence was his own party. They had put the Democrats to a very severe test, and found them true to the programme which had in the beginning been mapped out for them by their great leader. They bore with patience the outrages and injuries which had been put upon them. Arrest after arrest of some of their best citizens had been made for causes which the Government knew to be frivolous, which had no end in view but to intimidate, possibly to excite to madness. The party of violence was the Radical party. All this violence, all this intimidation was for the purpose of keeping in office a man who knew that he was utterly repudiated by the people, and could not sustain himself one hour without the aid of Federal bayonets; and this was what President Grant called sustaining Republican government in South Carolina. The next scene in the drama shows his method of sustaining it.

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature was to meet on Tuesday, November 28th. The attendance of both parties was full. Large numbers of citizens from all parts of the State were in Columbia, and great excitement prevailed on account of the actions respectively of the Board of Canvassers, of the Supreme Court, and of Judge Bond. It was now to be demonstrated whether we had a Republican government, whether the will of the people, expressed through the ballot-box, was to be

respected. On the night of the 27th the troops took possession of the State House, and it was evident that the morrow was to be a day of unusual excitement. On the morning of the 28th some gentlemen, strangers as well as members, visited the State House, but were refused entrance by the soldiers on guard. It was now certain that difficulties would be experienced by those members who had not been favored by the Board of Canvassers. At twelve o'clock the whole body of Democratic members, sixty-four in number, went to the State House, led by the Edgefield delegation, at the head of whom was Mr. Shepherd. At the door of entrance some demur was made to their admission, but it was not persisted in, and they reached the lobby. At the door of the Representative Hall they found a corporal with a guard of soldiers, acting under instructions from Chamberlain, conveyed by his agents, who stood by the corporal. He called for their credentials, and by their voices determined who had a right to sit in that house.

And in the name of God, who were these judges who thus presumed to determine who were the representatives of the people of South Carolina? First and foremost was a man named Dennis. He might have been a general, he certainly sported that title; a Massachusetts man, some said a kinsman of Chamberlain, and certainly his henchman. His most famous exploit was the furnishing the State House at the enormous expense of $90.000, of which sum he took at least half as his commissions. There was also one Jones, a mulatto from the North, who had been the clerk of the House of Representatives, and who, with the clerk of the Senate formed a partnership under the firm of the Republican Printing Company. The clerks of the two Houses made contracts for printing with this company, that is, with themselves, and in a very short time they were confessedly among the rich men of Charleston, and lived in houses which were the admiration of all beholders. E. W. M. Mackey occasionally assisted in this unholy work, but the consummation of the crime called away the last two, and Dennis remained sole arbiter of the composition of the House of Representatives.

When it was ascertained that those gentlemen who had no credentials from the Secretary of State would not be admitted, the whole body of Democrats refused to enter and withdrew. On the steps of the State House Shepherd read to the indignant multitude a solemn protest against this intrusion of military force in the organization of the Legislature. The immense crowd, wrought to frenzy at this high handed act of usurpation, might have overpowered the troops

and taken possession of the State House, but Hampton was there. He spoke words of encouragement and of hope, and warned his friends that ultimate success depended upon the strict observance of peace. It was good counsel and it prevailed, but it was hard to follow it. The people showed themselves on that day, as on other occasions, capable of self control, and Chamberlain might have heard the knell of his hopes in the way in which they submitted to this enormous usurpation. The retiring delegates, sixty-four in number, withdrew to a large hall in Columbia, where, as an undoubted quorum, they organized the House of Representatives by choosing W. H. Wallace their Speaker, and Sloan, Clerk. Whilst organizing they discovered that their numbers had increased to sixty-five by the adherence of Ruder, of Orangeburg.

The Radicals intended to take possession of the House and organize, whilst the Democrats would be parleying about the admission of their associates, and in fact before the Democrats had retired the roll was called by Jones, the clerk of the former House. It was then proposed to organize, and a doubt was expressed by a member whether a constitutional quorum was present. Whereupon Mackey asserted that there was a quorum. One hundred and sixteen members had been elected, he said, fifty-nine is one more than half of that number, and there were just that number in the hall, they were, therefore, a competent quorum—and his word was law to that hopeful assembly. He was elected Speaker, Jones clerk, and thus the crime was consummated.

In the Senate a full body appeared. Three new members appeared, two from Edgefield and Laurens, who, not being commissioned by the Secretary of State, were not allowed to sit, and one from Abbeville, who, having been elected to fill a vacancy, it was said could not take his seat until he had been admitted by the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The constitution of the Senate was thirteen Democrats to seventeen Republicans. The admission of the three new members would have reduced their majority to one.

When Wallace was elected Speaker a message was sent to the Senate, but the latter refused to recognize it as a House. A demand was also made on the Secretary of State for the election returns, so that the votes for Governor might be counted. That officer replied that the returns had already been delivered to Mackey, who gave his receipt for them as Speaker. A motion was then made in the Supreme Court for *mandamus* on Mackey and the Secretary of the State to deliver the returns to Wallace, the Speaker of the House.

Mackey seemed anxious to enlarge the body of which he was the Speaker. Some members were declared not elected; these moved to Wallace's hall; their seats were given to others. One of those thus presented with a seat was said not to have been in Columbia at the time, but another personated him, and took the oath for him. Chamberlain, too, seemed doubtful of his position. He sent in no annual message this year.

Meanwhile General Ruger awoke to the conviction that he had been engaged in a very dirty piece of work. He saw that he had been employed as an instrument of the grossest tyranny; that through him a heavy blow had been struck at Republican Government. He was now anxious to exculpate himself and to make it appear that he did not do what he had done. It was the old excuse—the same which Grant had made for himself when he had violently expelled half of the House of Representatives of Louisiana, and delivered the State prostrate into the hands of her enemies—his orders had been misunderstood. So with Ruger. His soldiers were put in the State House, not to interfere in the formation of the Legislature, but to preserve peace. He wished every man, who claimed to have a seat in the Legislature, should have free access to the House. It was through the officious interference of Dennis that any were excluded. He was instantly put to the test. If your orders were so signally misunderstood, and therefore caused such mischief, undo all that has been done. Empty the State House and let us meet and organize *de novo*. This reasonable proposition did not suit him. It was important to the cause of Chamberlain that the acts of Dennis should be undisturbed. So the people of South Carolina must need be content with the assurance, that the general in command did not intend to do, and really should not be held responsible for what he had done. One thing was certain, that he was heartily ashamed of his conduct, and that he had not the courage to correct his blunder.

As, however, they had his assurance that he had no sympathy with Dennis's proceedings, and that the doors would be opened to all who had been elected, the whole House of Representatives, early on the morning of the 30th, went to the Halls—Wallace occupied the Speaker's chair and Sloan the clerk's. Intense was the surprise of Mackey and his followers when he entered shortly afterwards and found the Speaker's chair occupied. He demanded it as his right. His demand was refused. He then sent to inform the Governor that the Legislature was invaded by a body of strangers, who were obstructing them in their legitimate work. No satisfactory answer

came, and Mackey put a chair by the side of the Speaker and called his party to order. It was now a contest, the issue of which seemed to depend upon the powers of endurance of the parties.

Neither would yield, neither would, by adjourning, leave the field open to the other. In this game the true house had some advantages. They were all white; they had means of their own on which they could subsist, and the people of Columbia were ready to supply all their wants. But this contest was soon brought to an end. General Ruger informed General Hampton that the Edgefield and Laurens' delegation would not be permitted to remain in the State House after midday of December 2d. This was a flat contradiction of his declaration of the true intent and meaning of his orders, and General Hampton wrote him such a reply as an indignant gentleman might write to one who had deliberately told him the thing that was not. Dispatches were instantly sent to Washington to make a statement of the case, with what effect we know not, but certainly the obnoxious gentlemen were not removed at the time indicated. On the night of the 3d a large number of negroes were sent to the State House, constituting what was called a constabulary force, and the next day Mackey informed Wallace that at 2 P. M. the constabulary force, aided by the United States troops, would proceed to clear the Hall of obnoxious persons.

This was, doubtless, a trap for the purpose of forcing a collision, which would give the troops a pretext for more active interference, since it was more than probable, judging from the temper of the men, that if one of these negro constables should lay his hands on any of the men, his life would be the penalty of his temerity. Whether the troops would take a hand was uncertain, but the appearance at the door of officers who bore no good will to the cause of the Democrats, was ominous of evil. Determined, therefore, to offer moderation to violence, and not to do that which their adversaries wished them to do, Wallace and the House left the Hall and returned to that in which they had originally organized.

The next day the mock-house counted the votes for Governor, and by striking out the votes of Edgefield and Laurens made a majority for Chamberlain, and on the 7th he was inaugurated. It was a sad ceremony. The Hall of the House of Representatives, in which it was performed, was closed to all except to members of the two Houses and a few invited guests. As no judge of the Supreme Court would administer the oath, it was done by the probate judge. And meanwhile the House received a blow from which it could not

recover. It will be remembered that the Supreme Court was prayed for a *mandamus* against Mackey to give up to Wallace the election returns. The court objected ; that *mandamus* could be laid only on officers, and that as Mackey was not Speaker of the House he could not be the subject of a *mandamus*. Two days later, on a selection made by sundry taxpayers of the State, an injunction was laid on the banks, which were the depositories of the public money, to pay out no money of the State until further orders. Thus was the usurping government denied a legal House of Representatives by the Supreme Court, and its power to do mischief nipped in the bud by cutting off the supplies by which it might continue to prolong its existence.

The Radicals went also through the formality of electing Corbin United States Senator, but as Mackey was not Speaker, the election was a mockery. The House of Representatives was not acknowledged by the Senate, and their messages, inviting the Senate to join them in electing a Senator and in counting the votes for Governor, were treated with contempt, but the Democratic Senators attended, and M. C. Butler was elected. On the 15th General Hampton was inaugurated before the Hall in which the representatives assembled, before an immense throng of enthusiastic spectators. Lieutenant-Governor Simpson also took tne oath of office administered by Judge Mackey.

FINANCIAL.

The House of Representatives, repudiated by the Senate, was powerless to do anything legally, but it made an appeal to the people, which was followed by the happiest results. As it was necessary to supply the government with money, the people were invited to pay to such receivers, as the Governor should appoint, ten per cent. of the taxes which had been levied the last year. The success or failure of Hampton's government depended entirely upon the response which should be made to this appeal.

The city of Charleston was the first to reply. On the evening of December 21st the citizens met in Hibernian Hall, and put Charles Lowndes, Esq., in the chair. About him sat several gentlemen, known to be the largest taxpayers in the city. Several spoke of the grave crisis at which we had arrived, and the importance of standing together. It was resolved, without a dissenting voice, to disregard any call for the payment of taxes made by officers of the mock government, of which Chamberlain was the head; to acknowledge

no Governor but Hampton. Tremendous was the enthusiasm of the meeting when General Conner, describing the effect of a religious observance of the resolutions, said, the bayonets of the United States army may keep these men in the places which they have usurped. We make no war upon the United States. But they cannot keep them from starving. A committee was appointed to see to the execution of the resolutions. The effect of this movement was magical. It was the doom of the Chamberlain hopes. The movement was quickly followed all over the country, and by the first January the Governor could, with confidence, appoint receivers of this voluntary tax. About the same time both the legislative bodies adjourned. As the Senate would not recognize the House of Representatives, the latter could do no more than it had done, and having provided for furnishing the treasury adjourned. The other body, finding that they could not get at the treasury, and seeing their numbers diminishing by deserters to the true House, adjourned also. It was said that when the House adjourned its members had increased from sixty-six to seventy-eight.

THE COURTS.

The contest was now waged in the courthouses. Not long after his mock inauguration Chamberlain undertook to pardon a prisoner in the penitentiary. The governor refused to release his prisoner on the ground that Chamberlain was not the Governor and had no power to grant a pardon. The case was brought before Judge Carpenter. In this case lawyers on both sides discussed the claims of the two *soi-disant* Governors. After a hearing of several days the judge determined to take time to make a decision. He did take time. The case was closed before Christmas. After studying some time in Columbia the judge, still intent on a decision, went to Charleston, and unable to find there the light which he wanted he went to Washington, the Mecca of all faithful Radicals. There he remained a month and on the 1st of February published a decision, which, if it was to be final would have resolved the State into chaos.

As Mackey had been declared by the Supreme Court not the Speaker, he was obliged to determine that the inauguration of Chamberlain was void. The inauguration of Hampton was equally void, because, though done before a legal House of Representatives, it was not done before the Senate. Neither party, then, could claim any right from his inauguration, and as no actual governor had been inaugurated, Chamberlain was Governor until his successor should

be inaugurated. The consent of Chamberlain to be inaugurated could not invalidate his right to hold over, as the whole ceremony was illegal and the body engaged in it could not receive any inferred resignation. This decision gave Chamberlain a legal right to the title of Governor until his successor should be legally inaugurated, but it made it impossible that he should ever have a successor. This could be done only by the joint action of the two Houses and they could meet only at the call of Chamberlain. Now, though the Senate might obey the call of Chamberlain, it was certain that the House of Representatives would not, and so the practical effect of Carpenter's decision would be to leave the State for a year in the hands of a powerless Governor, with no Legislature, no treasury, with nothing by which the State could be saved from falling into perfect anarchy. This seems to have been the blessed result of his visit to Washington, to prolong the rule of a miserable adventurer even though it involved the State in ruin.

An appeal was instantly taken from this monstrous decision, and at the same time a case was made by the granting of a pardon by Hampton to one Tilda Norris, a penitentiary convict. In this case it was the sheriff who refused to recognize Hampton's authority, and the case was brought before the Supreme Court, whose ruling would determine who was the lawful Governor.

We shall follow this case to the end. The same wearying arguments were repeated on both sides, and the same readiness on the part of the court to permit dilatory practice showed that the courts were all desirous of having the decision made outside of South Carolina. They wanted the President to decide for them. I believe Mr. Justice Willard was the exception; that he was ready to assume the responsibility; but he was only one of them.

At last the proceedings were closed, and nothing remained but to pronounce the judgment. At this critical moment, Chief-Justice Moses was stricken down with a fit, from which he never recovered, and the Radicals made use of that opportunity to compass their ends. The third justice was the negro Wright. If he and Willard should agree, their decision would be final; if not, the matter must rest undetermined until a third justice should be elected. Every art that ingenuity could suggest was brought to bear upon the wretched negro. The choicest wines and liquors were lavished upon him. Threats and entreaties were both tried upon him. The sable sisters of the church visited him, prayed for him and with him, and used all

the blandishments of the wily sex to persuade him to remain true to Chamberlain and Radicalism.

On the 27th February an order was finally signed by the two justices for the release of Norris. Wright begged that the filing and publication might be delayed for a few days, and Justice Willard consented to it. On March 1st it appeared that a change had come over the black jurist. He had left with the clerk a very long opinion in which the pretensions of Chamberlain were elaborately discussed and acknowledged, followed by a withdrawal of his signature to the order which had been agreed upon by the court two days before. It was but a momentary triumph for Chamberlain. Justice Willard was naturally indignant at the childish conduct of his associate, but took no steps to add to the shame and confusion which fell upon him. Norris was released the next day, and there was henceforth little legal opposition to Hampton.

HAMPTON GOVERNOR—GRANT'S LAST MALICIOUS KICK.

Meanwhile Governor Hampton was not lying idly waiting for events to decide for him. He had already declared that no one should be Governor beside himself, unless it should be a military Governor supported by the bayonets of the United States, and as soon as he was inaugurated he applied himself diligently to discharge the duties of his office. He appointed for every county, trustworthy men to collect the taxes levied by the House of Representatives. That body had fixed it at 20 per cent. of the taxes collected the last year. The Governor called for only 10 per cent., and such was the zeal manifested by the citizens, that before March he was in possession of $120,000, and able to keep all the machinery of the Government in good working order. For the preservation of law and order throughout the State he appointed Trial Justices, men of approved character, in every county; and he organized the militia, so as to make it a real arm of order and liberty. In this organization the Rifle clubs naturally held a conspicuous place. No white men had been considered by Governor Scott fit to be enrolled in the militia; and when Hampton became Governor it was natural that they should expect to be relieved of this disfranchisement. The clubs were accordingly officered and commissioned according to law, and it was in reference to these that President Grant gave the last uttering of his malignant spite against the whites of South Carolina.

It was a time-honored custom to celebrate the 22d February with a military parade; for several years past this parade had been furnished by the Rifle clubs; and so little of sectionalism or of partisan spirit had entered into this celebration, that in Charleston, at least, a portion of the United States troops were always invited to participate in it, and always accepted the invitation. Arrangements were made this year for the usual military parade. On the morning of the 21st an order of the President was published that no Rifle clubs should be allowed to parade the next day. The Governor instantly issued an order, which was published all over the State, postponing the celebration of Washington's birthday, until it might be done without fear of interruption from the President. The latter endeavored to defend this petty act of spite by referring to his proclamation of October, in which he had commanded the Rifle clubs to be disbanded, thus justifying one act of tyranny by the plea of consistency with another. But in fact there were no longer any Rifle clubs in existence, as all had been absorbed in the militia and lawfully commissioned by the Governor.

THE COURTS AT LAST COME TO THEIR SENSES.

The civil government extended over the greater portion of the State, but there were some important districts in which the sheriffs, being of the Radical party, refused to acknowledge Governor Hampton, and would not permit processes issued by trial justices of his appointment to be served. This was particularly and offensively the case in Charleston. Bowen, the partisan leader of the Radicals, was sheriff of the county. He refused to serve the processes of the trial justices, or to allow the jailer to receive prisoners under their warrants; and the people saw, with quiet indignation, one man determining for the whole county that the man whom they had repudiated should exercise the powers of a governor. The circuit judge was applied to for relief, but shrank from assuming responsibility. At last, about the middle of March, a case occurred in which the judge was compelled to act. But even then he acted with indecision. He could not refuse to acknowledge Hampton, he dared not deny the claims of Chamberlain. He adopted the course agreeable to all weak men. He ordered the sheriff to respect alike processes issued by both parties.

This dual government was fraught with too much danger to be patiently endured. In about a week a case was again brought before

him, and this time he determined with great reluctance that Hampton was Governor of South Carolina, and all Chamberlain's appointments void. This long period of a divided government was the direct effect of the influences which had been brought to bear upon the negro, Wright. Had he not tried to retract his consent to the order which the court had agreed upon, that order would have been the final judgment of the Supreme Court. His tergiversation gave the weak and the malignant an excuse for indecision, on the ground that the court had not decided. When Judge Read pronounced in favor of Hampton, all the colored judges had concurred, and Hampton was everywhere acknowledged as the lawful Governor of the State.

But there was one spot in South Carolina which he could not touch. One house into which he could not enter. He found the State House closed against him by the black myrmidons whom Chamberlain had posted there to defend it against him, and whose power, contemptible in itself, was supported by the army of the United States, which had been sent to South Carolina to obey the orders of Chamberlain. It is this exclusion from the Capitol and the Executive Chamber which makes it impossible for me to stop, now that I have shown how everywhere else the machinery of government was moving in obedience to his will. I must make brief notice of the connection between the election of Governor and of President of the United States.

STATE OF FEELING IN SOUTH CAROLINA JUSTIFIED.

To one unacquainted with the condition of South Carolina, it would seem a matter of little personal interest whether a Governor should be chosen from our party, and, still less, whether the President should be a Democrat or a Republican. It is reasonable to expect in both parties a fair proportion of intelligence and integrity, a fair amount of conscientious regard for right, and a fair effort to act justly, and to secure to all citizens the blessings of peace, order and liberty. Political parties are generally supported by a sentiment, not by a sense of personal interest. But it was not so here. When the war came to an end, and the Southern States lay prostrate at the feet of their conqueror, they experienced the bitterest consequences of the humiliation of defeat.

Viewed from abroad, and from an ordinary standpoint, the proceedings of Congress might be regarded as full of humanity, of mercy and of charity. There were no revengeful prosecutions (a

few judicial murders in the first flush of victory excepted). The Congress devoted itself to the work of reconstruction, and in the far distant regions of the whole civilized world their acts doubtless seemed full of humanity and wisdom. The whole body of States was reconstructed on the principle of equal rights to all men, and with this principle engrafted on the Constitution there seemed to be no reason why the States should not proceed harmoniously in the career of peaceful progress.

But there was an element in the population which rendered such a principle fatal to all peaceful progress. In many of the States, and in South Carolina particularly, a majority of the people had been slaves. All these were suddenly elevated to the rank of citizens. Were this all, even then there might be hope. The slaves had always lived well with their masters, bore no resentment for past injuries, and if they were let alone in their own mutual relations, the two races might, and doubtless would have harmonized and soon discovered the art of living together in peace. But this was not to be. With the progress of Northern arms grew up an institution founded ostensibly, perhaps really, for the protection of the rights of the newly emancipated slaves. This institution, known as the Freedman's Bureau, became for the time the ruling power in the State. It interfered in all the concerns of whites and blacks, its officers were generally men who not only had no love for the South, but who made it their mission to foster in the minds of the blacks a bitter hatred and mistrust of the whites. They were, on all occasions, the champions of the negroes' rights, and never failed to instruct them that it was to the Republicans that they were indebted for all the rights which they enjoyed. In the train of the Bureau came the school mistresses who instilled into the minds of their pupils the same lessons of hatred and hostility. The consequence was, that though the personal relations between the races were friendly, though the blacks invariably addressed themselves to the whites as to true friends for all offices of love and kindness, of which they stood in need, they would never listen to them, if the latter wished to speak about politics. This feeling was intensified by the introduction of the Union League, a secret society, the members of which were solemnly bound never to vote for any but a Republican. The negro has a large development of secretiveness, and this association which bound the souls of all by its solemn oaths and which on holidays paraded the streets with the Bible borne by the president

and the superior officers at the head with mystic symbols, had a rare fascination for them. By such means the negro presented a solid phalanx of Radicalism, bound by superstition and fanaticism to the service of the party, and it is not wonderful that when the bonds of the League began to break that the Republican party suspected that only violence on the part of the whites could have estranged them from their allegiance to that party which had claimed them so long as their bounden servants.

Bad as all this was, even this might be borne had the Republican party contained the average number of good and honest men as in other parts of the country. With Republicans who had a real love for the State, the negro, under their training might have developed into good and useful citizens. But it was otherwise ordered. The Constitutional Convention, which met in pursuance of the Act of Reconstruction, consisted principally of negroes, without any kind of training, and who necessarily were but tools in the hands of designing persons. The whites who were in it were either renegade Carolinians, or men whose war record had been good, and who now hoped to make themselves powerful by early joining the party in the ascendant; or Northern men who had come hither to make their fortunes out of the new order of things; many had been attached to the Freedman's Bureau; many were men of infamous character at home, and came like buzzards to prey upon the carcass of the ruined State; all were men upon whom dark suspicion hung, and these were the ruling spirits of the Convention.

The Convention made a *tabula rasa* of the whole State. All officers were displaced; the judiciary destroyed; the whole field cleared for the grand experiment which Republicanism was now going to make in the State.

At an election, which was held soon after the adjournment of the Convention, Scott of Ohio, the chief of the Freedman's Bureau, was raised to the office of Governor, and the satrap displaced Governor Orr to make way for him. Chamberlain was made Attorney-General, and Parker, Treasurer. He had once been a bar-tender in Haverhill, N. H. His house was destroyed by fire, and the insurers refused to pay for the loss; but Parker did not deem it prudent to prosecute his claim. We have seen how he was indicted for embezzlement, and the farcical termination of that prosecution.

The Legislature was composed largely of negroes; but in almost every delegation were men, who having come to Carolina to carve

out fortunes for themselves, were afterwards known by the significant appellation of carpet-baggers. These were the men who controlled the Legislature.

As no property qualification was required for a seat in that body, it was by many regarded as a pleasant and easy way of making money, and it was not long before it was discovered that besides the salaries, which were unprecedentedly large, every member had the means of making an honest penny by the sale of his vote. A new business arose and prospered in Columbia, a sort of political brokerage, by which men contracted with speculators to buy the votes of members when they were interested in the passage of any measure. Here was a corruptible Legislature under the influence of men utterly corrupt. This corruption was barefaced. The corrupt men who governed the Legislature had no sense of decency, no compunction, provided they got what they wanted. In all civilized communities the rights of a minority are secure, even if utterly unrepresented, there is a public opinion which restrains even corruption and checks it in its mad career. In South Carolina there was no public opinion. Society was divided into the conquered whites, who were destined to satisfy the voracious appetites of the carpet-bagger, and the needy and ignorant negro, directed by his hungry teachers.

The whites had no rights which they were bound to respect; if they paid the enormous taxes which were levied upon him, the negro was satisfied; he had done all that it was necessary for him to do in the degenerate State.

It was utterly vain to arraign any one on the charge of corruption. The more corrupt a man was supposed to be, the greater was his power with the party. The wretched Whittermore had been expelled from the House of Representatives in Congress for the petty crime of selling a cadetship. This disgraceful petty crime never lost him any of his power. He continued as before to govern the Peedee country, and was, doubtless, the more esteemed because of his cleverness in making a corrupt bargain. So, too, the infamous Leslie, who did not even deign to deny the charges of huge fraud in the land commission swindle, but defied his accusers, threatened to expose their crimes and lodge them in the penitentiary; and he continued to govern and to represent the county of Barnwell as long as he chose.

Not only were charges of corruption unavailing to destroy their power among the ignorant masses, they were impotent to weaken their influence with the leaders. Every one of them accused every

other of crimes which ought to be followed by ignominious punishment; but such is the cohesive force of plunder, that all these robbers, as they called each other, would, when their power was in danger, knit anew the bonds of friendship and present a solid and unbroken front against all who dared attempt to rid the State of their destructive and blighting presence.

And all this seething mass of corruption was sustained by the moral power of the government. The infamous Patterson had the ear of the President. The garrisons of soldiers posted in the different parts of the State were always represented to the negroes as placed there to protect them from their enemies—the whites; and on more than one occasion it seemed as if they regarded the whites as not only a conquered, but a seditious and rebellious people. The Governor, too, studiously kept them in the position of a suspected race.

When Governor Scott was organizing the militia, he refused to enrol white companies, and the whole military organization was confined to the negroes. A few white Radicals were honored with offices, but the white citizens of South Carolina were entirely disfranchised. Arms of the best and most approved patterns, and ammunition to suit, were lavishly bestowed on this militia of Scott's making, and many a citizen of the State, black as well as white, fell victims to this reckless arming of a semi-barbarous race. At Hamburg, in the Elberton riots, and at Cainhoy, the rifles which the whites had paid for were used freely against them, and they were denounced for their outrageous treatment of the poor and heavily oppressed negro.

It has been asked why did not the whites join with the Republicans and reform the abuses which were ruining the State? Twice they made the attempt. Twice did they join with those members of the Republican party who seemed disgusted with the course of their own party. Once they supported Judge Carpenter against Scott, and once Green against Chamberlain. On both occasions they were utterly defeated. The movement was regarded as an unwarrantable intrusion into the sacred fields of the party. The State seemed bound to the car of Radicalism forever.

Such was Republicanism as it was known to the people of South Carolina. Is it to be wondered at that the white people eagerly embraced the party of Democracy? That party, at least, had no corruption like that of the Republicans of this State. That party repudiated the doctrine that the army of the United States might be

employed, under pretext of protecting one party, to undermine the liberties of all ; and the leader of that party had lately signalized himself as the determined foe of corruption. In the election of Samuel Tilden the humiliated Democracy dared to hope for a return to better things. Another cause also was operative. Eight long years of misrule had not been without their pernicious effects. It was not alone the loss of property—the confiscation of their estates by taxation that weighed heavily upon the people. They could bear the loss of property. They had submitted without a murmur to the results of the war. But the iron of oppression was entering their souls and producing its most fatal effects—a pathetic hopelessness. A tale of corruption caused but a shrug—we had become too much accustomed to the story to be keenly moved by it. We gazed on the picture with listless apathy, and only wondered what would be the next development, and the secret cry of every one was, How long, oh Lord, how long !

To the old Carolinian, everything was strange—everything so different from old customs and practices, that as he looked bewildered around and about him, he felt that he had become a stranger, that he had no home, I am far from asserting that our people were pure and spotless; that we were free from the taint of corruption; that we preserved intact the principles of a pure religion and of an elevated morality ; but I do assert that they had a sacred regard for truth, that the laws of honor were felt and observed, and that if men were corrupt the teaching of this law was so effective, that sin among them lost much of its hideousness by losing its grossness. The public man convicted of untruth, lost all his power, and though corruption probably did exist, it was covered with a thick veil, and men never dared flaunt its skirts in the face of an indignant society. To hold an office in the State was *prima facie* evidence that the man was fit for the place. Our Governor was the first of the gentlemen of the State, and at that time it was really a grand old name. Our judges wore their ermine unstained. In the long line of our judges, one only had ever been found unworthy, and his was a weakness too common among our best men. The seduction of wine was too strong for him. I do not remember a single case of a defaulting public officer. To hold an office in the State was strong presumption of worthiness for the place. Hence a principle of reverence unconsciously took possession of our minds, and the idea of moral worth was associated with political eminence. We were proud of our State. And now all this was changed. To hold an office was a

presumption of unworthiness. In former times the public bonds of the State never found their way into the stock market; now, they were hawked about the streets of New York by a wretched gutter-broker, who was made by Chamberlain the financial agent of the State, and once, in order to expedite business, the Secretary of State, the mulatto Cardoza, went to New York with the great seal of the State in his pocket, to comply with the request of the financial agent. On one occasion three men met at the agent's office, counsellors and advisers of the financial agent of South Carolina, Scott, of Ohio; Parker, the swindler of New Hampshire, Bowen, the god of the Cooper River negroes, and the vote broker, Henly. These, and such as these, sat in council with the financial agent of the State; gave their counsel; determined about the disposal of the money which might be raised, and, doubtless, broke many a vulgar jest upon the misery of the State which they presumed to represent.

I dwell upon this matter because I feel that a bare recital of events can never tell but a portion of the truth. It was not a sentiment which led the Carolinians to support the Democratic party, it was a deep seated personal interest which was universal. The success of the Democratic party was to them life, hope, self-esteem, the sense of still having a home, the purification of the temple, the revival of our manhood. The triumph of the Republican party was moral death, degradation, apathy—all that was abhorrent to a proud and generous nature, all that was loathsome to the moral sense was involved in the triumph of Radicalism. I cannot use language too strong to convey an idea of the feeling which thrilled through the heart of the State at the prospect of political defeat, because I know that no language can adequately describe it.

In the same spirit with which they had put forward Carpenter, and afterwards rallied around Green, they were moved by the specious words of Chamberlain. They knew him to be corrupt; that he had made his way to his proud eminence by the aid of corrupt agents, but he was so far in advance of his party in refinement and culture, and had so clearly indicated the cause which the State ought to follow, that a large portion of the people were reconciled to the prospect of having him for their Governor. He was not the man whom they would choose, but he seemed the best whom they could probably get. They trusted to the purifying influences of culture and power. But his letters to Senator Robertson and President Grant revealed the true character of a man utterly false, and made it impossible for any self-respecting Carolinian to vote for him.

How the canvass was conducted and how the election was held, has been told. We were almost as anxious to have Tilden President as Hampton Governor. Even if Chamberlain were elected, we were certain that his government would collapse, if the administration in Washington should be in Democratic hands. The party in South Carolina subsisted only under the shadow of the government in Washington, and when it should lose the prestige of its support, it would soon become impotent for evil. Great, therefore, was the sense of relief when the day after the election the news came flashing over the wires that both Tilden and Hampton were elected.

The history of the contest between the two parties for the counting of the presidential vote, of the successful operation by which the Returning Board of Louisiana and Florida reversed the votes of those States and gave their votes to Hayes, and the settlement of the question by a special commission elected for that purpose, really form a part of this history, but as this is a matter of general interest, and not peculiar to us, it is of crime well known, and would needlessly lengthen our already very long paper, should it be recited here. It proved conclusively the excellence of the plan by which the Republicans proposed to keep power in their own hands by means of Returning Boards. They nullified the votes of Florida and Louisiana without any scruple, and were supported by the Republican party, including a part of the Federal judiciary. So that Hayes was declared elected by a majority of one vote.

CONCLUSION.

Meanwhile the Chamberlain government had dwindled to a mere shadow, its jurisdiction confined to the State House, which was guarded by United States troops. The government of Hampton covered the rest of the State, and his Treasury was well supplied. It was manifest, even to the stolid mind of Grant, that Chamberlain could not be maintained in his usurped office ; that the troops must be removed which held for him the only spot on which his jurisdiction was acknowledged—but he would not undo the mischief which he had done; that would have been a tacit acknowledgement that he had been wrong, and he defended his inaction under the flimsy pretext of unwillingness to determine what ought to be left to the discretion of his successor.

That successor must have determined very early on his course. On the 6th March Chamberlain received a communication purport-

ing to come from persons who represented the President, advising him for the sake of peace and the good of his country to yield his right to the office of Governor. Chamberlain replied that the communication embarrassed him beyond endurance. He had hoped for active interference in his favor, and was advised to surrender his rights. In this whole matter he was acting, not for himself, but for others, and he could assume no responsibility. And it was well for us that it was so; that he would make no terms. The government at Washington and the better class of Republicans at the North, had conceived a lofty opinion of this man. They regarded him as a genuine Reformer and hailed him as the great leader whose mission it was to reconcile the conflicting races in the State, and lead them both to a higher plane of civilization. So deeply had his utterances impressed the Northern mind, that, when Hampton was nominated, the *Nation*, one of the leading Republican papers at the North, declared that the nomination was the mad act of a people constitutionally inclined to mischief; and now that his fall was certain it was sought to break it and soothe his disappointment by concessions and compromises. They did not know that compromise with such a man would have been a surrender of all that we had gained, and very fortunate was it for the State that Chamberlain himself rejected it.

Though only six weeks elapsed between the ascension of Hayes and the final collapse of Chamberlain, it is not easy to imagine the excitement which prevailed among us at what seemed an unnecessary delay. We were sure of having the fruits of victory, but the government in Washington was in no hurry to gratify us. It was now upwards of four months since the inauguration of Hampton, and yet, owing to the hesitation of the President, the people could not feel that they were free from the thraldom of military despotism, and they murmured at the unaccountable delay. Was the President afraid to leave Chamberlain a helpless victim in the hands of the Democratic party? It may well have been so. The Republicans had industriously taught the people of the North that South Carolinians are constitutionally inclined to mischief, and it might be that the teachers believed the lessons which they had so industriously circulated. At length, after some toying and coquetting with the subject, the President, on the 23d March, invited both Hampton and Chamberlain to visit him in Washington. The Governor accepted the invitation. But he took care to give the President notice that he had no favors to ask, no compromises to offer or accept; that he did

not even wish the President to acknowledge him as Governor of South Carolina. One thing only he wanted, and that was the removal of the troops from the State House. What passed in the interview with the President we know not. It is likely that the Governor gave the President the assurance that Chamberlain was in no danger of personal violence. The journey of Hampton to and from Washington, and his stay there, was a continued ovation, and the President must have been aware that the popular voice was unanimous for him. Chamberlain, too, accepted the invitation of the President; but we know not what passed between the two dignitaries. Soon after Hampton's return on the 10th April, 1877, precisely as the town clock of Columbia struck twelve, the United States troops marched out of the State House, and Chamberlain, crest-fallen and humiliated, with curses in his mouth against the President who had deserted his friends, and was turning the State over to the hands of his enemies, left the Executive office, and went to his house a wiser if not a better man.

The history of the contest between the Radicals and the Democrats for the possession of the State, reflects the highest credit upon the character of the people. It shows how they united moderation with determination, and how, even when exposed to the most aggravating provocations, they exercised admirable self-control. They entered into the contest, knowing that it was to be a struggle for life and death, and no pains were spared to gain the victory. They knew that a gigantic power was at hand, hostile to them, and ready to avail itself of any outbreak of violence, to come down upon them with its crushing arm. Such an opportunity was never given. When the election showed that they had succeeded, a new and bitter contest arose to secure the victory which the ballot had given them. This contest was the work of the lawyers. With indefatigable activity they threw themselves into the lists, and fought every step until success crowned their efforts. Their first triumph was over the Board of Canvassers, which vainly endeavored, under cover of law, to disfranchise two counties and thus defeat the expressed will of the people. All that was wanted was got from the Board, and their malignant action in setting the Supreme Court at defiance proved absolutely futile. The Board obtained a temporary triumph by the officious intervention of Judge Bond; but this interference did not in any degree shake the advantage which the lawyers had gained, and served only to bring into utter contempt the whole machinery of Returning Boards, and to bring the judge into the condition of a

convenient minister of a partisan government. During all the exciting scenes which were enacted in the court rooms, a large body of eager citizens were without impatiently waiting for the issue. A word from the great leader would have embroiled the country in civil strife. That word was not spoken. On the contrary he counselled peace, moderation, forbearance, and led his friends to hope that through these means their cause would surely prevail.

It was the hope of the Radicals that the exasperated citizens would commit violence. The army of the United States was there to obey the will of Chamberlain; all that was wanted was a complaint from him that his government was obstructed by violence, and the army was ready to march to the support of the usurper. That complaint he never had a cause to make. Day by day he saw his hopes slipping away from him, but there was no violence employed to effect that object. It was the moral force alone that had undermined, but no military force could help him here. The people gave their money to Hampton, and would give none to the occupant of the State House; but this refusal was without violence, nay, so conscious were his officers of the hopelessness of his cause, that they never even called for money. The judges, all of whom had been appointed by Radical legislatures, one after another acknowledged the right of Hampton; Chamberlain at last found that his government was limited to the forced possession of the State House, and never had a shadow of a ground of violence to warrant a call on the army for support.

Nor were provocations wanting to goad on a maddened people. When Grant ordered that no white soldiers should take a part in the customary celebration of Washington's birth-day, what object could he have had in view but that an indignant people would disobey the order, and thus by giving color for interference, provoke a collision which would injure the cause? And with what admirable temper did the Governor meet this outrageous order! He sent his orders all over the State, directing that the order of the President be obeyed, and held out hopes of a celebration at an early day when it would not be a crime for citizens of South Carolina to celebrate the birth-day of the father of their country.

If the final victory was due to the lawyers, it is no less due to the great wisdom of the accomplished Governor and leader of his party. Calm, cautious, prudent and hopeful, he never made a false step; never for a moment, even in appearance, yielded a tittle of what he had gained. In the history of his past life General Hampton had been

known as a brilliant, chivalrous and accomplished gentleman. In the great contest for the redemption of South Carolina he showed himself to be a great man.

In this essay, I have necessarily been obliged to omit many radical crimes. I could not name them all without going to inordinate length, and I could not do justice to the subject without going even into details. Wherever I have undertaken to make a narration, I am not conscious of having done any injury either to Chamberlain or the party that he represents. The period under consideration is the darkest which ever hung over us; more trying even than when the issue was to be decided by battle, and the story can be well told only by laying bare its atrocities. It is apparent that the specious man who contrived not only to elevate himself to power, but for a time even to win the approbation of the Democrats, and who was regarded by the North as the redeeming feature in the dark picture of Southern Radicalism was a charlatan and a trickster, that having gained power by corruption he sought to gild it with the hollow pretence of a Reformer. He was a charlatan, but he had nothing but the address of the charlatan. He never expressed himself when the character of the State was seriously compromised. He had not the courage to face danger. He shut himself up in his house to enjoy domestic felicity when danger came, or he ran to Washington to implore the aid of Federal bayonets. He wrote admirable papers on law and morals; his proclamations were splendid rhetorical essays. He was great in college orations, but as a Governor he was contemptible.

Lee—A Poem.

By Major H. T. Staunton, *of Frankfort, Ky.*

We saw the fragile maiden, May,
Trip down the paths of morning,
And queen July in central day,
Her flower throne adorning.

And weeping trees in sombre lines
Took up an anthem murmur,
When August, with her trailing vines,
Went out her gates of Summer.

Now yellow husks are on the grain,
And leaves are brown and sober,

And sundown clouds have caught again
The flush of ripe October.

We hear the woody hill-tops croon,
The airy maize-blades whisper,
The year is in its afternoon,
And leaf-bells ring the vesper.

What is it gives this gloaming song,
Its melancholy feature?
What is it makes our souls prolong
This monotone of nature?

What tearful grief is in our hearts—
What swaying under-reason?
What sorrow real now imparts
Its spirits to the season?

The crisping leaves may shoal the ways,
The sun turn down the heavens—
Still all the years have fading days,
And all the days have evens.

Enough—whatever else may be—
That in this Autumn weather,
The verdure of the world and Lee
Have silent fled together.

So prone are men where'er they move
To tread the ways of evil,
They seldom hold their kind above
A common grade and level.

But Lee, beside his fellowmen,
Stood, over all, a giant—
The higher type—the perfect plan—
God fearing, God reliant.

A giant not alone in fields
Where bent the sanguine Reaper,
Where death threw o'er his harvest-yields
An autumn crimson deeper;

But with the iron strength of will
He sought his life to fashion,
He held his ruder pulses still
And closed the gates of passion.

There have been men whose mighty deeds,
On cold historic pages,
Are driven like October seeds
Along the reaching ages;

Whose statues stand like sentinels
On whitened shafts and bases,
Whose ashes rest in marble cells
And sepulchers and vases;

But he who in this Autumn time
Was lost beyond the river,
Has found a glory path to climb,
Forever and forever!

And monumental marble here,
With deeds of honor graven,
What can it be to one so near
The inner gates of Heaven?

By still Potomac's margin dun,
Where shrilly calls the plover,
Where lean the heights of Arlington
Its glassing water over.

No Autumn voices haunt the moles,
No breezy covert ripples,
No longer whirl the leaves in shoals
Beneath the stately maples:

Some vandal's axe has shorn the crest,
The woody slopes are shaven,
No longer builds the dove her nest
Where mournful croaks the raven;

But down the Southland's fruity plain
The leaves are all a-quiver,
And *there* his memory shall reign
Forever and forever!

48TH CONGRESS, *1st Session.* } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. } REPORT No. 1725.

OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMER MONITOR.

MAY 31, 1884.—Laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

Mr. BALLENTINE, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, submitted the following

REPORT:

[To accompany bill H. R. 244.]

The Committee on Naval Affairs, to whom was referred the bill (H. R. 244) for the relief of the Officers and Crew of the United States Steamer Monitor, who participated in the action with the Rebel Iron-clad Merrimac, on the 9th day of March, 1862, respectfully submit the following Report:

This is an application by the officers and crew of the United States Steamer Monitor, who participated in the action in Hampton Roads on the 9th day of March, 1862, with the Confederate iron-clad steamer Merrimac, or Virginia, for the payment to them by the United States of the actual value of the iron-clad Merrimac and her armament at the date of said action, not exceeding $200,000, to be distributed in lieu of the bounty provided by section 4,635 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and in proportion fixed by law in cases where the capturing or destroying vessel was acting independently of the commanding officer of a fleet, squadron, or division, and for the appropriation of $200,000.

This application or memorial was presented to the House of Representatives at the second session of the Forty-third Congress, referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, and no action taken on it until January 9, 1882, when it was again presented to the House of Representatives with like reference. A report was submitted by the committee recommending the passage of the bill.

The history of the case, which is relied on in support of this bill, is as follows:

When the United States naval forces, on the 21st April, 1861, evacuated the navy-yard at Norfolk, among other vessels abandoned was the forty-gun steam frigate Merrimac. She was sunk near the yard before the abandonment of that place by the Union forces, with a view to prevent her falling into the hands of the Confederates. The Confederates took possession at once of the yard, and soon raised the Merrimac, and converted her into an iron-clad vessel. The hull was 275 feet long; about 160 feet of the central portion was covered by a roof of wood and iron, inclining about thirty-six degrees. The wood was 2 feet thick; it consisted of oak plank 4 by 12 inches, laid up and down next to the iron, and two courses of pine; one longitudinal of 8 inches thickness, the other 12 inches thick. The intervening space on top was closed by permanent gratings of 2-inch square iron, 2½ inches apart, leaving openings for four hatches—one near each end, one forward, and one abaft the smoke-stack. The roof did not project beyond the hull. There was no knuckle, as in other Confederate vessels, such as the Alabama, Tennessee, and others, which were of more improved construction. The ends of the shields were rounded. The armor was 4 inches thick. It was fastened to its wooden backing by 1⅜-inch bolts, countersunk and secured by iron nuts and washers. The plates were 8 inches wide and 2 inches thick. The hull, extending two feet below the roof, was plated with 1-inch iron. The prow was of cast-iron, wedge-shaped, and weighed 1,500 pounds. It was about 2 feet under water, and projected 2 feet from the stem. The rudder and propeller were both exposed, with no appliances for protection. The battery consisted of ten guns, four single-banded Brooke rifles and six 9-inch Dahlgren shell-guns. Two of the rifles, bow and stern pivots, were 7-inch, of 14,500 pounds; the other two were 6.4-inch, 32 pounds caliber, of 9,000 pounds, one being on each broadside. The 9-inch gun on the side nearest the furnace was fitted for firing hot shot. The ammunition for this gun was 9-inch solid shot. The engines were the same which were on the vessel when she was sunk, and were found to be defective. The crew numbered 320, made up principally of volunteers from the army, and 30 officers. The vessel, after its refitting, was called the Virginia, and placed in command of flag-officer Frank. Buchanan.

On October 4, 1861, the Secretary of the United States Navy contracted with Captain John Ericsson for the construction of an "iron-clad, shot-proof battery of iron and wood combined," and under this contract, on the 30th January, 1862, at Green Point, Long Island,

the vessel was launched, and called the Monitor. She went to sea March the 6th, in command of Lieutenant John L. Worden, United States Navy, with a crew of forty-three men and twelve officers, exclusive of Chief Engineer A. C. Stimers, inspector at New York, who went on board the vessel as a volunteer.

The Monitor had an iron hull with wooden deck beams and side projection; and was of the following named dimensions:

	Feet.	Inches.
Extreme length	172	0
Extreme breadth	41	6
Depth of hold	11	4
Draught of water	10	6
Inside diameter of turret	20	0
Height of turret	9	0
Thickness of turret	0	8
Thickness of side armor	0	5
Thickness of deck plating	0	1
Diameter of propeller	0	9
Diameter of steam cylinders (2)	0	36
Length of stroke	2	2

Displacement, 1,255 tons.

Armament, two (2) 11-inch shell guns, each 15,668 pounds.

Such were the vessels which encountered each other in Hampton Roads on the 9th of March, 1862, before which time nothing like either of them had ever been set afloat upon any of the waters of the world. The report made by the Naval Committee to the first session of the Forty-seventh Congress embraces an extract from the report of the Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, which is here appended:

The attention of this Department was turned to the subject of iron-clad vessels immediately after the commencement of hostilities, and the adoption of measures for the enlargement of the navy. It was a subject full of difficulty and doubt. Experiments upon a large scale of expense, both in England and France, if not resulting in absolute failure, had achieved but a limited and questionable success. Yet it was evident that a new and material element in maritime warfare was developing itself and demanded immediate attention. In this view I recommended to Congress, at its extra session, on the 4th of July, 1861, the whole subject, and asked authority to organize a commission for investigation. Thirty days after this action on my part Congress conferred the authority requested, and appropriated $1,500,000 for the construction of one or more iron-clad vessels upon such models as should receive the approval of the Department. On the day after the law had been approved the commission was con-

stituted, and the Department advertised for proposals. Of the various plans and propositions submitted, three vessels of different models were recommended by the board, which received the approval of the Department. Contracts were forthwith made for constructing the Monitor, the Galena, and the Ironsides. All of these vessels are now in the service. It was the intention and constant effort of the Department and the contractors that the Monitor should be completed in the month of January, but there was delay in consequence of the difficulties incident to an undertaking of such novelty and magnitude, and there were also some slight defects, which were, however, promptly remedied, and she left New York early in March, reaching Hampton Roads on the night of the 8th.

Her arrival, though not as soon as anticipated, was most opportune and important. For some time the Department had heard with great solicitude of the progress which the insurgents had made in armoring and equipping the large war steamer Merrimac, which had fallen into their hands when Norfolk was abandoned.

On the afternoon of the 8th of March this formidable vessel, heavily armored and armed, and fully prepared to operate both as a ram and a war steamer, came down the Elizabeth River, accompanied by several steamers, two of them partially armored, to attack the vessels of the blockading squadron that were in and about Hampton Roads. When the Merrimac and her attendants made their appearance, the Congress and the Cumberland, two sailing vessels, were anchored off Newport News, and the remaining vessels were in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, some six miles distant. The Minnesota, the Roanoke, and the St. Lawrence got immediately under way and proceeded towards the scene of action.

The Congress being nearest the Merrimac was the first to receive her fire, which was promptly returned by a full broadside, the shots falling apparently harmlessly off from the armored side of the assailant. Passing by the Congress, the Merrimac dashed upon the Cumberland, and was received by her with a heavy, well directed, and vigorous fire, which, like that of the Congress, produced, unfortunately, but little effect. A contest so unequal could not be of long continuance, and it was closed when the Merrimac, availing herself of her power as a steam ram, ran furiously against the Cumberland, laying open her wooden hull, and causing her almost immediately to sink. As her guns approached the water's edge, her young commander, Lieutenant Morris, and the gallant crew stood firm at their posts delivering a parting fire, and the good ship went down heroically with her colors flying. Having thus destroyed the Cumberland, the Merrimac turned again upon the Congress, which, in the meantime, had been engaged with the smaller rebel steamers, and after a heavy loss, in order to guard against such a fate as that which had befallen the Cumberland, had been run aground. The Merrimac now selected a raking position astern of the Congress, while one of the smaller steamers poured in a constant fire on her starboard quarter. Two other steamers of the enemy also approached from James River, firing upon the unfortunate frigate with precision and severe

effect. The guns of the Congress were almost entirely disabled, and her gallant commanding officer, Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith, had fallen at his post. Her decks were strewn with the dead and the dying, the ship was on fire in several places, and not a gun could be brought to bear upon the assailants.

In this state of things, and with no effectual relief at hand, the senior surviving officer, Lieutenant Pendergrast, felt it his duty to save further useless destruction of life by hauling down his colors. This was done about 4 o'clock P. M. The Congress continued to burn until about eight in the evening, then blew up.

From the Congress the Merrimac turned her attention to the remaining vessels of the squadron. The Roanoke had grounded on her way to the scene of the conflict; and although she succeeded in getting off, her condition was such, her propeller being useless, that she took no part in the action. The St. Lawrence also grounded near the Minnesota, and had a short engagement with the Merrimac, but suffered no serious injury, and on getting afloat, was ordered back to Fortress Monroe.

The Minnesota, which had also got grounded in the shallow waters of the channel, became the special object of attack, and the Merrimac, with the Yorktown and Jamestown, bore down upon her. The Merrimac drew too much water to approach very near; her fire was not, therefore, particularly effective. The other steamers selected their position, fired with much accuracy, and caused considerable damage to the Minnesota. She soon, however, succeeded in getting a gun to bear on the two smaller steamers, and drove them away, one apparently in a crippled condition. About 7 P. M. the Merrimac also hauled off, and the three stood towards Norfolk.

All efforts to get the Minnesota afloat during the night and into a safe position were totally unavailing. The morning was looked for with deep anxiety, as it would, in all probability, bring a renewed attack from the formidable assailant.

At this critical and anxious moment the Monitor, one of the newly-finished armored vessels, came into Hampton Roads from New York, under the command of Lieutenant John L. Worden, and a little after midnight anchored alongside the Minnesota. At 6 o'clock the next morning the Merrimac, as anticipated, again made appearance and opened her fire upon the Minnesota. Promptly obeying the signal to attack, the Monitor ran down past the Minnesota and laid herself close alongside the Merrimac, between that formidable vessel and the Minnesota. The fierce conflict between these two iron-clads lasted for several hours. It was, in appearance, an unequal conflict, for the Merrimac was a large and noble structure, and the Monitor was, in comparison, almost diminutive. But the Monitor was strong in her armor, in the ingenious novelty of her construction, in the large caliber of her two guns, and the valor and skill with which she was handled. After several hours fighting the Merrimac found herself overmatched, and, leaving the Monitor, sought to renew the attack on the Minnesota; but the Monitor again placed herself between the two vessels, and reopened her fire upon her adversary. At noon,

the Merrimac, seriously damaged, abandoned the contest, and, with her companions, retreated towards Norfolk.

This terminated the most remarkable naval combat of modern times, perhaps of any age. The fiercest and most formidable naval assault upon the power of the Union which has ever been made by the insurgents was heroically repelled, and a new era was opened in the history of maritime warfare.

It has been stated that—

It is undisputed and undeniable that on the morning of the 9th of March, 1862, the Confederate iron-clad vessel Merrimac, with all the prestige and confidence gained by her victory of the previous day over the United States wooden fleet off Newport News, came out to destroy the United States frigate Minnesota, and whatever other vessels she might there encounter which had escaped her devastation of the previous day; that as she approached the Minnesota the United States steamer Monitor, commanded by Lieutenant John L. Worden, and which had arrived on the ground late on the night before, attacked the Merrimac; engaged her for four hours in fierce combat; that the Merrimac finally retired from the battle-ground in a disabled and crippled condition, retreated to Norfolk and immediately went into dry-dock to prevent her from sinking. The evidence of these facts is most reliable and authentic, and it is not understood that up to this point there is any denial or controversy as to their existence.

This is a singular statement in view of the official record published in regard to this engagement. In Volume IX, page 7, of the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion will be found a report from S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate navy, dated Richmond, Va., April 7, 1862, in which he says:

I have the honor to submit herewith a copy of the detailed report No. 7, of Flag-Officer Buchanan, of the brilliant triumph of his squadron over the vastly superior forces of the enemy in Hampton Roads, on March 8th and 9th last, a brief report by Lieutenant Jones of the battle of the 8th having been previously made.

The conduct of the officers and men of the squadron in this contest reflects unfading honor upon themselves and upon the navy. The report will be read with deep interest, and its details will not fail to arouse the ardor and nerve the arms of our gallant seamen. It will be remembered that the Virginia was a novelty in naval architecture, wholly unlike any ship that ever floated; that her heaviest guns were equal novelties in ordnance; that her motive power and her obedience to her helm were untried, and her officers and crew strangers, comparatively, to the ship and to each other, and yet, under all these disadvantages, the dashing courage and consummate

professional ability of Flag-Officer Buchanan and his associates achieved the most remarkable victory which naval annals record.

In the same volume from which a portion of Mr. Mallory's report is quoted, on page 60, is a letter from General J. Bankhead Magruder, dated Youngs Mill, Va., March 10, 1862, in which he says:

Commodore,—It is with the most cordial satisfaction that I tender you my most hearty congratulations on the glorious and brilliant victory you achieved over the enemy on Saturday and Sunday last. I consider it the greatest achievement of the age, and am delighted beyond expression that it was accomplished under your auspices and that of my friend, Lieutenant Catesby Ap R. Jones.

These two reports certainly negative in the strongest terms that language can employ the assertion that there had been no denial that the Monitor achieved a victory over the Merrimac.

The official report of Flag Officer Buchanan, who commanded the Merrimac on the 9th of March, 1862, which is on file in the War Department, gives the following account of the engagement:

NAVAL HOSPITAL,
Norfolk, March 27, 1862.

Hon. S. R. MALLORY,
Secretary of the Navy:

SIR,—Having been confined to my bed in this building since the 9th instant in consequence of a wound received in the action of the previous day, I have not had it in my power at an earlier date to prepare the official report which I now have the honor to make of the proceedings on the 8th and 9th instant of the James River squadron under my command, composed of the following named vessels: Steamer Virginia, flag-ship, 10 guns; steamer Patrick Henry, 12 guns, Commander John R. Tucker; steamer Jamestown, Lieutenant-Commander J. N. Barney, 2 guns, and gunboats Teaser, Lieutenant-Commanding W. A. Webb, Beaufort, Lieutenant-Commanding W. H. Parker, and Raleigh, Lieutenant-Commanding J. W. Alexander, each one gun; total, 27 guns. On the 8th instant, at 11 A. M., the Virginia left the navy-yard, Norfolk, accompanied by the Raleigh and Beaufort, and proceeded to Newport News, to engage the enemy's frigates Cumberland and Congress, gunboats, and shore batteries. When within less than a mile of the Cumberland, the Virginia commenced the engagement with that ship with her bow-gun, and the action soon became general, the Cumberland, Congress, gunboats, and shore batteries concentrating upon us their heavy fire, which was returned with great spirit and determination.

The Virginia stood rapidly on towards the Cumberland, which ship I had determined to sink with our prow, if possible. In about

fifteen minutes after the action commenced, we ran into her, on her starboard bow; the crash below the water was distinctly heard, and she commenced sinking, gallantly fighting her guns as long as they were above water. She went down with her colors flying. During this time the shore batteries, Congress, and gunboats kept up their heavy concentrated fire upon us, doing us some injury. Our guns, however, were not idle; their fire was very destructive to the shore batteries and vessels, and we were gallantly sustained by the rest of the squadron.

Just after the Cumberland sunk, that gallant officer, Commander John R. Tucker, was seen standing down James River under full steam, accompanied by the Jamestown and Teaser. They all came nobly into action, and were soon exposed to the heavy fire of shore batteries. Their escape was miraculous, as they were under a galling fire of solid shot, shell, grape, and canister, a number of which passed through the vessels, without doing any serious injury, except to the Patrick Henry, through whose boiler a shot passed, scalding to death four persons and wounding others. Lieutenant-Commander Barney promptly obeyed a signal to tow her out of the action. As soon as damages were repaired, the Patrick Henry returned to her station, and continued to perform good service during the remainder of that day and the following.

Having sunk the Cumberland, I turned our attention to the Congress. We were some time in getting our proper position in consequence of the shoal water and great difficulty of managing the ship when in or near the mud; to succeed in my object, I was obliged to run the ship a short distance above the batteries on James River, in order to wind her. During all this time her keel was in the mud; of course she moved but slowly. Thus we were subjected twice to the heavy guns of all the batteries in passing up and down the river, but it could not be avoided. We silenced several of the batteries and did much injury on shore. A large transport steamer alongside the wharf was blown up, one schooner sunk, and another captured and sent to Norfolk. The loss of life on shore we have no means of ascertaining.

While the Virginia was thus engaged in getting her position for attacking the Congress, the prisoners state it was believed on board that ship that we had hauled off; the men left their guns and gave three cheers. They were soon sadly disappointed, for a few minutes afterwards we opened upon her again, she having run on shore in shoal water. The carnage, havoc, and dismay caused by our fire compelled them to haul down their colors and to hoist a white flag at their gaff and half mast another at their main. The crew instantly took to their boats and landed. Our fire immediately ceased, and a signal was made for the Beaufort to come within hail. I then ordered Lieutenant-Commanding Parker to take possession of the Congress, secure the officers as prisoners and allow the crew to land, and burn the ship. He ran alongside, received her flag and surrender from Commander William Smith and Lieutenant Pendergrast, with the side-arms of these officers. They delivered themselves as prisoners

of war on board the Beaufort, and afterwards were permitted, at their own request, to return to the Congress to assist in removing the wounded to the Beaufort. They never returned, and I submit to the decision of the Department whether they are not our prisoners. While the Beaufort and Raleigh were alongside the Congress, and the surrender of that vessel had been received from the commander, she having two white flags flying hoisted by her own people, a heavy fire was opened upon them from the shore and from the Congress, killing some valuable officers and men. Under this fire the steamer left the Congress, but as I was not informed that any injury had been sustained by those vessels at that time, Lieutenant-Commanding Parker having failed to report to me, I took it for granted that my order to him to burn her had been executed, and waited some minutes to see the smoke ascending from her hatches. During this delay we were still subjected to the heavy fire from the batteries, which was always promptly returned. The steam frigates Minnesota and Roanoke, and the sailing frigate Saint Lawrence, had previously been reported as coming from Old Point; but as I was determined that the Congress should not again fall into the hands of the enemy, I remarked to that gallant young officer, Flag-Lieutenant Minor, "that ship must be burned." He promptly volunteered to take a boat and burn her, and the Teaser, Lieutenant-Commanding Webb, was ordered to cover the boat. Lieutenant Minor had scarcely reached within fifty yards of the Congress when a deadly fire was opened upon him, wounding him severely and several of his men. On witnessing this vile treachery, I instantly recalled the boat and ordered the Congress destroyed by hot shot and incendiary shell. About this period I was disabled, and transferred the command of the ship to that gallant, intelligent officer, Lieutenant Catesby Jones, with orders to fight her as long as the men could stand to their guns. The ships from Old Point opened their fire upon us. The Minnesota grounded in the north channel where, unfortunately, the snoalness of the channel prevented our near approach. We continued, however, to fire upon her until the pilots declared that it was no longer safe to remain in that position, and we accordingly returned by the south channel (the middle ground being necessarily between the Virginia and Minnesota and Saint Lawrence, the Roanoke having retreated under the guns of Old Point.) We again had the opportunity of opening upon the Minnesota, receiving her heavy fire in return, and, shortly afterwards, upon the Saint Lawrence, from which vessel we also received several broadsides. It had, by this time, become dark, and we soon after anchored off Sewell's Point. The rest of the squadron followed our movements, with the exception of the Beaufort, Lieutenant-Commanding Parker, who proceeded to Norfolk with the wounded and prisoners as soon as he had left the Congress without reporting to me.

The Congress, having been set on fire by our hot shot and incendiary shell, continued to burn, her loaded guns being successively discharged as the flames reached them, until a few minutes past midnight, when her magazine exploded with a terrible report.

The facts above stated as having occurred after I had placed the ship in charge of Lieutenant Jones, were reported to me by that officer.

At an early hour next morning (the 9th), upon the urgent solicitations of the surgeons, Lieutenant Minor and myself were very reluctantly taken on shore. The accommodations for the proper treatment of wounded persons on board the Virginia are exceedingly limited, Lieutenant Minor and myself occupying the only space that could be used for that purpose, which was in my cabin. I, therefore, consented to our being landed on Sewell's Point, thinking that the room on board, vacated by us, could be used for those who might be wounded in the renewal of the action. In the course of the day Lieutenant Minor and myself were sent in a steamer to the hospital at Norfolk.

The following is an extract from the report of Lieutenant Jones, of the proceedings of the Virginia on the 9th:

"At daylight on the 9th we saw that the Minnesota was still ashore, and that there was an iron battery near her. At eight we ran down to engage them (having previously sent the killed and wounded out of the ship), firing at the Minnesota, and occasionally at the iron battery. The pilots did not place us as near as they expected. The great length and draft of the ship rendered it exceedingly difficult to work her; we ran ashore about a mile from the frigate, and were backing fifteen minutes before we got off. We continued to fire at the Minnesota, and blew up a steamer alongside of her; we also engaged the Monitor, sometimes at very close quarters; we once succeeded in running into her, and twice silenced her fire. The pilots declaring that we could get no nearer the Minnesota, and believing her to be entirely disabled, and the Monitor having run into shoal water, which prevented our doing her any further injury, we ceased firing at twelve, and proceeded to Norfolk. Our loss is two killed and nineteen wounded. The stem is twisted and the ship leaks; we have lost the prow, starboard anchor, and all the boats; the armor is somewhat damaged, the steam-pipe and smoke-stack both riddled, and the muzzles of two of the guns shot away. It was not easy to keep a flag flying; the flag-staffs were repeatedly shot away; the colors were hoisted to the smoke-stack and several times cut down from it."

The remainder of this report need not be quoted, as it is not relevant to the question before us. In the report made to the Forty-seventh Congress, a letter from the Hon. William H. Hunt, Secretary of the Navy, and one from James Byers are quoted, both of which are here appended, as we desire to give all the testimony bearing on the case.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, *Washington, Jan. 28, 1882.*

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th instant, requesting my views upon the subject of a

bill for the relief of the officers and crew of the United States steamer Monitor, who participated in the action with the rebel iron-clad Merrimac, on the 9th day of March, 1862."

The remarkable battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, and the important service rendered by the Monitor on that occasion, are so well known that a recital of the circumstances attending that engagement and its results is not deemed necessary.

The Merrimac was not destroyed or captured by the Monitor; but it is fair to presume that the injuries she received in the action prevented her from again encountering the Monitor, which vessel remained ready to confront her had she resumed the attack upon the fleet. These circumstances, together with the fact that other vessels of the Navy were there, prepared to assist in opposing the Merrimac, led, no doubt, to the final destruction of that vessel.

The conduct of the officers and men of the Monitor, a vessel entirely novel in her construction, and untried, in seeking an encounter with an antagonist of greater size and power, and the skill and gallantry exhibited by them throughout the engagement, deserve grateful recognition by the Government.

The copy of the bill, and the printed memorial and brief, transmitted with your letter, are herewith returned.

Very respectfully,

WILLIAM H. HUNT,
Secretary of the Navy.

Hon. JOHN R. THOMAS,
Committee on Naval Affairs, House of Representatives.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
County of Erie:

Personally appeared before me this 21st day of November, 1874, Captain James Byers, who deposes and says as follows:

I was at Norfolk from September, 1860, to the 8th day of May, 1862, master of steam-tug J. B. White, built at Buffalo by George Notter. I was employed by the contractors building the Albermarle Canal. The Merrimac was sunk by the Federals near the navy-yard, previous to the evacuation of Norfolk, to avoid her falling into the hands of the Confederates. She was raised by the Confederates by Baker Brothers, wreckers, and put into the dock at Norfolk, cut down and fitted up—a heavy frame of wood covered with heavy plate iron. They worked on her night and day. She was armed with four heavy guns on each side, one on her bow, and one aft—ten heavy guns in all.

She went out on Saturday, the 8th of March, 1862, under command of Admiral Buchanan, and sunk the Cumberland and Congress on that date. I saw the fight from the deck of my steamer. She also exchanged shots with the Minnesota, which was aground on the middle ground in Hampton Roads, half-way between Sewell's Point and Newport News. The Merrimac could have easily destroyed the Minnesota on Saturday (March 8), but they did not wish to harm

her—she would be too valuable to them as a prize. They felt sure of her on the morrow, with all the other craft in the Roads and at anchor off Fortress Monroe.

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The Merrimac retired for the night and anchored off Sewell's Point until next morning. In her encounter with the Cumberland and Congress, a shot from one of the guns of the Cumberland entered the muzzle of the bow gun of the Merrimac, bursting the gun and killing seven men.

Sunday, March 9, the Merrimac hove up and steamed out to finish up the work of destruction and capture left undone the day before. The day was clear and pleasant, the sun shining brightly, with little or no wind. Some Confederate officers and citizens of Norfolk came on board my steamer at Norfolk and ordered me to get under way and run out to see the Merrimac finish up. We ran down off Craney Island and from our deck saw the fight between the Monitor and Merrimac. The Confederates were all in high spirits, anticipating an easy victory. They talked very freely over the mission and marked programme of the Merrimac. She was to capture the Minnesota and all the vessels in the Roads, and then to proceed to New York and other Eastern cities. There was no doubt about the result, and that she would go where she wished, with impunity to herself.

We had been off Craney Island about half an hour, in plain sight of Hampton Roads, and the different craft there. We saw the Merrimac and presently the Monitor came out and attacked her. We could not tell what the Monitor was—nothing had ever been known of her in Norfolk, and it was all speculation what she was. The fight was watched with great interest. Soon there began to be doubts about the result. Some Confederate officers who had been nearer than we were, came back, and in passing, told us that the unknown craft was a wicked thing and we had better not get too near her. One of the shots from one of the combatants came skipping over the water very near us from nearly a mile distant.

We staid there until the fight was over. The Merrimac came back into the river badly disabled, and almost in a sinking condition. (Tugs had to be used to get her into the dry-dock at the navy-yard, the crew pumping and bailing water with all their might to keep her afloat.) I saw her in the dock at Norfolk next day; was on board of her, and made a personal examination of the ship. The effect of the Monitor's guns upon the Merrimac was terrible. Her plated sides were broken in, the iron plating rent and broken, the massive timbers of her sides crushed, and the officers themselves stated that she could not have withstood the effect of the Monitor's guns any longer, and that they barely escaped in time from her. The Merrimac lay in dry-dock, repairing and strengthening, for six weeks, when she was again put afloat under the command of Admiral Tattnall.

After the Merrimac was repaired and came out of dock the only thing she did was to form part of an expedition to go out into the Roads to attempt to capture the Monitor. The expedition was made

up of the Merrimac and two tugs, manned by thirty volunteers on each tug-boat. They were all armed and provided with iron wedges and top mauls and tar balls. The plan was to board her, a tug on each side landing the men, and throwing lighted tar balls down through the ventilators and wedge up the turret so it would not revolve. They took my steamer as one of the boats, but I refused to command her or go with her. The Monitor, luckily for them, did not come out over the bar to give them a chance to try the experiment.

The pounding which the Monitor gave the Merrimac the latter never recovered from. They lost faith in her.

I ran the blockade on the 8th day of May, 1862, escaping with my steamer, the J. B. White, to Fortress Monroe, where I met President Lincoln, with some of his Cabinet, giving him the first information he had of the true state of affairs at Norfolk, and the preparations made by the rebels to evacuate it.

Admiral Tatnall blew up the Merrimac off Craney Island shortly afterwards—a fitting end to a gallant but unfortunate ship in the service she was last engaged in.

JAMES BYERS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of November, 1874, at Buffalo, N. Y.

[L. s.] E. P. DORR,
Notary Public for Erie County, State of New York.

In presence of—
GEORGE P. DORR.

We give also a copy of a letter addressed to the Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, by Adjutant-General L. Thomas, as follows:

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, March 13, 1862.

SIR:—I am directed by the Secretary of War to say that he places at your disposal any transports or coal vessels at Fort Monroe, for the purpose of closing the channel of the Elizabeth River to prevent the escape of the Merrimac again coming out.

I have the honor, &c.,

L. THOMAS,
Adjutant-General.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES, *Secretary of the Navy.*

We also submit a copy of letter from Secretary of the Navy to the Secretary of War, as follows:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
March 13, 1862.

SIR:—I have the honor to suggest that the Department can easily obstruct the channel to Norfolk, so as to prevent the exit of

the Merrimac, provided the Army will carry the Sewell's Point batteries, in which duty the Navy will give great assistance.

Very respectfully,

GIDEON WELLES.

Hon. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

Both of these letters are printed in series I, volume 5, Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, pages 751 and 752.

And in the same volume, page 55, will be found an account of a council of war held at Fairfax Courthouse, March 13, 1862: present, Generals Keyes, Heintzleman, McDowell and Sumner, at which it was decided that General McClellan's plan to attack Richmond by York River should be adopted, provided, first, "that the enemy's vessel Merrimac can be neutralized."

We also give some extracts from the official report of the late Captain G. J. Van Brunt, United States Navy, who commanded the United States frigate Minnesota in the engagement of 8th and 9th of March, 1862.

It has been formerly shown that the Minnesota got aground on the 8th, and remained so all that day and during the 9th, giving the Captain of that vessel an opportunity of observing the engagement.

The following are the extracts:

As soon as she got off she (the Merrimac) stood down the bay, the little battery chasing her with all speed, when suddenly the Merrimac turned around and run full speed into her antagonist. For a moment I was anxious, but instantly I saw a shot plunge into the iron roof of the Merrimac, which surely must have damaged her. For sometime after this the rebels concentrated their whole battery upon the tower and pilot-house of the Monitor *and soon after the latter stood down for Fortress Monroe, and we thought it probable she had exhausted her supply of ammunition or sustained some injury.*

Soon after the Merrimac and the two other steamers headed for my ship, and I then felt to the fullest extent my condition. I was hard and immovably aground, and they could take position under my stern and rake me. I had expended most of my solid shot. My ship was badly crippled and my officers and men worn out with fatigue; but even in this extreme dilemma I determined never to give up the ship to the rebels, and after consulting with my officers, I ordered every preparation to be made to destroy the ship, after all hope was gone of saving her. On ascending the poop deck I discovered that the enemy's vessels had changed their course, and were heading for Craney Island.

* * * * * * *

We also give extract from a telegraphic dispatch sent by G. V. Fox to Hon. Gideon Welles:

FORTRESS MONROE, *March 9, 1862.*
6.45 p. m.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy:

The Monitor arrived at 10 p. m. last night, and went immediately to the protection of the Minnesota, lying aground just below Newport News. At 7 a. m. to-day the Merrimac, accompanied by two wooden steamers and several tugs, stood out towards the Minnesota, and opened fire. The Monitor met them at once and opened her fire, when all the enemy's vessels retired excepting the Merrimac. These two iron-clads fought, part of the time touching each other, from 8 a. m. to noon, when the Merrimac retired. Whether she is injured or not it is impossible to say.

* * * * * * *

The next day the Secretary of the Navy telegraphed as follows:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
March 10, 1862.

Captain G. V. FOX,
Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Fortress Monroe:

It is directed by the President that the Monitor be not too much exposed, and that in no event shall any attempt be made to proceed with her unattended to Norfolk. If vessels can be procured and loaded with stone and sunk in the channel it is important that it should be done. The San Jacinto and Dakota have sailed from Boston to Hampton Roads, and the Sabine in tow of the Baltic and a tug from New York. Gunboats will be ordered forthwith. Would it not be well to detain the Minnesota until the other vessels arrive?

GIDEON WELLES.

The memorialists claim that the Monitor so disabled the Merrimac as to make her destruction necessary, and, further, that she prevented the Merrimac from going below Old Point, thus saving Baltimore and Washington from capture, and even New York city from menace. The testimony which has been set out at length does not, in the opinion of the committee, sustain either of these opinions, but quite the contrary. It is only necessary to refer to the full description of the Merrimac to show that, without greatly lightening her, which could not have been done without impairing her power to fight, and

exposing her to the projectiles which would have been hurled against her, had she ventured outside of Cape Henry, she would have inevitably foundered.

On the other point, all of the evidence leads us clearly to the opinion that the Monitor, after her engagement with the Merrimac on the 9th of March, declined again to engage her, though offered the opportunity, and that so great doubt existed with the United States naval and military authorities as to the power of the Monitor to successfully meet the Merrimac, *that orders were given to her commander* by the President *not to bring on an engagement.* It also appears that the Merrimac, so far from being seriously injured, was enabled after the engagement to protect the approaches to Norfolk and Richmond until after the evacuation of Norfolk. If, then, it be proven that the destruction of the Merrimac was not the result of injuries inflicted by the Monitor, which we assume to be true, what claim have the memoralists for compensation?

It is not pretended that they are entitled to compensation in the nature of prize money. The act of June 30, 1864, sec. 10 (vol. 13, page 309), provides for the payment of *bounty money* to the officers and crew of United States naval vessels, who *sink* or otherwise *destroy* vessels of the enemy in engagements, or which it may be necessary (for the captors) to destroy in consequence of injuries received in action; but the case presented does not, in our opinion, come within the meaning of the statute.

In the report made to the Forty-seventh Congress it is stated that inquiry discloses the existence of numerous precedents for the payment of such claims as the one before the committee.

It gives a number of cases, which we have examined carefully, and we find that in every case, without a single exception, where bounty or prize-money has been voted by Congress, the vessel *has been either captured and properly and legally adjudicated in a court of admiralty, or it was destroyed by the officers and crew claiming the bounty.* We have given our careful attention to a pamphlet submitted to the committee, entitled "The Monitor and the Merrimac (Senate bill 369, and House bill 3840). A statement of the reasons for making a grant in the nature of prize-money to the officers and crew of the United States iron-clad steamer Monitor, for damages to the Confederate iron-clad Merrimac, March 9, 1862, and her subsequent destruction."

A careful reading of this pamphlet has failed to disclose any

further testimony or reasons for the passage of this bill, than those given in the report of the Forty-seventh Congress.

The "precedents" cited, are the same set forth in that report, with perhaps some additions, but in every case the vessel or vessels were either actually captured or destroyed, which was not the fact in the case before us. The new authorities cited are histories, where accounts of the naval engagement in Hampton Roads are evidently not made up from the official reports of the affair which we have, and yet none of them sustain the theory of the advocates of this bill.

The History of the Civil War in America, by the Count of Paris, which is quoted, does not sustain the position claimed by the memorialists.

In vol. 1, page 607, after describing the engagement, he says:

The Virginia (Merrimac) had suffered from the engagement, but her injuries were *of such a character as to admit of being promptly repaired.*

And again:

The Federal naval authorities fully appreciated all the draw backs to the success of March the 9th, and in order to *avert the damages of another attack from the enemy's iron-clad*, they hastened to station several large vessels at the mouth of the James River, which were to board the Virginia (Merrimac) and sink her as soon as she should appear.

Swinton, another authority referred to, in his Twelve Decisive Battles of the War, gives no *facts* which sustain the theory of this application. On page 249 he says:

Even the Monitor's 11-inch ordnance, though it told heavily against the casemate of the Merrimac, often driving in splinters, could not penetrate it.

On page 250 he says:

But in general, on both ships, the armor defied the artillery.

And on page 252:

However, with the wounding of Worden, the contest was substantially over. A few well-depressed shots rang against the cuirass of the Merrimac, and the latter despairing of subduing her eager and obstinate antagonist, after four hours of fierce effort, abandoned the fight, &c. * * *

The gist of the whole argument which Mr. Swinton makes is, not that the Monitor had seriously injured the Merrimac, but that the latter, powerful as she had proven to be, was unable to penetrate the Monitor with her shots, or to seriously injure her with her prow.

It is not denied that the Merrimac was disabled, but there is nothing but speculation to show that her disability was so serious as not to have been speedily remedied. The author of the pamphlet referred to, on page 11, quotes from the affidavit of Captain James Byers, whose testimony is fully set out in the report made to the Forty-seventh Congress.

It is only necessary to say, in regard to his statement, that he makes positive assertions of events which it was very improbable, if not impossible, for him to have seen, and that it is very unusual for educated naval officers, in the vicinity of an enemy, to allow a stranger to board their flag ship and make a thorough examination of it.

The naval engagement from which this claim has its origin was one of the most novel that, up to that time at least, had ever occurred, and will remain in all time to come as one of the most celebrated in the annals of war. The officers and men on both sides exhibited a skill, bravery, and determination almost without parallel, and their names and achievements deserve to, and doubtless will, go down to posterity among the honored, whose actions never die.

The Congress of the United States, representing the wishes of its people, promptly recognized the skill, bravery, and gallantry of the men and officers of the United States Navy engaged in this memorable battle, and a grateful people will ever cherish their memories.

Officers of the Navy are entitled to prize-money when they capture or destroy property, provided it is in a line where the law of capture applies, but not otherwise. On the destruction of a vessel the price of that vessel may be awarded as prize-money under the rule, but where the enemy's vessel is not destroyed, no such rule obtains, and never has obtained in this or any other civilized country. It is claimed that this money should be awarded the petitioners on the ground that the Monitor saved from destruction Washington, Baltimore and other large cities of the North, and also saved from destruction the vessels which were in the harbor The question presented by the memorialists is not one of the saving of New York or Washington, or of the vessels which were in Hampton Roads for the presumed purpose of making battle and protecting the United States forts and property, but the question is, was there any *destruction* of the Mer-

rimac by the Monitor, or *such a destruction* as to bring this application within the purview and meaning of the law? If the answer to this be in the affirmative, it is singular that the officers and crew of the Monitor have not long since received their money. Compensation is allowed by law to officers and crews who destroy enemy's property, and this Government has not only not been slow, but has been exceedingly generous to the men and officers, both on land and sea, who protected and fought for its flag in the late civil war, as it should have been, and we cannot see why, if these petitioners have a valid claim for compensation, it has not long since been granted.

We assume that the proof shows that the only serious damage sustained by the Merrimac was inflicted by the Cumberland, and that the Merrimac went back to Norfolk when her adversaries were out of her reach; and, they being in shoal water, and she, on account of the great depth of water which she drew, unable to attack them, went into dock for repairs, and again came out and offered battle, which was refused; and that eventually, on the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederate forces, she was destroyed by her officers and crew, to *prevent her falling into the hands of the Union forces*, and that, therefore, her destruction was *not* the result of her engagement with the Monitor, and that if the proof shows this state of facts to exist that the claim of the petitioners in this memorial ought not to be allowed. We submit some testimony bearing on these points.

Brigadier-General Joseph K. F. Mansfield, U. S. A., in his official report of the engagement, made to General John E. Wool, U. S. A., bearing date March, 12, 1862, the day after the engagement, says:

> Our ships were perfectly harmless against the Merrimac, as their broadsides produced no material effect on her.

Major-General Benjamin Huger, of the Confederate army, in his official report, dated Norfolk, Va., March 10, 1862, says:

> The Virginia (Merrimac) I understand has gone into dock for repairs, which will be made at once.
>
> This action shows the power of iron-clad vessels; cannon shot do not harm them, and they can pass batteries or destroy large ships. A vessel like the Virginia or Monitor, with her two guns, can pass any of our batteries with impunity. * * * The Virginia being the most powerful, can stop the Monitor. * * * The Virginia and the Monitor were in actual contact, without inflicting serious injury on either. At present in the Virginia we have the advantage.

The testimony contained in the official report of Flag-Officer

Buchanan, commanding the Merrimac, has been fully set out, and is in keeping with all of the other evidence. Captain G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in a dispatch to Hon. Gideon Welles, says:

Nearly all here are of opinion that the Merrimac is disabled. *I was the nearest person to her, outside of the Monitor, and I am of the opinion she is not seriously injured.*

General George B. McClellan, in a letter to General John E. Wool, dated March 9, 1862, 1 P. M., says:

The performances of the Merrimac place a new aspect upon everything, and may probably change my old plan of campaign just on the eve of execution.

Captain G. V. Fox, telegraphing to General McClellan, March 9, 1862, 10:45 P. M., referring to the latter's dispatch, above mentioned, to General Wool, says:

The damage to the Merrimac cannot be ascertained. *She retreated under steam without assistance.*
The Monitor is all ready for her to-morrow, but I think the Merrimac will be obliged to lay up *for a few days.* She is an ugly customer, and it is too good luck to believe we are yet clear of her.

On March 10, P. H. Watson, Assistant Secretary of War, telegraphed to Henry B. Renwick, New York city, and advises that three large and swift steamers be fitted up to run down and destroy the Merrimac. If the vessel had been destroyed the day before, there was no necessity for this.
On March 10, 1862, at 10:27 A. M., Hon. Gideon Welles telegraphed Captain G. V. Fox, then at Fort Monroe:

It is directed by the President that the Monitor be not too much exposed, and that in no event shall any attempt be made to proceed with her unattended to Norfolk.

General John E. Wool, in dispatch dated Fortress Monroe, March 11, 1862, to General McClellan, says:

No information obtained in regard to the injury sustained by the Merrimac. The enemy under the command of Magruder, in some force about eight miles from Newport News, expecting, no doubt, that the Merrimac will again make her appearance.

General McClellan, in a dispatch from Fairfax Courthouse, dated March 12, 1862, to Captain G. V. Fox, Fort Monroe, says :

Can I rely on the Monitor to keep the Merrimac in check, so that I can make Fort Monroe a base of operations ? Answer at once.

To which Captain Fox, in a dispatch dated March 13, replied :

The Monitor is more than a match for the Merrimac, but she might be disabled in the next encounter. I cannot advise so great dependence on her. Burnside and Goldsborough are very strong for the Chowan River route to Norfolk, and I brought maps, explanations, &c., to show you. It turns everything, and is only twenty-seven miles to Norfolk by two good roads. Burnside will leave New Berne this week. The Monitor may, and I think will, destroy the Merrimac *in the next fight*, but this is hope, not certainty. The Merrimac must dock for repairs.

We here give a dispatch from J. G. Barnard, Chief Engineer, to G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, dated Fairfax Courthouse, March 12, 1862, which says:

The possibility of the Merrimac appearing again paralyzes the movements of this army by whatever route is adopted. How long a time would it require to complete the vessel built at Mystic River, working night and day ? How much time would Stevens require to finish his vessel, so far as to enable her to contend with the Merrimac ?

General M. C. Meigs, in dispatch to Captain Dahlgren, dated War Department, March 13, 1862, says :

I would not trust this city and the fleet you see coming into the river to the strength of a single screw-bolt in the Monitor's new machinery. If one breaks the Merrimac beats her.

On March 14, 12 M., General Meigs telegraphed to Captain Dahlgren :

I have seen nothing yet to satisfy me that in the next engagement the Monitor will not be sunk.

On March 14, General Wool telegraphed to Hon. E. M. Stanton from Fort Monroe :

I beg you will send me more troops. The Merrimac is preparing, and they are strengthening her weak points. It is thought she will

be prepared to come out in a *very few* days. If she should overcome the Monitor we would lose Newport News, an important position, &c.

On March 15, 1862, six days after the engagement, Hon. John Tucker, Assistant Secretary of War, telegraphed Commodore C. Vanderbilt at New York as follows:

The Secretary of War directs me to ask you for what sum you will destroy the Merrimac, or prevent her from coming out from Norfolk—you to sink or destroy her if she gets out. Answer by telegraph, as there is no time to be lost.

It has been stated in behalf of the petitioners that General Robert E. Lee and General J. Bankhead Magruder were doubtful of the success of the Merrimac (or Virginia.)

Let us see how this is. In volume 9 (series 1) of the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, page 64, General R. E. Lee, in a dispatch to General John B. Magruder from Richmond, dated March 13, 1862 (four days after the engagement), says:

As regards the steamer Virginia, the Secretary of the Navy informs me that she went into the dock upon her arrival at Norfolk, with orders that neither labor nor expense should be spared upon her repair. It is hoped that she will be out at an early day.

In same volume, same page, will be found a dispatch from General J. Bankhead Magruder to General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, dated Yorktown, March 13, 1862, as follows:

When will the Virginia be out? The disposition of my troops and the nature of my operations depend upon the answer to this question. Answer by telegraph.

To which Adjutant-General Cooper replies (see same volume, page 65), under date of March 14, 1862, as follows:

It is impossible to say when the Virginia will be in position. It is supposed in a day or two.

It is also said that "General Magruder's apprehensions were shared by his superiors at Richmond." We have just shown the opinion of the adjutant and inspector general of the Confederate army, and we here give extract from a letter from General Benj. Huger, commanding at Norfolk, to Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, dated March 13, 1862, as follows:

I have expressed to you my opinion that iron-clad vessels can pass all our batteries with impunity. In barricading the approach to Norfolk it was necessary to leave a narrow passage for our vessels to go out. The Virginia passed through it to get into the Roads the other day. The question now is, should not this passage be stopped? * * *

To which Mr. Benjamin, from Richmond, Va., March 15, 1862, replied:

SIR:—I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 13th instant.

The question of closing the harbor of Norfolk, suggested by you, is decided against your views. None of us are of opinion that it would be proper to lose the vast advantages resulting from the enemy's fright at the bare idea of the Virginia reappearing among the wooden ships. *The fact of her presence guarantees you against any attempt to blockade the river.* * * *

On same page of same volume will be found a dispatch from General R. E. Lee to General John B. Magruder, dated March 15, from Richmond, as follows:

With your left resting on the batteries on York River, and your right defended by the batteries on James River, *with the aid of the Virginia* and other steamers, I think you may *defy* the advance of the enemy up the peninsula.

From which we feel assured that neither General Magruder nor any of his superiors had the slightest apprehension of any damage to be feared from the Monitor. So far from this, their dispatches show that they felt full confidence that the Virginia (or Merrimac) was master of the situation in the waters from Norfolk to Hampton Roads.

We have thus given all of the official testimony to be had bearing on this case. Comment on it seems unnecessary, as it shows clearly that the only serious injury received by the Merrimac was from the Cumberland; and this official testimony is fully sustained by affidavits made by Captains Catesby Jones, White, and Littlepage, and the statement of the latter was made here in Washington when the question was up and when all the surroundings seemed to favor the claim of the petitioners.

In corroboration of the official testimony which we have given, we add a statement of Midshipman H. B. Littlepage, who was an officer on the Merrimac during the engagement in Hampton Roads and

up to the time of her destruction, and also a statement of H. B. Smith, pilot of the United States steamer Cumberland.

STATEMENT OF MIDSHIPMAN B. H. LITTLEPAGE.

(See Southern Historical Society Papers, Volume XI, page 32.)

The statement that the Merrimac was disabled and driven from Hampton Roads into Norfolk is entirely incorrect and absurd. * * * The Monitor was neither the direct nor the remote cause of the destruction of the Merrimac. If prize-money is to be awarded for her, let it be given to the gallant officers and crew of the Cumberland, which went down with her colors flying after doing nearly all the damage sustained by the Merrimac on the 8th and 9th of March, 1862. The broadside fired by the Cumberland just as the Merrimac rammed her cut one of the Merrimac's guns off at the trunnions, the muzzle off another, tore up the carriage of her bow pivot gun, swept away her anchor, boats, and howitzers, riddled her smokestack and steampipe, and killed and wounded nineteen men.

The next day in the fight with the Monitor the Merrimac did not have a man killed or wounded or a gun disabled. The only damage sustained by her worth mentioning, was by ramming the Monitor with her wooden stem—her cast-iron prow having been wrenched off the day before in the Cumberland. This probably saved the Monitor from a similar fate. It is true the Monitor struck us some powerful blows with her 11-inch guns when only a few feet from us, but not one of her shots penetrated our armor. * * * When the Merrimac left Hampton Roads for Norfolk the Monitor had passed over the bar, and hauled off into shoal water, where we could not reach her, the Merrimac's draft being over 20 feet and her's only about 10. As there was nothing more to fight, the tide being favorable the Merrimac returned to Norfolk, where she was docked. She was then thoroughly overhauled and equipped for fighting an iron-clad. A prow of steel and wrought-iron was put on. Bolts of wrought-iron and chilled iron were supplied for the rifle guns, and other preparations made especially for the Monitor. They were such as to make all on the Merrimac feel confident that we would either make a prize of or destroy the Monitor when we met again. On the 11th of April, all being ready for the expected fray, the Merrimac again went to Hampton Roads. The Monitor was lying at her moorings at the mouth of Elizabeth River, publishing to the world that she was blockading the Merrimac. Greatly to our surprise, she refused to fight us, and as we approached, she gracefully retired and closely hugged the shore under the guns of Fortress Monroe. As if to provoke her to combat, the Jamestown was sent in, and she captured several prizes, in which the Monitor seemed to acquiesce, as she offered no resistance. French and English men of war were present; the latter cheered and dipped their flags as the Jamestown passed with the prizes. On the 8th of May, when the Merrimac had re-

turned to Norfolk for supplies, a squadron, consisting of the Monitor, Naugatuck, and Galena (iron-clads), and five large men-of-war commenced to bombard our batteries at Sewell's Point. The Merrimac immediately left Norfolk for the scene of conflict. As she approached the squadron at full speed, the Vanderbilt, one of the fastest steamers then afloat, which, we understood, had been fitted with a prow especially for ramming us, joined the other ships. We regarded the attack as an invitation to come out, and we expected a most desperate encounter. Much to the disappointment of our commodore, and greatly to the relief of many others besides myself, as soon as the Merrimac came within range they seemed to conclude that Sewell's Point was not worth fighting about, and all hurried below the guns of Fortress Monroe and the Rip-Raps. The Merrimac pursued at full speed, until she came well under the fire of the latter fort, when she returned to her moorings at the mouth of the river. After the evacuation of Norfolk the Merrimac was taken above Craney Island and blown up, on the 11th of May. * * * She (the Monitor) had refused the gage of battle offered her by the Merrimac daily since the 11th of April.

STATEMENT OF A. B. SMITH, PILOT OF THE CUMBERLAND.

(Moore's Rebellion Record, volume 4, page 273.)

The crew of the Monitor say the balls rattled and rang upon both vessels, and seemed to bound off harmless—so far as is known neither vessel is damaged. The Merrimac is probably not injured, at least, more than the starting of a plate or so of her iron covering; and her machinery being uninjured, she is probably fit to come out again. It is impossible to keep the Merrimac from coming out. It is impossible to board the Merrimac. * * * General Wool has ordered all the women and children away from Fortress Monroe, in anticipation of the Merrimac's reappearance.

Among other authorities cited by the petitioners in support of their claim, is that of James Russel Soley, professor United States Navy, who is the author of a little book entitled "The Blockade and the Cruisers." A careful reading of the official reports of the ever memorable engagement in Hampton Roads, on the 8th and 9th of March, fails to show us that Professor Soley was a participant on either side in that remarkable battle. A glance at the preface to his book, however, enlightens us on some of the extraordinary statements he has made, and which we presume he proposes his readers to accept as authentic history. He says:

For statement of facts reliance has been chiefly placed upon the written accounts, official *or unofficial*, of those who took part in the

events recorded. * * * Finally, the writer must acknowledge his obligations to many *kind friends both in and out of the service*, who have *aided him with valuable advice and suggestions.*

Professor Soley says, among other things, in order to show that the Monitor renewed the engagement, and we do not deem it necessary, to give further attention to his statements:

But at this point the Merrimac withdrew to Norfolk. As she moved off Green fired at her twice, or, at most, three times.

From whom did Professor Soley receive this information? Not from Admiral Worden, we are sure; it is not to be found in his report. Did he get it from Captain Van Brunt's report? We fail to find it there. Did he get it from Assistant Secretary Fox? We fail to find it in his dispatches. Green does not mention it; Stimers fails to note it. Did he get it from the commander of the Merrimac? We fail to find it in his report. Did he get it from any of the commanders on duty that day? If so, he fails to inform us of the fact. Not getting it from any of these, we must recur to his preface, which we have already quoted, and conclude that this unsupported statement was derived from one of his "*kind friends out of the service.*"

It has been said that "claim has been made, during and since the war by Confederate officers, that the Merrimac had as much claim to honors of victory as the Monitor," and that "one of their number, Captain W. H. Parker (styled by the advocates of this bill as an *intelligent* and *candid ex-officer* of the Confederate Navy), in his recent *interesting* "recollections of a naval officer," is frank enough to acknowledge the failure of the Merrimac. He says:

Whatever the cause, candor compels us to say that the Merrimac failed to reap the fruits of her victory. She went out to destroy the Minnesota, and do what further damage to the enemy she could. The Monitor was there to save the Minnesota. The Merrimac did not accomplish her purpose. The Monitor did.

While we fail to see anything in this statement of Captain Parker to sustain the claim of the petitioners in this bill, as he certainly does not say that the Monitor either destroyed the Merrimac or so disabled her as to force her destruction, yet we accept the witness as one who was in the engagement, and ask attention to his testimony, which we give at some length.

It will be found in Southern Historical Society Papers, volume XII, pages 34 to 40, as follows:

I commanded the Beaufort in the battles of the 8th and 9th of March, and in the operations under Commodore Tatnall, to which I shall allude. In fact, I may say I commanded a consort of the Merrimac from the time she was put in commission until she was blown up. I therefore profess to be familiar with her history.

(1.) After the battle of the 9th of March the Merrimac went into dock to replace the prow or ram which had been lost in sinking the Cumberland, to exchange some of her guns, and to make some *small* repairs to her armor and machinery. On the 11th of April Commodore Tatnall, who had succeeded Commodore Buchanan in the command, went down with his entire squadron, consisting of the Merrimac, Patrick Henry, Jamestown, Teazer, Beaufort and Raleigh, to offer battle to the Federal fleet, then lying in Hampton Roads, or below Old Point.

The Merrimac was the only iron-clad. Upon the appearance of our squadron the entire Federal fleet retreated below the Rip-Raps, or under the guns of Old Point. Three merchant vessels were run on shore by their masters between Newport News and Old Point, and were partially abandoned. The Jamestown and Raleigh towed them off almost under the guns of Old Point and the Federal fleet. Their flags were hauled down and hoisted union down under the Confederate flag, as a *defiance* to induce the fleet to attempt to retake them. The fleet, under Flag-Officer Goldsborough, consisted of a large number of wooden vessels, some of them very heavy frigates—the Monitor, the Naugatuck (a small iron-clad), and even the Vanderbilt, a powerful steamer, specially prepared "to run down and sink the Merrimac."

An English and a French man-of-war were present in the Roads, and went up off Newport News evidently to witness the serious engagement which we at least expected. Their crews repeatedly waved their hats and handkerchiefs to our vessels as we passed and repassed them during the day.

The Merrimac, with her consorts, held possession of the Roads, and *defied* the enemy to *battle* during the *entire day* and for *several days* after—the Federal fleet lying in the same position below Old Point.

Towards sunset of the first day the Merrimac fired a single gun at the enemy; it was immediately replied to by the Naugatuck, lying, I think, inside Hampton Bar.

I do not know what Commodore Tatnall thought about attacking the Federal fleet as it stood, nor do I know what his instructions were, but I *do* know that our officers generally believed that torpedoes had been placed in the channel between Old Point and the Rip-Raps; indeed, we supposed that to be the reason why Flag-Officer Goldsborough declined to fight us in the Roads. Moreover, fighting the entire fleet—Monitor, Naugatuck, Vanderbilt, and all in the Roads—was one thing, and fighting the same under the guns of Old Point and the Rip-Raps was another.

(2.) The Merrimac remained for some days in this position, offer-

ing battle, and protecting the approaches to Norfolk and Richmond, and then went up to the navy-yard to water.

I think it was on the 8th day of May that Flag-Officer Goldsborough took advantage of her absence to bombard Sewell's Point with a number of his vessels, the Monitor, Galena and Naugatuck included, all three iron-clads. When the fact was known in Norfolk the Merrimac cast off from her moorings and steamed down to take a hand in the fight. *As soon as her smoke was seen* the entire fleet fled, *and again* took refuge below the guns of Old Point, where the Merrimac declined to pursue for reasons satisfactory to her gallant commander.

From this time until the 10th of May the Merrimac maintained the same attitude. On that day she was blown up by her commander in consequence of the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederates. Then, and *not till then*, was Commodore John Rodgers sent up the James River with the Galena, Monitor and Naugatuck, all iron-clads, to attack Drewry's Bluff or Fort Darling, and make an attempt on Richmond.

From the above mentioned facts we think it clearly appears (1) that the Monitor, after her engagement with the Merrimac on the 9th of March, never again dared encounter her, though offered frequent opportunities; (2) that so much doubt existed in the minds of the Federal authorities as to her power to meet the Merrimac, that orders were given her commander not to fight her voluntarily; that the Merrimac, so far from being seriously injured in her engagement, efficiently protected the approaches to Norfolk and Richmond until Norfolk was evacuated; that the Merrimac could not have gotten to Washington or Baltimore in her normal condition; that she could not have gone to sea at all; that although she could have run by the Federal fleet and Old Point (barring torpedoes in the channel) and threatened McClellan's base at Yorktown, in exceptionally good weather, yet would have had to leave the James River open.

It may be proper to recur again to the testimony of Captain Byers, and to say that it is only necessary to read his statement to come to the conclusion that it cannot be relied on, and that his important statements are not sustained by the weight of all the other testimony, and that he held no position or advantage by which he could have possibly obtained much of the information which he gives. As his testimony, however, has been relied upon to sustain the claim of the petitioners, it is, perhaps, proper to give it some further notice.

There is no evidence that he had any position, either officially or otherwise, to entitle him to the confidence of the officers of the Merrimac so as to induce them to show him over their ship at such a

critical time, and to confide to him the important information which was given to no other person.

(1.) That the Merrimac could have easily destroyed the Minnesota on Saturday [March 8th], but they did not wish to harm her; she would be too valuable to them as a prize. They felt sure of her on the morrow, with all the other craft in the Roads and at anchor at Fortress Monroe.

Did Captain Byers get this valuable information from the commanding officer of the Merrimac, or from whom? He fails to enlighten us on this subject. Not from the Secretary of the United States Navy, for he tells you in his annual report of December 1, 1862, that the Minnesota—

Which had also got aground in the shallow waters of the channel, became the special object of attack, and the Merrimac, with the Yorktown and Jamestown, bore down upon her. The Merrimac drew too much water to approach very near, and her fire was not, therefore, particularly effective. The other steamers selected their positions, fired with much accuracy, and caused considerable damage to the Minnesota. She soon, however, succeeded in getting a gun to bear on the two smaller steamers, and drove them away, one apparently in a crippled condition. About 7 P. M. the Merrimac also hauled off, and all three stood toward Norfolk.

(Van Brunt and Catesby Jones and others, make this same statement.)

Captain Byers further states, that "the Merrimac lay in dry-dock repairing and strengthening *for six weeks*," &c. Compare this with all of the other testimony and see how inaccurate it is. (Professor Soley says that she was out in less than a month. All the testimony shows beyond a doubt that Byers was incorrect.) Again Captain Byers says:

After the Merrimac was repaired and came out of dock, the only thing she did was to form part of an expedition to go out into the Roads to attempt to capture the Monitor.

The expedition was made up of the Merrimac and two tugs, manned by thirty volunteers on each tug-boat. They were all armed and provided with iron wedges and top mauls and tar balls. The plan was to board her, a tug on each side landing the men, and throwing lighted tar balls down through the ventilator, and wedge up the turret so it would not revolve. They took my steamer as one of the boats, *but I refused to command her or go with her.*

The expedition did not succeed in its mission. Why not? Hear Captain Byers's answer:

Luckily for the Merrimac and the tugs, the Monitor *did not come out over the bar* to give them a chance to try the experiment.

So it seems that Captain Byers holding no place either civil or military in the Confederate Government—a man of no known prominence or character—simply the master of a little trading boat, which had come from the North and had been for some time around Norfolk, waiting an opportunity to escape into the Union lines—which he did at the first opportunity—was invited to join in this expedition, an expedition composed of some of the best and bravest men in the Confederacy, who were fighting for their homes, their firesides, their household gods, and their loved ones, an expedition which they had cause to believe at that time was "even unto the death"—was taken into the confidence of the commander of the Merrimac, invited to take part in this very perilous expedition, and given full details of all his plans. Can enlightened human credulity go further than to place reliance on such statements?

Holding to these views, we respectfully report adversely to the passage of the bill.

The Sixth South Carolina at Seven Pines.

By General John Bratton.

[The following address was delivered by General John Bratton on the battlefield of Seven Pines, Virginia, on 6th August, 1885, to the survivors of the Sixth Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, Confederate States Army:]

About the 26th May, 1862, we moved up to camp nearer Richmond, not far from where the Confederate Cemetery is located. At daybreak on the 31st we moved out in accordance with orders to the Williamsburg Road, were halted near a farm or fruit-nursery, (name of owner forgotten). It was here that I learned that the Yankees were a short distance down the road, and we were expected to attack in a few minutes. We waited there, however, for hours, and it was certainly as late as one o'clock P. M. when we moved on slowly through the mud and slush, and soon evidences of conflict were apparent. We were told that "D. H. Hill was driving them down the

road," and ordered to push on. This we did as briskly as the condition of the road would allow, passing for some distance through a thickly-wooded section of scrubby growth, when we reached a field of considerable extent on the left of the road. When the head of the Sixth, the rear regiment of Anderson's Brigade, reached the opening, I was ordered to form "on right by file into line" on the left of the road and follow the regiments of the brigade which preceded me. While my regiment was forming, a glance at the field showed a line of works on the other side of it, extending across the road and across the field into the woods on the left. The view on the right was limited, being shut off by the woods, which continued on the right of the road farther down and nearer to the works. The regiments of our brigade were moving down one after the other to this line, which was evidently occupied by our troops. There was a redoubt near the road, from which artillery was slowly firing. I was told that D. H. Hill had taken that line and was himself at that moment in the redoubt. As we moved down on the track of the regiments preceding us, they, apparently in close column of regiments near the works, moved by the left flank along the line towards where it passed through the woods. On approaching the woods they received a volley, which was undoubtedly a surprise, and for the moment created some confusion in the heads of these columns. I at once ordered a change of direction to the left. (It was there that the memorable amendment to Hardee's version was made, which seemed ever to be remembered against me and doubtless many now present can recall—"Big left wheel.") We were in the act of changing direction sufficiently to present a direct front to the fire of the enemy when I received an order from General Anderson "to sweep the enemy out of those woods." Without halting, the order was given to fix bayonets, and we moved on to an abattis that was made of slashings in the edge of the woods. As we were about to enter the abattis, I halted the line for a moment to investigate a line of men with white rags on their hats, found lying down on our side of the abattis to the left of where we were going in. They proved to be the Twenty-seventh Georgia Regiment (Colonel Zachry), of D. H. Hill's command. I told the colonel what my orders were, and he proposed to join us. Replying that we would be glad to have him do so, we were about to advance when he informed me that a regiment of our friends (South Carolinians, he thought,) were coming up on his left, and requested us to wait for them. I at first acceded to this request, but after waiting for a few minutes, told the commander of the

Georgians that I was afraid my orders would not justify me in waiting. I would, therefore, continue my advance, feeling strengthened by the assurance of his support, and at once ordered the regiment forward. As we entered the abattis the enemy poured in their volley, but our line moved on without halt or check and drove them through the woods, into and through a large camp; so large that the regiment did not cover half of it, and were pressing them routed and in full flight, beyond, when a fire on my right and rear from this portion of the camp, untouched by us in the advance, admonished me to halt long enough to take our bearings, and at least see if it was necessary to turn upon those still in camp before proceeding farther. On looking back I saw a regiment coming up from the rear, and finding it to be the Fifth South Carolina (Colonel Giles), directed its charge through the portion of the camp still occupied by the enemy. Without using any superlatives in regard to this noble regiment, I need only say to you comrades of the Sixth, who were associated with them on so many battlefields, that they put in this their first work, under my eye in that not merely gallant but effective style which characterized their conduct throughout the war. They made a clean sweep of the camp and pressed on, coming up on our right in good order. We were in the act of moving on after the flying enemy when I received an order from Colonel Jenkins to halt until he could join us with his regiment, the Palmetto Sharpshooters. On looking back I saw the regiment coming up from the rear, on the left of the camp through which I had passed and towards my left. Anxious to press forward so as to pass through a formidable abattis immediately in our front as nearly as possible with the routed enemy, and thus prevent their formation on the other side, I sent him a request urging him to move up as we were losing precious time, and posted myself between my regiment and the Fifth, that I might give the signal to Giles to advance as soon as Jenkins arrived on our line. He halted, however, thirty or forty paces in rear of our line and sent an order to align ourselves on his right. His front was directed considerably to the left of ours, while ours fronted on the direct line of the flight of the enemy. Just then General Anderson rode up and, conducting him a few paces to the front, I pointed out the situation; the abattis or slashings on slightly declining ground much wider and more formidable than the first, with thick growth of scrubby trees on the other edge, screening completely what might be there. By this time not an enemy was in sight, not a gun was being fired in my front. General Anderson quietly said, " Move your regiment across

the abattis and take position on that crest beyond," pointing towards it, and added, "unless you jump the game on the way." Feeling sure that it would be jumped on the other edge of the slashings, I asked, "What then?" He answered, "Press them." I told him that embarrassment as to my flank and rear had prevented me from crossing the abattis pretty much with them, at least in close pursuit, and asked if I should succeed again, will you look to flanks and rear? His answer was, "press them." We at once entered the abattis, the Fifth regiment, Colonel Giles, moving with us on our right. I did not see where the sharpshooters went. When about half way across a grand volley was poured upon us from the thicket beyond, and although nobody cried "Lie down," the entire regiment squatted involuntarily in the brush. As the crash of the volley died away I shouted "Forward," but none seemed to hear it save our color-bearer, and before it could be repeated the roar and rattle of the regular battle-fire opened upon us and drowned human utterances. He advanced on and over the obstructions, as he could not move under even the highest without lowering his colors, alone, with a stride unnaturally steady, considering the character of his footing. None who saw it can ever forget the splendid picture presented by our glorious and handsome boy, John Rabb, on this occasion. Never were colors borne with a loftier devotion to duty or a quieter disdain of danger. He advanced thus alone, nearly halfway to the enemy, and it looked as though our colors would be handed over to them, when our entire regiment seemed simultaneously to take in the situation and made a desperate rush to overtake them. Our line poured like a wave over and under and through the obstructions, and coming up with the colors, continued the impetuous advance until we swept over theirs.

They retired hastily beyond the crest not far distant. We consequently did not kill many of them here, but captured a few prisoners. Emerging from the thicket from which they were driven, and hastily readjusting our ranks, we pushed on towards the crest, and soon encountered the most formidable line, and became engaged in the fiercest fight of the day. The ground over which we passed was thinly studded with sapling pine growth, affording no obstruction to speak of either to the bullets or to the view of either side, and it was the same, though apparently more broken, for a long distance to our right; to our left, woods of thick growth seemed not more than a hundred yards or so distant. As we approached the crest, their line could be seen extending from the woods on our left across our

front and to the right for several hundred yards, as far as I could see on both sides. They opened upon us a terrific fire, direct from the front and oblique from both sides, but we continued steadily to advance until within thirty or forty yards of them, when our line was staggered, checked, and finally borne down by the weight of this converging fire. The men, checked though they were, and borne down by force when they wished to proceed, were nevertheless unhacked, and opened a fierce and rapid fire on the enemy in front. Not knowing at the time why the Fifth had not come out of the abattis with us (their gallant Colonel was killed by the volley we met there, and they were embarrassed and delayed by his fall), I looked anxiously for them to come up and relieve us from a portion of the fire, but neither they nor any other help were in sight. I was unwilling to undertake a retreat over such ground as was in our rear, and determined to make another effort to break through the enemy's line. Amid the roar of that fierce storm no human voice could have been heard by even a company, and to secure that unity of action which the emergency demanded, it was necessary to convey to the commanders of companies instructions to notify their men and have them prepared to rise up at a concerted signal, and push through the line in front. This consumed time, and held our men under this destructive fire longer than was desirable, but it could not be helped. As soon as possible the signal was given. All, except the dead and dying (who, unhappily for us, were numerous enough to mark our line from one end to the other, after we left it), rose and moved, though crouching as they breasted the pelting storm, steadily and unfalteringly forward without firing a gun, until the enemy gave way, when we poured in our volley of buck and ball at close range and with telling effect.

Although their lines were broken and shattered, they yielded the ground with great reluctance. They for some time made strenuous efforts to reform close in our front, and repeatedly gathered in groups about their colors and around their officers, who made heroic efforts to rally them, only to be piled in heaps by the shot and ball belched from our old smooth bores. These efforts they stubbornly continued until there seemed not a standard left, not an officer to rally them. While we were pressing this, the most valiant foe that we had yet met, being apprehensive of attack from the enemy on either the right or left of the point of their line penetrated by us, or on both, which, promptly made, would certainly and easily have crushed us before our supports could come up, I was anxiously looking to both, and

it was with much satisfaction that I saw on our right five columns with five stands of colors double-quicking to the rear in beautiful order. They disappeared across the Williamsburg road in the direction of White Oak Swamp. I could not see for the woods what those on the left were doing, but the regiments on the right, acting evidently under the impression that the Confederates were in force on their right flank, suggested the idea that those on the left were under a similar impression as to their left flank.

It was with a great sense of relief that I again gave my entire attention to the brief but explicit and satisfactory order of our General, "Press them." When, however, the gallant foemen in our front gave up all hope, ceased their stubborn futile efforts at resistance, and incontinently fled, the regiment for the first time that day lost its order, and the men broke away in a wild chase after them. Unable to stop the foremost, the only way to keep them at all together was by urging the hindmost forward. We struck the Williamsburg road obliquely, our right touching it near Seven Pines House, when a regiment posted in the edge of a pine thicket on the other side of the road, their line being parallel to the road, opened fire on our right flank. About two companies on our right were stopped by it, and forming in the road engaged this new enemy. The balance of the regiment rushed on in pursuit into the woods, down the road, making a wide interval between them and the companies on their right. I sent Sergeant-Major Beverly Means, who was at hand, to catch our wild boys on the left, and order them to form on the two companies in the road, and urged dispatch, as I feared that the enemy might charge us in that condition. To prevent this, our men who stopped near the house were formed in the road and ordered to keep up as brisk a fire as possible. My brave men, individually, as they got the orders, ran promptly back up the road, into and under fire at less than one hundred yards, formed as it were by file on our men fighting there, and thus by their individual pluck and devotion to duty enabled us to meet the emergency and avert the danger in the shortest and of course the best way. If we had taken the usual course under such circumstances, and fallen back to reform, we would have lost ground, lost time, and have effected less at a perhaps greater cost of life.

While this formation in the very front of the battle and in the teeth of the enemy was going on, I was looking with anxiety for the Fifth regiment to come up, still not knowing the cause of its delay—the fall of its heroic Colonel—when I saw a regiment moving up from

the rear and directly towards the gap in my line. I sent an urgent request that it move up promptly. It proved to be the Palmetto Sharpshooters, and Colonel Jenkins replied that he would be with me in a moment. When in about two hundred yards of the road, however, he changed front forward on the twelfth company, and although the balls fired at us, forming and fighting on the road, dipped into them with destructive effect, it was done in a style rarely equalled on the drill field. This was followed by a change of front on the first company, executed in the same admirable manner in view and under fire of the enemy, which brought them in position to form on our left. Before these two evolutions were completed, our Sergeant-Major reported that all of our men were in line on the road, but some of them were not in their proper places, or even in their companies, and wanted to know if that would do. Glancing along the line I saw every man who was out of place looking back towards me, and answered their question by a motion of my hand, waving them down where they were, saying, although they could not hear me, "We are all right now, lie down where you are." Our Sergeant-Major exclaimed with suppressed enthusiasm, "Isn't that glorious! The old regiment is surely more than filling her measure to-day." His countenance was all aglow with that peculiar light often seen in the faces of brave men in battle, and which is so inspiring to the beholder. I ordered him to lie down behind the line, as I wanted everybody as much under shelter as possible, while we were waiting for Jenkins to come up on our left. A moment afterwards the fatal bullet pierced his breast. It was thus that Beverly Means, who, in peace, was as gentle and modest as a woman, met death. It was about this time that I found that the shells and cannon balls that had been whirling over us and plunging amongst us during our disorderly pursuit, and now enfilading our line on the road, were coming from the direction of the battery taken by D. H. Hill. I sent a messenger to stop its fire on us, but he probably never reached it, as it continued to fire as long as I remained on the field.

As soon as Colonel Jenkins arrived on the line with his regiment he gave me the order, "Advance your regiment and I will support you." Remembering that I had been notified before we reached the battlefield that he was in command of the brigade I promptly obeyed his order. Looking along my battered line, now about half its original length, with half of its captains knocked out, I had reason to be anxious lest some irregularity of movement might place the regiment at disadvantage. To prevent this and ensure unity and

order in their advance I walked across the road to the front and waving my cap to attract the attention of all, officers and men, ordered the line forward. Rising from the road in which they had been lying they advanced deliberately, steadily and firmly, closing gaps promptly until the enemy broke, when they poured in their volley and rushed on them, sweeping them from the field. This was perhaps the fairest fight we had that day; there was no great disparity of numbers between their regiment and ours; they seemed to be about equal; but we had the advantage of the immediate presence of the Sharpshooters. Our disadvantages were our battered condition, loss of officers and men in previous fights, our lying so long under their fire, a part of the time not returning it, that they recovered from the excitement of the first onset and directed their fire with a better aim. Most of their balls were on a line with us, fewer of them passed over our heads than in any previous attack. We met this line of fire when we rose up in the road, and it continued without abatement, aided by the shot and shell plunging into and about us from the battery on the right, until we were within twenty-five yards of them, when I was shot. So steady was their fire and unshaken their line that the result even then was doubtful; and those near me, who naturally came to my assistance, were peremptorily ordered to the front where every bayonet was needed. My eyesight failed, a premonition of the fainting that followed, and I could not see you my comrades, but I heard the volley which you delivered as you passed over me, and the "yell," receding from me as you advanced, relieved the anxiety which was intensified by my condition, and gave assurance that you had again swept the field. When my sight returned you were seen in line with the Sharpshooters in the edge of the woods on the left, fronting down the road. When last seen by me the whole line seemed to be moving by the left flank across the road. And here the story of your movements and conduct on this field, as seen and known by me, necessarily ends. I learn from others that the regiment, led by its Lieutenant-Colonel, the truly good and brave Steadman, had still another engagement with the enemy before the battle closed, with the result to which it was now becoming accustomed, and, crippled and torn as it was, added new laurels to those already won that day.

By the movement to the left alluded to a moment ago the field of my last conflict was left uncovered in our front and in the direction taken by the five regiments of the enemy that I had seen retiring rapidly but in good order across the Williamsburg road, and it was still

being probed by the fire of the artillery up the road which, I concluded from its continuance after I had sent to have it stopped, was from a battery of the enemy. (It seems, however, that it was in fact D. H. Hill's battery.) The wounded left on the field gathered around me, the noble fellows striving to assist me, when they needed assistance themselves. Knowing that there was nothing to prevent it, I expected the five regiments alluded to to return and retake the field. To avoid their capture and also danger from the artillery fire, I ordered all who could possibly do so to go to the rear and not wait for litter-bearers or ambulances. All who could obeyed the order except Boyce Simonton, of Company G, and Gandy, of Company E. They mutinied and refused to leave me, saying that those who had gone to the rear were to send for us all. I made the effort to go at least far enough to the rear to save these brave boys from capture; Gandy had with him a prisoner, Captain John D. McFarland, One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania Regiment.

(Finding that we could not spare guards for the prisoners taken, they were sent to the rear sometimes without them, but generally in charge of our wounded who were able to go back. Some of them escaped through the gap between us in our advanced and constantly advancing position, and our supports). The only member of our party capable of helping another was this prisoner. He rendered every assistance in his power.

Our progress was interrupted and delayed by fainting spells, and from the same cause, perhaps, we were diverted from our course to the right towards the railroad (our left as we went in.) At any rate, my first consciousness after a faint was of some one tugging at me, and the next was hearing the voice of our prisoner captain saying, "Handle him tenderly, boys, he was kind to me, and is badly wounded." The boys, two in number, belonged, if my memory is correct, to a New Hampshire regiment, and were detailed as a hospital guard. They said that their hospital was not far off, but it was being moved, and they and our Pennsylvania captain, although apprehensive of capture themselves, helped and urged us on to reach the hospital before the surgeon left. But we made slow progress, until they saw their chaplain and called to him for assistance. He quickly brought a litter, on which they took me to the hospital, which was presided over by Dr. Gesner, of New York. I shall never forget the kindness and tender attention of this surgeon and the chaplain. I here learned how seriously Simonton was wounded. After making us as comfortable as the state of the case would admit

of, Dr. Gesner left, informing me that I was behind our own lines, and that he had to go before the gap through which he had moved his hospital was closed. Late in the night, I think after midnight, General Birney came in, and I learned from him that they had been heavily reinforced from the other side of the Chickahominy, and were reoccupying the positions from which they had been driven. This excited my alarm for you, for without knowing exactly where I was, there could be no doubt in my mind that you were some distance in advance of where these reënforcements were being posted. Nor was I relieved until sent to the rear, where I had access to their newspapers. In these I saw nothing in relation to you, but glowing accounts of the resistless advance of the Sixth Regiment and Palmetto Sharpshooters giving their specific names. Your prowess on this field won for your colonel, a prisoner in their hands, the consideration of those who encountered you here. General Birney took sufficient interest to have his surgeon, Dr. Pancoast, examine my wound, and he discovered that I would not die before morning, as we all expected before his examination, and they both exhibited the kindest pleasure over the discovery. To say nothing of innumerable attentions paid by officers and men of a large camp near which I was lying the next day, and among them were some who had been captured by us, and escaped while going to the rear, I was the recipient of the most generous and courteous consideration from the knightly General Phil. Kearney. On learning that my wound was not fatal, as at first reported to him, he took the trouble to send a special messenger to the rear to see that I was properly cared for. All of these distinguished attentions and generous courtesies were extended to the colonel of the Sixth South Carolina Regiment. They did not even know my name.

When in the midst of raging battle trophies were brought to me. I remember three regimental standards were brought to me almost simultaneously. (Three more were brought to me during the battle, making six in all.) I leaned them against a tree, saying, "Press on, boys, we have no time for these baubles now."

But these attentions to a wounded, helpless prisoner, who was only known by the prowess of his regiment in the fight, were the knightly courtesies of a gallant enemy, and were accepted as such with feelings of profoundest gratification and pride. They are, indeed, the noblest trophies of war, as they can be won only from a brave and worthy foe.

My old comrades, in the performance of this duty, which has been

so long deferred, I have confined myself to a plain, simple statement of what you did under my own eye. So far from attempting, I have avoided highly drawn pictures of gallantry displayed in this action. If I have succeeded in making that statement intelligible, your deeds, more than any expression of admiration on my part of your conduct, are relied on for that justice which has so long been your due. To sum them up in brief, you advanced over three lines of the enemy, two of them in position behind obstructions of felled timber or slashings, and all of them in superior numbers to you. Although checked and borne down by the weight of fire of the third, without falling back, you rose and continued the advance to a successful result, the only instance of the kind that I know of. When after the third conflict your line was broken, it was done by your own eager and wild pursuit of the enemy, after a terrific contest, and after the loss of one-half of your captains. While in the condition of an advancing, wild, yelling mob, an unexpected volley was poured into your right flank, which had only the happy effect of recalling those on that flank to their senses, for they at once became heedful of orders, and with wonderful promptness, presented a solid front to this fresh foe, and held them at bay until the balance formed on them, and in a short time charged and swept him from the field. All this without once falling back to reform your lines, or yielding at any time an inch of the ground gained.

This advance of more than a mile from where you met their first volley, over four lines of the enemy was effected in less than two hours. The extraordinary prowess of the Second Brigade (Anderson's) on this field excited at the time comment in best informed army circles, and was discussed by our trained and experienced regular officers in terms of highest praise and admiration.

Yours was the leading regiment in this famous advance of Anderson's Brigade.

The fight made by the Sixth South Carolina Regiment on this field was, in the opinion expressed by General Anderson himself, after the close of the war, "unsurpassed." I concur in that opinion. Considering the difficulties encountered, it was the most rapid in achieving results, and the best and most effective, fair, square, open-field fighting that I ever saw. We had nothing to do with the general plan of battle; knew nothing of it, and are not responsible for general results. Our orders gave us our part to do. Never were orders executed more energetically, promptly or thoroughly.

To all who have followed the story, it must be apparent that such

work could not have been accomplished without the most energetic courage and devotion to duty on the part of all the officers and men of the regiment. Of course there were variations and grades of skill and courage displayed in the performance of their duty ; but I must refrain from special mention of any, where all deserve honor, for, with scarce an exception, the officers, from Lieutenant-Colonel Steadman, down through the field and staff and the line, displayed that high courage which is shown by earnest undivided attention to duty, without regard to the danger attending it. And how can I express my grateful commendation of the brave men whose devotion to duty enabled them, in order and out of order, to meet with prompt and bold alacrity every emergency of their notable advance?

The cost to us of this glorious work is the sad part of the story. We carried into the battle five hundred and twenty-one officers and men. Of these eighty-eight were killed, one hundred and sixty-four wounded and seventeen missing. The missing were killed or wounded, with one exception. A little boy, Josey Powell, fifteen years of age, remained on the field with his brother, who, in the moment of victory, just after the last line that I charged was broken, was mortally wounded by a shell from that battery up the road (D. H. Hill's). The little fellow was captured, and was not wounded. He was permitted by his guard to join me on the road to the hospital, and by the authorities there to remain with me during our captivity.

Our loss in killed and wounded in this action was really two hundred and sixty-eight out of the five hundred and twenty-one officers and men carried into the battle.

Of this large number time will not allow a detailed statement. Among the killed were those noble heroes, Captains Phinney, Lyles, Walker and Gaston. Among the wounded were your Colonel, and those gallant officers, Captain White and Lieutenants McFadden, Wylie, Moore, J. M. Brice and McAlilly.

Twenty years have passed since the war made its last rugged track over these quiet fields, and the actors in its scenes are fast passing away. A few years ago tidings of the death of our own grand old Commander, General Lee, sped from hamlet to hamlet, and a wail swept over the length and breadth of our Southland, which was not without response from the North. But the other day the great champion of the Union, General Grant, laid himself down to die, and passed quietly to his eternal rest. The flags are at half-mast all over this broad land, and the nation mourns.

None knew better the value of his services to his cause than

those who contended with him, and none can more heartily sympathize with the veterans of the "Army of the Potomac" in their tributes of respect to the memory of their greatest chieftain than their old antagonists, the survivors of the "Army of Northern Virginia."

Twenty years of peace have reigned over this field, and we, the survivors of that stalwart band of 1862, a squad of gray-haired men, I may say the mutilated remnant of a noble regiment, have met here under the walls of Richmond, that long sought goal of our opponents, here on the soil of Virginia, that Virginia which took an equally noble part in framing our grand institutions of liberty, and in our effort to maintain them. We revere her for giving us Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Henry. We love her as the mother of Lee and Jackson, Stuart and Hill, and each and every one of us, individually and collectively, hold her ever in grateful admiration for the heroic courage and pure womanly tenderness of her fair daughters. Time, place and circumstance open up the floodgates of memory, and we are engulfed in a maelstrom of reminiscences, and confused, conflicting emotions beyond the power of human language or human art to depict. And yet, on looking back upon it as a whole, this great mass of experiences and recollections, this past of those who engaged in "rebellion," so-called, because they resisted the exercise of unlawful power by government, containing, as it does, every shade and grade of emotion, from the most radiant and warmest sunshine of hope and success to the blackness of despair and the chill of death, there is above and beneath, in front and rear, and on either flank, completely encircling it, a halo of glory as steady as the light of truth itself. Uncompromising tenacity to principle, and honest straightforward support of it, and reliance on it, in contempt, perhaps, of the cold practical advantages of diplomacy, characterize this past, and constitute the centre around which its wheel of fortune revolved, shedding a glow over its passage alike through sunshine and through storm.

The following letters are a part of the archives of the Sixth Regiment Survivors' Association. Although I have not General Bratton's consent, they are so intimately connected with the subject of General Bratton's address that I furnish them for publication:

JAMES H. RION,
Chairman Executive Committee.

CAMP NEAR FAIR OAKS, VA.,
June 9, 1862.

COLONEL BRATTON,
Sixth South Carolina Volunteers:

SIR,—On the evening of May 31, the regiment under your command being one of those opposed to the brigade under command of Colonel J. H. Hobart Ward, Thirty-Eighth New York Volunteers, (to whose command I have the honor to belong), you were, unfortunately for you, severely wounded, and came under my charge.

On that occasion you placed in my charge, for safe keeping, your watch, and now, being in a place of safety, I have the honor, through General P. Kearney, commanding this division, to return the same, and with the hope that your wound, though severe, may not prove fatal.

I remain, with sincere sympathy,
most respectfully your obedient servant,

B. GESNER,
Assistant Surgeon Thirty-Eighth N. Y. V.

CAMP NEAR FAIR OAKS, VA.,
June 10, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—The fortunes of this unnatural war have made you a prisoner, and it was in the hands of one of my regiments (Fourth Maine, Colonel Walker) that you fell. I take the liberty, in courtesy and good feeling, of putting myself, or friends of the North, at your disposal.

I forward by a special messenger your sword, belt and watch, together with a letter from the surgeon, Dr. Gesner, who attended you, who is an acquaintance of your family at the South.

If, sir, you will permit me the favor, I also place at your call a credit with my bankers, Riggs & Co., Washington, $200, which may serve you until your own arrangements are made.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. KEARNEY,
Brig.-Gen. Comm'd'g 3d Division, Third Corps.
COLONEL BRATTON, *Sixth South Carolina Regiment.*

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,
January 24, 1863.

GENERAL,—I beg to recommend Colonel John Bratton, command-

ing the Sixth Regiment, South Carolina troops, for promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General.

His superior capacity and constancy in the discharge of his ordinary duties as a Colonel would strongly recommend him for advancement, but he merits it more particularly for gallant conduct in battle.

At "Seven Pines" he was one of the leaders in the intrepid and irresistible charge of the Second Brigade, Longstreet's division, which encountered and beat a greatly superior force of the enemy in four successive combats, driving them two miles from their first line of battle.

Throughout the whole action he was conspicuous for skill and courage, coolness and good management.

At the close of the fourth and last encounter he received a very severe wound through the arm and shoulder.

His conduct excited my admiration, and I am happy to perform this rather tardy act of justice.

I am, very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,

R. H. Anderson,
Major-General Provisional Army.

To General S. Cooper, *Adjutant and Inspector-General, Richmond, Va.*

Reminiscences of Cavalry Operations.

By General T. T. Munford.

Paper No. 3.

OPERATIONS UNDER ROSSER.

The next day we moved over to Staunton, and the next day moved out to the back road to find where the enemy's pickets were. On the 5th of October, General Thomas L. Rosser arrived from General Lee's army with his brigade. General Early, in his narrative, page 98, says, "Rosser was attached to Fitz. Lee's division, of which he (Rosser) was given command, as Brigadier-General Wickham had resigned. The horses of Rosser's brigade had been so much reduced by previous hard service and the long march from Richmond, that the brigade did not exceed six hundred mounted men for duty when it joined me." Meantime we had moved to the front and

established our pickets. General Early says, "when it was discovered that the enemy was retiring, I moved forward at once and arrived at New Market with my infantry on the 7th. Rosser pushed forward on the back and middle road in pursuit of the enemy's cavalry, which was engaged in burning houses, mills, barns, stacks of wheat and hay, and had several skirmishes with it, while Lomax also moved forward on the Valley Pike and the roads east of it. I halted with the infantry at New Market, but Rosser and Lomax moved down the Valley in pursuit, and skirmished successfully with the enemy's cavalry on the 8th, but on the 9th they encountered the whole cavalry force at Tom's Brook, in rear of Fisher's Hill, and both of their commands were driven back in considerable confusion, with a loss of some pieces of artillery—nine were reported to me but Grant claims eleven. Rosser rallied his command on the back road at Columbia Furnace opposite Edinburg, but a part of the enemy's cavalry swept along the pike to Mount Jackson and then retired on the approach of my infantry. On the 10th Rosser established his line of pickets across the Valley from Columbia Furnace to Edinburg, and on the 11th Lomax was sent to the Luray Valley and took position at Milford."

This was the extent of General Early's information about the greatest disaster that ever befell our cavalry during the whole war. It was the first time our brigade had ever been routed—I had seen a regiment overpowered. It was the first and only time our division had ever lost its artillery or transportation—once or twice a single gun or caisson had been taken when the horses had been killed, once or twice a wagon or ambulance had been abandoned for like reason, but this was a clean sweep. The enemy captured "nearly everything we had on wheels," all the trophies we had accumulated during the past two years. (Custer got back many things I had captured when my regiment at Trevillian's captured his headquarter wagon and all of his papers, trunk, &c., &c., together with the four caissons belonging to Pennington's battery). No report was called for by Rosser from my command, and General Early's report clearly shows that Rosser did not report to him the extent of his disaster. In a recent publication, already alluded to, from Rosser's pen, he puts the blame of his want of judgment upon General Early (who happened, as shown, to be twenty-five miles away), and attributes his disaster to his "orders from General Early and a misbehaving colonel of Munford's brigade." I have given General Early's entire report on this fight, which shows he was not made acquainted with the facts at the

time. This fight was one of Sheridan's selection. It was in a location well suited to his advantage, immediately under the eyes of his signal officer, stationed on the south end of Round Top, where he could see our whole number and location. His infantry were in sight supporting, while he knew ours were twenty-five miles away in our rear. When Rosser joined Early " he had only about six hundred mounted men for duty''—the burning which the enemy was doing in the direction of the homes of many of Rosser's men had taken off a large number in their anxiety for their families—so that his command must have been reduced to a minimum number. Payne had been actively engaged, and had suffered both at Winchester and Milford, and upon each occasion had received the shock of their attack, so that his command was very much weakened. I have shown that we had been incessantly on the go and had suffered a good deal, so that our division was really not equal in number to a small brigade of the enemy. To make the fight at Tom's Brook was against all the rules of discretion and judgment, and the whole responsibility belongs to Rosser as I will show.

It was a trap Sheridan set for him and was successful. The very acts that the Federal cavalry were committing would demoralize any body of civilized men ; they could realize the consequences; the most of the enemy's cavalry were American citizens ; a corresponding vim was given to me, and consequently, their rear had been severely punished. We had been incessantly engaged in severe skirmishing; Rosser's head seemed to be completely turned by our success, and in consequence of his rashness, and ignorance of their numbers, we suffered the greatest disaster that had ever befallen our command, and utterly destroyed the confidence of the officers of my brigade in his judgment—they knew that he could fight and was full of it, but he did not know when to stop, or when to retire.

I will here say that my brigade had wonderful advantages in its recuperative ability. It was constantly receiving accessions of boys, "young bucks," just eighteen (when they came in as volunteers, which was generally the case, they were the best material in the world). These young fellows had heard their fathers and elder brothers talk of the war, until they "burned to go and take a hand," but their extreme youth and their mother's anxieties had held them back. In my own regiment I do not know how many boys had run off from home and "*jined*"—they would come down to bring a fresh horse for a brother, and would not return. Many a boy was

sent back in a wooden box to his home, without a sprig of beard upon his face, but with a smile when he had given up his spirit to his God, having fallen with up-lifted arm in the far front of the battle.

On the evening of the 8th my brigade was in front, we had had a very severe fight, and had forced the enemy across Tom's Brook, in sight of their infanty camps; our loss had been considerable, on that very evening we had lost some of the very "seed corn," the very best boys in my regiment: Lieutenant Thomas D. Davis, Company D; Dick Oliver and Sandy White, Company C; Jim Cobbs, Company G; Jim Singleton, Company I, were all killed at the creek—all of them beardless boys.

That night the Fourth Virginia was left on picket, Captain Strothers's squadron at the creek, and the regiment near by supporting, my own headquarters not a quarter of a mile from the ford. At the first dawn I was notified that the enemy was astir. Boots and saddles were sounded, and we were ready to move as soon as it was light. I notified Rosser, and sent several couriers and a staff officer, requesting him to come up to where I was. After repeated couriers had been sent, he came up, and in a vaunting manner asked me "What was the matter?" I replied, the enemy are moving up to attack us, and we can't hold this position against such odds. In the same tone and spirit he replied, "I'll drive them into Strasburg by ten o'clock." I then said they will turn your left—said he, "I'll look out for that." I had been down to the picket and seen what was going on. We rode on during this conversation towards the picket, and I then pointed to the enemy, and we could see their masses in full view. A courier dashed up and said, "Captain Strothers says they are very near him." We had no time for further parley. The enemy had driven in the videttes across the ford. The picket of the Fourth was skirmishing. The reserve was near at hand. I moved the Third Virginia to its right and rear. The First Virginia and Second I moved up to the creek bank. The enemy, in considerable numbers, dismounted, were moving up to occupy the opposite bank; but the enemy's command—two full divisions—stretched from the Valley Pike, and connected entirely across to our front. As they developed I endeavored to keep my right extending, to prevent being turned. While I was thus engaged on the right, Rosser, superintending the left, became heavily engaged at the ford, and I was skirmishing with their dismounted men in front of me all along on the line of the creek bank. Rosser repulsed the first attack at the

creek, which was intended as a feint, and his two guns under the gallant Carter were very active. I could see that we were in imminent danger of capture. The enemy fell back in Rosser's immediate front. Payne had now moved up, and when this body fell back, another column, unobserved by Rosser, passed under and behind a hill to his left, and pushed rapidly in his rear towards our hospital of the evening before, and our camp. The next time the enemy moved up to attack Rosser, it was a heavy column, and their whole line started. They soon overpowered Payne and White, of Rosser's brigade. We could now hear the yell of the column on our left and rear, and on my right we could hear Lomax's guns receding. I saw we had no possible chance now but to move out, and that, at a run, my left had given away, and it was only by a quick run that we escaped capture. Lieutenant-Colonel Cary Breckenridge had the best opportunity, being on the extreme right—held his regiment in hand, covered by the Sharpshooters of the Second, and when they arrived in some timber, half a mile in the rear, he formed his regiment, and upon which the brigade was soon formed. Captain Lamb of the Third, Hobson of the Fourth, Captain James Breckenridge of the Second, kept his Sharpshooters well out, and Captain Litchfield of the First, were all active with their Sharpshooters, and conspicuous in their efforts.

My men could see the enemy's numbers, and it was clear from the very start that this handful had not a glimmering of a chance in its favor. Had we retired at once, we could have done so without trouble, and with credit; had we attempted to hold our line any longer the capture of the whole command was inevitable. When my brigade had reformed, Rosser came to where we were and told me that the rest of the command were forming in our rear, and would support me; that he wanted me to move over to the road and drive off a small body of the enemy and recapture a part of our train which had attempted to escape. I did move my brigade as he had wished, and upon arriving at the point he desired me to move to, he accompanying me, I made the necessary dispositions for the attack, and just as we were about ready, a regiment moved up in full view with drawn sabres, and his discretion returned, he then said "we can't do it." The enemy moving up towards us, my sharpshooters engaged them, and we had another sharp skirmish in which Lieutenant Abner Hatcher, of Company A, Second Virginia, was killed, and we lost some others. (I sincerely regret that I am without data to enable me to report from any of the other regiments than my

own, many of whom were my old neighbors and personal friends, and of course I knew more of them than of the other splendid regiments of my brigade.) We fell back under fire until we reached a body of timber, which afforded shelter for our men, after which the enemy retired, and we moved to Columbia Furnace, where the remnant of our division and our artillery, officers and men, had assembled. A more discomfited looking body I have never imagined. We had followed Stonewall Jackson up and down the Valley in his great Valley campaign, and when our toils came to an end, we could go to our wagons and enjoy a clean shirt and some of the little comforts that a weary soldier looks forward to. Now we had not even a clean shirt—wagons and all were gone. Sending out a picket, back to the bushes we betook ourselves for the night, while Rosser repaired to General Early's camp to report. The next day we moved to the foot of Rude's Hill, and the next day established our pickets at Edinburg.

In our fight and race at Tom's Brook, I had bruised an ugly boil, which had now turned into a severe carbuncle, giving me a fever and great pain. I got a leave of absence, and was not ready for duty, from the cause above stated, until the 14th of November, when I returned to camp and found the brigade where I had left it. In the meantime the battle of Cedar Creek had been fought. I now give the Federal account of this fight, to show that Rosser's statements in his paper, referred to in the Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, are not veritable history. Page 202, Pond's book, he says: "Rosser came to his task October 5th with fresh energy. His brigade, it is true, had been worn down by a hard march from Richmond, during which the men had got but little to eat and the horses needed rest, but at least it was full of confidence, eager to redeem the cavalry mishaps in the Valley. He, Rosser, instantly pressed Custer on the back and middle roads, attacking him at Brock's Gap, through which Dry river enters the North Fork, about twenty seven miles from Woodstock, and Lomax moved down the Valley against Merrit. This officer camped the following day within two miles of Woodstock, and Custer near Columbia Furnace. "The rearguard of this column," says Torbert, referring to Custer, "was fighting all day." Powell, in the Luray Valley, kept his relative position with the other forces by moving down to Milford. Early's infantry arrived at New Market, and Sheridan's, the next day, at Strasburg, while Merrit, covering the rear, reached Tom's Brook, which crosses the Valley three miles south of the town, at the foot of Round Top. (From

Round Top I have stated the signal officer can see everything in the Valley for miles.) Thence Torbert hurried him back to the aid of Custer, whose rearguard had been harassed throughout the march. Sheridan, resenting the boldness of an enemy so lately routed, directed Torbert "to start at daylight and whip the Rebel cavalry, or get a whipping." Torbert was in the saddle at dawn on the 9th, and continuing the dispositions of the day before. Merrit was to move Sewell up the pike (I call attention to the line they now describe), the second brigade on his right and the first on the right of the second, connecting with Custer. (Thus you see this line connected from the Valley pike to the road at Tom's Brook, while our line could not reach and hold one-quarter of the distance.) A spirited fight of two hours ended in the rout of both Lomax and Rosser, Merrit chasing the former for twenty miles up the pike to Mt. Jackson, and Custer driving Rosser on the back road to Columbia Furnace. Merrit captured five cavalry guns and Custer six, as fair a division as was possible for an odd number of pieces to be shared ; about three hundred and thirty prisoners fell into the hands of the victors, together with ambulances, caissons, a battery forge, the headquarters' wagons of Rosser, Lomax, Wickham, and Payne, and other wagons, forty-seven in number; in brief, "almost everything on wheels."

Of this engagement Torbert enthusiastically reports, that "the cavalry totally covered themselves with glory and added to their long list of victories the most brilliant of them all, and the most decisive the country has ever witnessed." Sheridan promptly sent the tidings to Grant: "I directed Torbert to attack at daylight this morning, and finish this 'Savior of the Valley.' The enemy after being charged by the cavalry, ran. They were followed by our men on the jump, twenty-six miles. I deemed it best to make this delay of one day and 'settle this new Cavalry General.' The engagement at Tom's Brook was a fine offset to the check received by Torbert at Milford, for the same two Union divisions had now routed the combined divisions of Lomax and Rosser, inflicting a loss of four hundred men, while Torbert had but nine killed and forty-eight wounded." [I do not see the offset in the same light.] The moral effect of Sheridan's victory at Tom's Brook was very great The Confederate cavalry in the Shenandoah Valley had been feeble compared with the infantry, and Sheridan had remarked while at Charlestown, that it was "in poor condition," and was kept so close to their infantry, that his own large and well appointed corps of horsemen "could not get at it." Everything is fair in war, but how

about his 50,000 men, "some not very reliable," that Early tried so hard to get at, when behind their works at Charlestown, and Early only had, say 14,000? "Fitz. Lee's contingent had strengthened it, but the battle of Winchester and the subsequent defeat at Fisher's Hill, in both of which the cavalry held the flanks that were turned by Crook, had again greatly dispirited it. (Fitz. Lee's division, please remember, was alone in the Luray Valley.) I do not know, of my own knowledge, anything about Fisher's Hill or Cedar Creek. The arrival of Rosser had revived the hope of restoring the cavalry to a passable efficiency, for this officer possessed more dash than discretion. * * The assurance with which Rosser challenged Custer all the way from Harrisonburg showed that he had no conception of Sheridan's mounted strength, though this fatal zeal was probably due in part to the excitement of his men at seeing their farms and houses in flames—for many of Rosser's men were from that region—their eagerness to exact retribution, brought upon them double mortification and suffering, and the disaster of Tom's Brook crushed all hope of efficiency with the Confederate cavalry and almost dazed Rosser's immediate command."

[My brigade, I trust, will be exonerated from sharing in these feelings, we were only temporarily connected with Rosser, or he with us. Rosser, as the Colonel of the Fifth Virginia, had served in our brigade, and was well understood by the troops.] "The chief value of Sheridan's victory was not evident until ten days later at Cedar Creek, where the Union cavalry flushed with success, developed great staunchness, while Early's horsemen proved fatally weak." [If they only developed staunchness at that stage of the war, we will say that neither our Lieutenant-General, or Major-General Hampton, or Fitz. Lee were there to take command of our cavalry.] "If they were fatally weak," Sheridan's physical strength was their weakness. I did not intend to say one word about other cavalry brigades, except as far as was necessary to keep up a connected story. If I could, it would give me infinite pleasure to add to the beauty of their splendid efforts.

But I will say that Lomax's division had never been used much as cavalry, they were armed with miserable guns for the service exacted of them, and for that reason never had a fair show; but under fair circumstances would show themselves equal to any emergency. It was mounted infantry, and their necessities were not supplied, and it could not do impossibilities.

I have given both sides of the Tom's Brook fight, because of a

newspaper controversy, will thus make it clear to the ordinary reader.

During my leave of absence the battle of Cedar Creek had taken place, and the cavalry had seen some rough service. When I joined the brigade at Rude's Hill, on the 14th November, they occupied the old lines we had established when I was last with them. The long stay on these bottoms, from which the horses drew their principal supply of food by grazing—most of our wagons had been captured, and corn was hard to get, except at a great distance—the continuous nipping of the horse's front teeth had made the pastures very close, like, by the continuous cutting of a little axe, the largest oak will succumb. So with the big fields covered with grass. They were now getting very lean, and the chilling blasts of the Fall winds were reminding us of the tent flies and blankets we had lost a month before. On the 22d of November, Torbert, with two divisions of the enemy's cavalry, hurriedly pushed back our pickets from Edinburg upon their reserve, but they were checked long enough to get the brigade ready to prepare for them, then entered the broad bottoms, and presented a formidable appearance. As they moved across the river and bottoms we kept apace with them on the north side of the Shenandoah river. General Early being notified, moved out in line of battle with his infantry to the top of Rude's hill. The rumbling of his artillery, the glitter of his bayonets, and an occasional shot from a battery he had placed in position, gave them the information they were seeking, viz : Was Early still there? When they moved back I followed, hanging on their flank and rear for five or six miles, taking advantage of any opportunity of attacking their rear, and hampering them. Pond's Book, page 247, says : "They only lost about thirty men." They left a good many of their dead in our hands, and as my men were without supplies, all of their dead were stripped as nude as when they were born. I did not know when this was done, or by whom; but as we passed over the same ground returning to camp, I saw then in different parts of the field we had fought over. At Mount Jackson we had a sharp encounter. We lost some good men. The First Virginia behaved very handsomely in a mounted charge. Color-Sergeant Figgatt, of that regiment, was conspicuous in his efforts after this charge, and was shot, a ball cutting his jugular vein. He clung to his colors as long as he had strength to hold them. We returned to camp, and soon after this Rosser went on an expedition to New Creek. I remained on picket with the brigade. On page 117, General Early's

Book, he says shortly after Rosser's return from his New Creek expedition "Colonel Munford was sent to Hardy and Pendleton counties to procure forage for his horses, the cold weather having now set in so as to prevent material operations in the field. The third division of the second corps was sent in succession to General Lee, Wharton's division, and most of the cavalry and most of the artillery being retained with me." (Rosser accompanied my brigade.) We returned in about a week or ten days, bringing back a considerable drove of very fine fat cattle from Vandevender's farm, six or seven miles northwest of Petersburg, in the Moorefield Valley, and a large number of fat sheep said to have belonged to the United States Commissary Department.

The great North Mountain was covered deep with snow when we crossed it, but the splendid valleys below were well dotted with sweet-smelling hay, and the corn-cribs were well filled with grain. The citizens lived in a land of honey and maple-sugar, both of which were enjoyed by the soldiers. The weather was rough, but when a cavalryman could stand his horse up to his eyes in the nicest kind of hay, and had a bundle to stretch himself upon and with corn to spare for his horse, with full rations of fine, fat mutton and beef and no enemy to disturb him, it was a sad hour when he had to depart. The people, generally, were kind and generous, and loyal to old Virginia. I had a few men in each regiment of the brigade whose noses were as keen as fox-hounds, or, probably, I had better say as a bee ; or they had an intuitive knowledge of location. If there was a barrel, yes, a half-barrel, or a runlet of "apple jack" or "peach brandy" "within a league," they would find it with absolute certainty, and when they found it they would first report to each other, and before the next morning—if you ever saw streams of ants go up and down a tree or wall and give signs—that is exactly what these fellows could do, and there would soon be a slick path to that point. There were a few bushwhackers, whose principal amusement seemed to be to annoy this class of my men, who were whiskey hunters. Having sent one of them under guard to his colonel, a few days after he came to see me, and said: "Colonel, I want to show you a curiosity." He had a five-gallon runlet, which he said he had started with full of apple-jack, that he was hugging in before him on his saddle, and that he heard a ball whistle, felt a thud and a little jar, and looked down, and, "darned me," if a fellow had not sent a ball through my runlet with more ease than I could have bored the hole with an auger, and there it was spouting out of both ends. The lick had bounced the

cork out of the opposite end, and you could hear the ball rattle in the runlet. They had captured the bushwhacker and wanted me to punish him.

My best efforts had to be exerted to keep whiskey out of camp in those mountains. Our expedition had been bloodless, but we had enjoyed it, as we had the best the country could afford, and brought back some fine cattle and sheep. Getting back to our old lines we have had little feed. The day after our return the enemy had moved across the mountains towards Gordonsville, and we hurried in that direction over sleety roads, and I think it was the roughest march we ever made. Arriving near that place we learned that Lomax had repulsed the raiding party, and we returned to Staunton and went into camp near Swoope's Depot on the Virginia Central railroad.

We had hardly gotten settled—we had not been here but a day or two—when Rosser sent an order for me to report to him, on arriving at his camp late in the evening he informed me he had in contemplation a trip to Beverley, West Virginia, eighty miles off, and had an order for so many volunteers or a detail of so many men from my brigade to go. I told him that my men, as he knew, had lost every thing, but that my quartermaster was expected from Richmond the next day, and after his arrival with the necessary supplies, and I could shoe up my horses, I would be glad to second him in his wishes. The snow was very deep and the weather very threatening. He replied, "I have the order and I am going." I took the order back with me and handed it to the Adjutant-General of the brigade. It was sent to the colonels commanding regiments. They reported at my headquarters, and requested me to intercede for these men, saying, as I knew, they were not in condition. I told them what had already occurred, and they asked to be allowed to go to see Rosser; to this I consented, and when they returned they were very indignant at his reception of them, and it was evident that they had no confidence in him or his care for his men. I could not get a corporal's guard of volunteers and the detail was ordered. It was bitter. About sunrise the next morning, the time appointed for them to move, Rosser and his staff, came by my headquarters, to gather up the command. His Inspector-General, Captain R. B. Kennon, called at my tent, and asked me where my complement for the expedition was. I replied that the orders had been issued the night previous, and the detail had been instructed to report to Colonel Morgan, of the First Virginia; that I had heard the reveille bugle, and had no doubt they were at Colonel Morgan's headquarters, In about half

an hour Captain Kennon returned, with a piece of paper in his hand, with words to this effect: I would consider myself in arrest, and confine myself to within so many miles—charges: sedition, conspiracy, with an effort to thwart his efforts—signed by order of Thomas L. Rosser. Upon his return a military court was convened and I was actually tried upon these charges. The court acquitted me honorably, and in dismissing the charges, recommended that charges be not made again against officers without sufficient foundation.

General Early in a recent publication has said, had he had the information at the time, which has subsequently come to his knowledge, he would not have allowed the court to act upon the case. Winter in earnest was now upon us. About this time General Averill made his raid towards Salem, Roanoke county, Virginia, and we were hurried through Rockbridge and Botetourt hoping to intercept him; having failed to get in his rear in time to head him off, we moved back to Callahan's, where, as my regiment was near their homes, we were given a short furlough to remount. When we reassembled at Lynchburg to join the army, I moved back with six hundred and twenty-three sabres. Thus ended our winter campaign.

Hampton at Fayetteville.

By E. L. Welles.

Early in the war the Confederate cavalry was much "chaffed" by the infantry. One distinguished General was said to have jocosely offered a reward "for any dead man found with spurs on." Soon, however, the point of such jokes was effectually destroyed by "Jeb" Stuart's exploits, and afterwards Hampton's masterly handling of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, demonstrated to friend and foe that this arm of the service was *safe* for *neither*, and by him Sheridan was taught whatever he knew of mounted infantry manœuvres. Yet the remorseless forgetfulness of history bids fair to overlook the cavalry while the memory of "Lee's incomparable infantry" will deservedly be blazoned on her pages as long as hearts exist capable of being thrilled by the record of world-renowned battlefields. As a compensation in part for this, the nature of the cavalry service permitted of more individuality, and thus the personal dash and prowess of a leader were more frequently instrumental in accomplishing very important results. This was the case in the incident I am about to relate.

A few days after the surprise of Kilpatrick's camp in March, 1865 (an account of which was contributed to the March, 1884, number of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS), our army was retreating through Fayetteville, N. C., Wilmington having fallen and fresh stores and reinforcements from that point being thus rendered available to Sherman. Butler's cavalry division formed our rear guard, and was on the south side of the Cape Fear River, on which Fayetteville is situated, and not far from the town, thus covering the bridge by which only the stream could be crossed. Early in the morning General Butler had ridden into the town ahead of his command with only his escort, to which I was attached. I obtained permission for an absence of a few minutes, intending to make use of it in getting, if possible, a meal at the hotel. I was just about sitting down to table (a great deal of table comparatively, and very little breakfast) when there was a noise of hurried hoofs outside; some one evidently thought he had a pressing engagement elsewhere. My horse I had left tied in the street, with all my very meagre personal estate attached to the saddle, and as I thought he might be proving too great a temptation to some members of another cavalry command who were more noted for courage than for strictly investigating the title of property that chanced to come in their way, I hurried out to ascertain the cause of the commotion. The horse was where I had left him, but my satisfaction at this was decidedly dampened when, on asking a fellow who was scurrying past, "What's the row?" I caught his hasty reply as he sped away, that it was the enemy "jist thar, 'round the corner."

This proved to be too true. There they were, a company of cavalry drawn up in column of fours, in a street at right angles to the one on which the hotel was located, and some sixty yards from the corner. The bridge was about a quarter of a mile distant, and between it and such of our troops as had not yet crossed the river this detachment was thus interposed, and that it had supports at hand was not to be doubted. The situation was thus a very serious one; it looked as if our division, as well as portions of other commands, must be cut off by an overwhelming force from the rest of the army, and that the bridge, which was to have been burnt when all our troops had crossed, would remain intact to be of use to the enemy for prompt pursuit.

But just at this critical moment when a panic might have been precipitated, General Hampton appeared upon the scene, and took in the situation at a glance. Seven more mounted Confederates hap-

pened to have been attracted to the spot (three of whom were from Company K, Fourth South Carolina Cavalry, locally known as the "Charleston Light Dragoons,") and to these he shouted "Charge!" he himself leading. The enemy numbered seventy-five;* for eight men to attack such a number would seem rather awkward even to soldiers from the Army of Northern Virginia, but then there was no time for counting noses, and, moreover, their leader was Hampton. We have often read of a warrior's eyes figuratively flashing fire, but it is literally true that on this occasion *his* eyes emitted sparks of light and his grand *personnel* claimed the devotion instinctively rendered to the born *leader of men.* No wonder that, from Manassas to Appomattox, he possessed the faculty of infusing into his followers the inspiration of the God of Battles.

So the eight Confederates flung themselves upon the foe, playing a lively instrumental accompaniment with their pistols to the vocal music of a splendid battle-yell.

The Federals were armed with breech loading carbines, which they fired, but without effect, except for mortally wounding one horse whose indomitable pluck nerved him nevertheless to carry his rider gallantly to the end of the fight. By the time their carbines had been discharged once, their assailants were nearly upon them, and they were bashful about making a nearer acquaintance with strangers; without attempting to reload carbines, or to draw pistols or sabres the company broke in wild terror and all fled for their lives. They became jammed frantically together, their one idea "Devil take the hindmost" (which *he* was very busy trying to do). The street in which the attack was made ended about a hundred yards further on where a road from the country lead into it, and as the fugitives were rounding this corner the sabres of their pursuers, usually more ornamental than useful in these days of "villainous saltpetre," were got to work, revolvers having by this time been emptied; after that the scene resembled a covey of partridges scattered by a hawk. Those of them who succeeded in getting away, continued furiously down the road, and never thought themselves safe until they reached their friends, who, it seems, were in force less than a mile distant.

This detachment had probably been thrown forward to ascertain the position of our troops and had blundered into the town somehow through our pickets, where, more bent upon "spoils" than "strate-

* This was the number according to the statement of the captain who was captured.

gems," they had commenced, after their manner, robbing the women and children. They must have come from down the river, as they showed they knew so well their way back. Their captain, instead of attending properly to his military duties, was not at the head of his company when it was charged, but was busy plundering and was gathered in after his men were routed. Their losses by our count were eleven, but no doubt some more, who were wounded, escaped, and therefore were not counted.

Thus was a serious danger to the army removed by the timely appearance of one man, by the personal prowess and the moral influence of *one* man.

A life, too, was saved that morning by General Hampton. It is true it was a very unimportant life, of no value whatever at that time to any one but the possessor, and not of much to him, but still it was a human life, and, being such, the deed has no doubt been duly entered by the recording angel. It happened in this way: A soldier was returning alone from the pursuit of the fugitives when he encountered a Federal straggler coming from the town, not far from the corner above alluded to. He charged the fellow with his sabre, all the chambers of his revolver being empty, when the man in order to escape left his horse and sprang over a fence into an adjoining field. The Confederate got his horse across the fence, cut the Federal down, and then ordered him to march in front of him as a prisoner, which, in broken German English, he readily promised to do. As they neared the fence again, however, going back to the road, he turned upon and was about to kill his captor with a small revolver, which had been secreted on his person. Just then, General Hampton who had come up, and was watching from the road what was going on, covered the enterprising prisoner with his revolver (which was *unloaded*), and, like the historic coon, he did not wait to be shot, but handed over his pistol to his intended victim. But, like many a better man, this Hessian was too "smart" for his own good, for hardly had he surrendered to the cavalryman his revolver when he sprang nimbly to regain his carbine, which was lying on the ground near where he had been cut down, but before he could reach it two bullets from his own pistol went through his body. Poor wretch! he got "across the river," but not the one he had intended when he awoke that morning. Another soldier, who searched the unsavory corpse a few minutes afterwards, found on it, among other stolen things, several watches (his especial weakness apparently); thus he was identified as one of Sherman's men.

All of our troops and wagon trains were brought safely across the river without any loss and without material annoyance from the enemy; though, before the bridge was burned, some of his skirmishers came up along the river bank and made it a trifle too hot for comfort to those crossing last. Thus the Federal reconnoisance proved a fiasco, but if the detachment had fought properly, and had been ably seconded by supports, the affair might have had a very different result. It is strange that Kilpatrick should have been so remiss, when energetic bold pressure might have been troublesome. Indeed, to say the least, he did not "hanker after" a fight during the remainder of this campaign. Perhaps he remembered too well that dark cloudy morning, a few days before, when, awakened by the reveille of clattering hoofs, he sprang on a bare-back horse in shirt and drawers (quite undress parade), and thus very informally left behind a certain "frail," if not "fair," damsel, deserted his men, and flew for safety to the infantry.

George W. Cable in the Century Magazine.

A Review by Rev. R. L. Dabney, D. D., LL.D.

[Not a few of us have been heartily disgusted with the cringing, crawling, dirt-eating spirit shown by Mr. Cable and some of his satellites, and we feel sure that the following review from the trenchant pen of Stonewall Jackson's old Adjutant-General will be keenly enjoyed and heartily endorsed by our Southern people generally:]

Mr. McKay justly reminds Mr. Cable that it is not true *all* "we of the South" went to war in 1861 without justly knowing what we did it for, for which we thank Mr. McKay. We wish to add, that if Mr. Cable chooses thus to condemn himself, we beg to be excused from sharing his confession. We are very sure that, unlike him, we did know what we were about. In a later number of the *Century Magazine* he replies to Mr. McKay, and his reply makes matters infinitely worse. He thinks the reserved rights of the States were a "quibble," and even if for argument's sake, we concede that there was a right of protecting them, in the last resort, by secession, the main question, because the moral one, lies behind, *for what* the pretended right was exercised? Mr. Cable thinks it was really *for slavery*, which he now thinks, like all the rest of mankind, altogether wicked and abominable; so that, even if we had a right, we were

making a wicked use of that right. And here he advises us all not to venture on the folly of asserting the right of secession again, unless we wish all the smart people to think us as near to senility as Mr. Jefferson Davis. And every time he says his prayers he thanks God for not letting us succeed, although we were rescued from the crowning woe of success at the cost of the blood and anguish of hundreds and thousands of our noblest and best, because our Confederacy, when independent, would have been so miserable a failure. Our success would have been our ruin. So, Mr. Cable, like a good child, thanks our conquerors for whipping the folly and naughtiness out of him, although with whips dipped in hell-fire. Still, after this, he can be as proud of having been a staunch Confederate as the rest of us.

Now, all this is as astonishing for its misapprehension of facts as for its confusion of reasoning. It was with peculiar pain that we saw a *Southern man* go out of his way to offer a gibe against Mr. Davis, a patriot, now in misfortune for having striven to defend *our* rights, a constitutional lawyer and statesman of masterly ability, whose history, if read, convinces every one capable of dispassionate understanding of his argument. Had Mr. Cable studied that history, with that capacity, he would have learned that the right he called a "quibble" was regarded as the grand bulwark of the people's liberty by the fathers of the country as much in the North as the South; was unquestionably left in possession of the States by their intent in Constitution, and has been asserted most seriously by every section and every school of politics in turn, as by Secession New England in 1814.

Mr. Cable is the first Southern man we have ever met with who seems not to have grasped the plain distinction between the *occasion* of an effect and its *cause*. He is the only Southern man we ever heard of who thought slavery was the *cause* of our resistance, all the rest, from the peasant up to the statesman, knew that slavery was but the circumstance of the attack, which furnished the incidental occasion of our resistance, while its moving cause was the desire to preserve a vital right to equality, and liberty for ourselves and our children. As we read Mr. Cable's astounding mistake, we wished that he had witnessed the clear definition of this plain distinction, which we saw given in the first public meeting we ever attended in the Confederacy, by a poor peasant youth little above a lout in intelligence. A captain of volunteers was asking for recruits--one and another of the country youth were going forward to enroll them-

selves—when on a bench near us we saw this by-play. The young man, blushing and trembling with embarrassment, was half rising to go forward. A coarse, sensual old man, known for his slavery to the bottle, sitting beside him, was pulling him down by the skirt of his coat, saying, with an oath, "Don't be a fool; sit still; you have got no niggers to fight for." The young man at last firmly pushing his hands away, rose and said, "I know that, but I have got to fight to keep the Yankees from making a nigger of me." He saw clearly what it seems our author has never seen. So all the way up, to the other extreme of the social scale, the Southern judgment was equally clear. General R. E. Lee saw the same thing, when he, the owner of hundreds of bondsmen, said he would cheerfully surrender every one to preserve peace, were that the real issue to be settled.

Let us endeavor, for the thousandth time, to make the real cause of Southern resistance clear to Mr. Cable. As soon as the North was sure of a numerical majority it had taken this determined ground—*Southern States shall not have equal franchises in the federation*, and the reason why they shall not is, that they are comparatively unworthy of them alongside of us. *They shall not have equal franchises because they are debased by a sin.*

Now could any one, except a predestined slave and born dolt, fail to see that acquiescence in such inequality on such a ground must mean despotism and slavery for us and our children? Would not oppression inevitably follow the contempt? We had but to listen to such satanic libels as Mr. Sumner's "Barbarism of Slavery," to know what such bonds of federation as that meant. But when the Southern States, applying the most moderate and the *minimum* means of defence possible in their case, calmly said: "Well, then, if we are unworthy to federate with you as equals, let us freely surrender the contested franchises and quietly retire, so as to save our liberty, if we must lose these rights." The imperious answer was, "No. Neither shall you be equals in the copartnership, nor shall you retire; you shall stay in as inferiors, to be vilified, slandered, and of course oppressed, and else we will murder you." Lives there a man in the North base enough to hold a pretended union on such terms? Mr. Cable knows there is none. *That was the cause* of Southern resistance. The issue might have been raised, had circumstances varied, about our right to our mules instead of our servants; for no Northern man's right to his live stock is more fully guaranteed than was ours to our servants by law, both Federal and State.

But Mr. Cable says: Everybody now knows slavery was a wicked thing! In this he is but imposing on himself, by weakly echoing the interested slanders of the enemies of his own people. True, the calculated libel was shouted by our assailants so pertinaciously that the prejudiced, the fanatical and the ignorant (who are many) caught up the word, and echoed it; and this insensate echo, Mr. Cable mistakes for the universal conviction! He should remember, that no established school of philosophy or theology ever held that dogma, until it was invented for a purpose; that no learned expositor of Scripture, even in anti slavery lands, finds it in God's word; that the soberest mind of the civilized world still disclaims it. He may be sure, that the South had examined the question too seriously and honestly, to be unsettled in its convictions by this vulgar clamor of a conquering faction.

What entitles him to be so sure that the Confederacy would have been a sorry and ruinous failure, had it won independence? His facts, we suppose, are such as these: That the same Southern statesmanship and experience, in the hands of the same living men, which had guided the United States to power and glory, from 1800 to 1860, would have blighted the Confederacy. (For it was the constant grief and complaint of Mr. Cable's present friends, that Southern principles and men were dominant in the federation). That the same principles of government, which had so blessed the United States, would blight the Confederate States. For, if Mr. Cable regards the actual history of his country as any more authentic than "Dr. Sevier," he must be aware that the States' rights theory came into power with Mr. Jefferson, at the beginning of the century, and guided the platform of every administration (except the second Adams' and Fillmore's), until Mr. Buchanan's. That for many years, of the most splendid growth, the Virginia Resolutions and Report of Mr. Madison were regularly incorporated into the party creed of the party which made the country great. Or, is it his creed, that the same Southern people, who made the South great, glorious and rich, while groaning under legislative inequalities, must have made their country base and poor, when freed from the *incubus?* This is evidently Mr. Cable's logic: That like causes always produce opposite effects!

The most curious part of this subject presents itself when we recall the sort of government whose present methods and blessings cause him so to felicitate himself upon a result, which cost the heart's blood and the broken hearts of so many myriads of his own people. That surely, must be an almost heavenly state of good, which a good

man thinks so well bought at so frightful a price to those he loves. We look at it, and we find these to be the only distinctive features of this felicitous blessing: 1. The falsification of all the solemn pledges given by the conquering government to the conquered, to their own citizens, to the civilized world, and to God, when they were initiating the war. 2. The wreck of the Constitution. 3. Carpetbagism and scalawagism, 4. The malignant oppressions and disgraces of "reconstruction." 5. Universal negro suffrage, with its bottomless political corruptions. 6. The reopening of civil war in Columbia, South Carolina, and in the author's own city, by oppressions so ruthless as to incense even the crushed worms. 7. Crushing loads of debt on the conquered States. 8. The putrescence of Federal politics, and the infamies of the "gift-taking" administrations. 9. A tariff system the most monstrous ever known in America. 10. The steady descent of the old property holders, with their innocent families, into the doleful abyss of insolvency, destitution and misery, under which as many hearts have been broken by sorrow as were pierced on the battlefield, dying deaths of slow torture, compared with which the murders of their sons and brothers were mercies. But the government Mr. Cable so admires has restored peace? Yes; the peace of subjugation; not of liberty. Some Southerners are retrieving their losses? Yes, thanks to their own sturdy right arms, those right arms which would have made a free Confederacy bloom like a garden! But it has been done in spite of every pressure of unequal taxation and hostile legislation.

The only rationale of Mr. Cable's hallucination of which we can think, is this: That in the enjoyment of the liberal recompense, his patrons and masters at the North pay him for amusing them with his fictions and flatteries, and for depreciating the people they contemn, he *simply forgets* where the people of the South that was, now are, and what they are enduring. He may be assured they are tasting none of the fatness of his luck. With their wealth transferred by confiscations and legislative juggleries to the coffers of Northern capitalists, their homesteads dropping into decay, their farms lapsing into barren thickets, their gallant sons reduced to a laboring peasantry, they sit under the grim shadow of an unjust poverty, and they sink into obscure graves, whence their misery does not reach Mr. Cable's exceptional prosperity or disturb his good luck.

His conclusion is as illogical as his reasonings. He assures us that he is still as proud as ever of being a Confederate, although he now sees he was wrong, so wrong as to make him thankful for this

terrific correcting. But if he knows that he was so wrong, then he should be ashamed, and not proud. He should know that men are *responsible* to God and their fellows for errors so gigantic. The only attitude for him should be contrition, deep humility, confession, and tearful entreaties for pardon. Of one thing we are sure, if we had committed so enormous a blunder and crime as Mr. Cable now says he committed in 1861, and that, after being so positive we were right, if we had persisted in our error four years, and sealed it with human blood falsely shed, when at last we found out our delusion, we should have hidden our heads and laid our hands on our mouths for the rest of our natural lives, and we should have never again presumed to teach a fellow-citizen his civic duties. That is the only attitude for so fatal a blunderer.

A Sketch of Debray's Twenty-Sixth Regiment of Texas Cavalry.

By General X. B. Debray.

Paper No. 2—*Conclusion.*

In November, 1863, the Federals effected an unexpected landing at the mouth of the Rio Grande, which was not defended. Thence, marching along the coast, they reached Indianola, which was in no condition for defence. General Magruder, suspecting an intention on the part of the enemy to move along the coast under the protection of their gunboats to the mouth of Brazos, and thence to penetrate into Galveston Island and attack the city in reverse, resolved to oppose their march at the mouth of the Caney River. All the available troops and levies of militia were concentrated at that point, and formed a small army of about six thousand men, in which Debray's, Gould's and Terrell's regiments were brigaded under Colonel Debray, the senior officer.

Some weeks were passed in suspense, when the Federals took to their ships, as unexpectedly as they had landed, and disappeared from the coast of Texas. It was soon ascertained that their landing was a feint, intended to attract our attention to the coast, while General Banks, at New Orleans, was preparing to proceed to Alexandria, on Red River, with 40,000 men and a large fleet of gunboats and transports; thence, moving up the western bank of that river, which was to become his base of supplies, to reach Shreveport, where he was to meet General Steele, coming from Little Rock with 10,000

men; and with these combined forces, to penetrate into Texas by its northeastern frontier.

The troops under Major-General Richard Taylor, who commanded in Western Louisiana, being inadequate to meet so imposing a force, General Magruder was ordered to dispatch all his available cavalry to join General Taylor. The order was promptly obeyed by General Magruder; but Debray's regiment, to the disappointment of its members, was not comprised among the troops ordered off. The Colonel called on the General, who honored him with his confidence and friendship, to remonstrate against this oversight, but he found the General unwilling to part with a regiment on which he could implicitly rely for the faithful and prompt execution of orders in any emergency. At last, by dint of insistance, verging on importunity, the General's reluctant consent was yielded.

On the 14th of March, in default of telegraphic communication, an express locomotive was dispatched to bear instructions to Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, then camped at Eagle Lake, to hasten with the regiment to Houston, where he arrived on the evening of the next day. The 15th was spent in shoeing animals and drawing supplies. On the 17th the regiment left Houston with its own transportation and a brigade train, in all thirty-two wagons. The Colonel had resumed the command of the regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Myers was detached to assemble and bring up the sick and furloughed men. At the first camp, those men whose homes were at a short distance from the line of march, were permitted to visit them for obtaining fresh horses and clothing, on condition that they should rejoin at a point not farther than the Sabine River.

It is proper to state that Captain Riordan, of company A, McGreal, of company C, McMahan, of company D, and Armstrong, of company F, having resigned at different times and for various causes, First Lieutenants Whitfield, Murchie, Black and Peck had become the Captains of their respective companies.

The regiment moved on diligently, although much impeded by its train of wagons, which had to be crossed over five streams on wretched ferry boats, also losing one day in the execution of an order received from General Taylor, to deflect from the Alexandria road and take that to Pleasant Hill, where he had retired.

In the morning of the 1st of April the Sabine was promptly crossed on an excellent and large ferry boat; and on the same day the regiment pushed on twenty miles farther, to the town of Manny. The men furloughed at the start had nearly all rejoined, and the regiment

numbered four hundred and fifty men in the saddle, besides extra duty men, the train guard, the sick and those whose horses were disabled. During the night a courier from General Taylor's headquarters passed the camp, bearing orders to the regiments that had not yet crossed the Sabine to continue on its western side, and to cross it at Logansport. No intelligence was given of the movements of the enemy, whose proximity was not suspected.

On the 2d of April, at daybreak, the march was resumed in the expectation of reaching Pleasant Hill by noon. Here an incident occurred, which will be mentioned as being characteristic of Debray's regiment. A Major on General Taylor's staff, an old West Pointer, whose name is not now remembered, visited the camp in the evening; on the next morning he started from Manny after the regiment had passed it, but riding rapidly along the column, he overtook the Colonel, who rode at the head of it, when the following conversation took place: "Colonel, where are your men from?" "They are all Texians," was the answer. "Texians!" the Major ejaculated, "I never saw the like; I saw no stragglers, they march in a solid column, the officers saluted me, and I was not once requested to get out of my boots or from under my hat." The Major, being given to understand that the regiment was disciplined, and saw no fun in taunting with jeers a lone wayfarer, much less an officer, pushed ahead. There is no doubt but this incident, reported to General Taylor, caused him to entertain that high estimation of the regiment, before having seen it, which he expressed in his memoirs published a few years ago, a short time before his death.

At a short distance from Manny the order was received to take the road to old Fort Jesup, and join Colonel Bagby's regiment of Texas cavalry on outpost duty, leaving the wagons to follow the Pleasant Hill road.

The order of march of the regiment had been so correct from the start that no disposition was necessary to prepare for an approach to the enemy, further than issuing ammunition to the men, and the road designated in the order was entered. It led through a dense, rolling pine forest intercepting the sight a few hundred yards off. Shortly after discharges of artillery were heard ahead; the regiment increased its gait, and soon the crackling of musketry was audible. Next, the van-guard stopped short, and sent intelligence that the regiment was close to the rear of a dismounted Federal force engaged with an enemy in its front. It was naturally inferred that they stood between Bagby and Debray. The regiment was deployed, skir-

mishers being thrown forward and on both flanks, to try to ascertain the strength of the enemy, who seemed at first to be confused by our presence, but soon turned against us. At this time three firings were distinctly heard: Bagby's, the enemy's and Debray's. After a short time, Bagby's firing was no longer heard, and the enemy's efforts seemed to be more intensely directed against us. At this juncture, Lieutenant-Colonel Hoffmann, of Bagby's regiment, and Captain Corwin, of the staff of Green's brigade, came by a circuitous pathway to inform Debray that Bagby, having exhausted his ammunition, was compelled to fall back; that the opposing force was a division of cavalry and mounted infantry, and that Debray, too, must fall back to avoid being cut to pieces or captured. Order was given to retire slowly, which was done in perfect order, and so as to keep the enemy in check. The regiment was followed up but a short distance, because, as was subsequently ascertained, the enemy believed it to be the advance of a large force coming from Texas, which it might be dangerous to meet in the woods. Such was Debray's regiment's baptism of fire. The casualties on our side were five men and several horses wounded. It is proper to state that the band, who had been ordered to the rear, dismounted, and of their own volition went to the front to pick up the wounded and carry them to the ambulances. They never afterwards shrank from the performance of that self-imposed duty of devotion which endeared them to the regiment.

The following general order was issued, the original of which has been preserved by the writer:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT,
GENERAL ORDER. *Western Louisiana,*
IN THE FIELD, April 5th, 1864.

No. ——.

On the 2d instant, while marching his regiment from Manny to Pleasant Hill, Colonel X. B. Debray was suddenly attacked by the enemy in superior force. Considering the unexpected nature of this affair, and the circumstance that Colonel Debray's regiment had never before been in action, the soldierly qualities displayed by the Colonel, and the good conduct of his men, meet the acknowledgment of the Major-General commanding, who has every reason to form brilliant expectations of the future career of this fine corps.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL TAYLOR,
E. SURGET, *A. A. G.*

To Colonel X. B. Debray, Commanding Cavalry outposts.

To resume our narrative, the regiment reaching Pleasant Hill by dark, rode, band playing, to report to General Taylor, and was formed into line in front of his headquarters. The Colonel approached the General, who, with stern countenance, told him that the good conduct of his men saved him from arrest and a court-martial. Upon the Colonel expressing his surprise at having unknowingly incurred the General's displeasure, he was reproached with having lost time on the road, while, with ordinary diligence, he should have reported at least ten days before. When the General understood that the regiment, stationed at eighty miles beyond Houston, received the order of march on the 14th of March, and, impeded by a long train of wagons, had ridden over two hundred and fifty miles in less than fourteen days, he extended his hand to the Colonel, whose nativity was disclosed by his accent, and said to him in French, "I see that you are not a politician." Indeed, politicians were no pets at General Taylor's headquarters.

The regiment was ordered to the front on outpost duty. The enemy's approach being considered as imminent, the night was passed in line, with pickets in front, the horses remaining saddled and bridled.

On the next day (3d of April) General Taylor's infantry fell back on Mansfield, leaving Debray's and Bagby's Texas regiments, and Vincent's regiment of Louisiana cavalry, to observe the enemy, with instructions to retire as slowly as possible if hard pressed.

The 4th was a day of quiet and rest, cheered by the arrival of General Tom Green with some Texas cavalry regiments.

Early on the 5th the Federal cavalry corps made its appearance, when business began in earnest, and retreat became necessary before a largely superior force. But General Green made such happy dispositions, taking advantage of the timbered and hilly formation of the country, that the enemy could not advance one mile without being resisted stubbornly enough to hold him three days on the march in moving over the twenty-five miles intervening between Pleasant Hill and Mansfield.

Meanwhile, General Taylor daily receiving reinforcements at Mansfield delayed the execution of superior orders to fall back on Keachi, twenty miles farther up Red River, where the General commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department intended to offer battle. General Taylor had ascertained that the Federal army was marching in a very unmilitary order, viz: on one road, while two parallel roads were at a convenient distance for prompt concentration, and the

army corps, each followed by its own transportation, forming a column about twenty miles long, which precluded rapid mutual support.

On the 8th of April, the gallant and skilful General, deeming himself sufficiently reinforced, and perceiving that an occasion was offered to strike a telling blow, made his dispositions to fight in disobedience of orders, and as he said to Colonel Debray, during the action, "with a rope around his neck." General Green's cavalry, recalled from the front, was ordered to dismount and to act as infantry, Debray's regiment being kept mounted and held in reserve. The Federal cavalry corps was promptly dispersed in great confusion; the Thirteenth army corps, after a short contest, was utterly routed; but the Nineteenth corps, fresh in the fight, while our troops were getting exhausted, offered a stubborn resistance. Then, Debray's regiment was deployed, and took part in a bloody engagement, protracted till dark, which resulted in driving the enemy in disorder. Our losses were heavy in killed and wounded. In the regiment, Lieutenant Willis, of Company F, was among the dead. Twenty-five hundred prisoners, twenty pieces of artillery, several stands of colors, many thousands of small arms, and two hundred and fifty wagons loaded with supplies of all kinds, were the trophies of this handsome victory.

The pursuit was immediately assumed by General Green's cavalry corps, which picked up many stragglers. But our progress was checked, at the crossing of a creek, by a brisk musketry fire directed against us from the darkness of night. A halt was ordered till day-break, which delay was gladly availed of to obtain much needed food and feed. The march was resumed without opposition, and early in the morning of the 9th. our cavalry was crowning the heights which overlook Pleasant Hill, where the enemy was descried in order of battle. Our infantry, some of whom—the Missouri and Arkansas divisions—were exhausted by a forced march of forty-five miles from Keachi, was far behind, and nothing could be done until it had come up.

At about 4 o'clock P. M., the action began. Our right, which was to flank the enemy's left, misled by its guide, struck the enemy's front, and was repulsed with severe loss. Meanwhile, our left was driving the Federals from their advanced positions. General Green, believing that they were routed, ordered Debray's and Bushel's regiments, heretofore kept in reserve, to charge to Pleasant Hill. The charge started in splendid style, was broken with heavy loss of men

and horses, by the fire of a division of infantry hidden among a thick growth of young pines, and protected by a deep gully. In the words of General Taylor: "That gallant charge was premature, and cost valuable lives, but was of use in moral effect." Captain Peck, of Company F, was killed; Major Menard and Captain Hare, of Company K, were wounded, both severely. Captain Fulton, of Company G, was also wounded, his horse being killed under him. Colonel Debray's right leg was caught under his horse killed in the charge close to the enemy's line. In his efforts to release himself, his foot slipped out of his boot which remained under the horse. When enabled to stand up, he felt that his ankle was sprained, and, leaning on his sabre, was limping to reach a ravine where he might find shelter from the enemy's fire, when comrades came to assist him and helped him along until they reached our line, just where General Taylor sat on his horse. "Why! Colonel." the General enquired, "are you wounded?" "No, General," was the answer, "I am slightly hurt; but, as you may see, I was sent on a bootless errand." "Never mind your boot," said the General, "you have won your spurs."

Upon returning within our lines, Debray's regiment was ordered to dismount and support Walker's divison of Texas infantry, hotly engaged in the woods in our left front. There a severe conflict was kept up, without advantage on either side, but with considerable mutual loss, until night brought it to a close.

This was, at best, a drawn battle. Both armies held the ground which they occupied in the morning, but General Taylor, apprehending a renewal of the contest on the next day, knowing that water was not accessible where his troops stood, determined to fall back to a creek five miles distant, there to select a position. Debray's and Bushel's regiments were left on the battle-field, with instructions to observe the enemy, and, if necessary, to retire slowly before his advance. Pickets exchanged shots till nearly daybreak, when a reconnoisance was pushed up, without opposition, to the town of Pleasant Hill, which was found evacuated by the enemy, who, behind a thin curtain of outposts, had decamped, early at night, in the direction of Natchitoches, leaving in our hands his wounded and unburied dead.

A part of the cavalry started in pursuit, while another part proceeded, with artillery, to Blair's Landing, on Red River, to attack gunboats. There the gallant Major-General Tom Green fell—an irreparable loss to our army. General Taylor, relying on his troops,

flushed with success, confidently expected to capture or destroy Bank's demoralized army, when, to his great mortification, he saw himself stripped of all his infantry but one division, and the greater part of his artillery, ordered to Arkansas, to oppose the Federal General Steele, who, as above stated, was to join General Banks at Shreveport. With his reduced forces, General Taylor had to give up operations on a large scale, and to turn his attention to an endeavor to render a sojourn in Western Louisiana so unpleasant for Banks, as to induce him to seek comfort beyond the Mississippi.

The good behavior of Debray's regiment was acknowledged by the promotion of its Colonel to the rank of Brigadier-General; in consequence of which, Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, who had not yet rejoined, became Colonel, Major Menard, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Owens, of company E, Major. Lieutenant Hearn, of company E, became Captain *vice* Owens, promoted, and Lieutenant Woodyard, of company F, Captain *vice* Peck, killed. Mention may also be made here of the promotion, some months afterwards, of Lieutentant Trezevant, of company I, to be Captain *vice* Whitehead, dropped from the rolls for absence without leave.

The new Brigadier-General was assigned to the command of a brigade composed of his own regiment and Gould's and Wood's regiments, both fine bodies, raised, the former, on Red River, and the latter, West of the Colorado. To compose his military family, he selected from Debray's regiment the steady and intelligent Sergeant-Major Harry Blagge, to be aid-de-camp; the chivalric young Adjutant, R. M. Franklin, to be Assistant Adjutant-General; regimental Quartermaster Thomas R. Franklin, the "Fighting Quartermaster," as he was called, ever slipping to the front when "powder spoke," ever active and untiring in the discharge of his duties, to be Brigade Quartermaster; Lieutenant Fayette Black, who had performed with efficiency the duties of regimental Commissary, to be Brigade Commissary. Nor should mention be omitted of faithful William Vowinkle, of company C, who continued in the discharge of his duties as Orderly. Subsequently, Lieutenant W. Johnson, of company D, Debray's regiment, became Brigade Ordnance Officer; Captain Lewis Maverick and Lieutenant G. I. Sherwood, both of Wood's regiment, were selected, the former to be Brigade Inspector, and the latter to be Second Assistant Adjutant-General, and Surgeon Corley, of Gould's regiment, became Brigade Surgeon.

The Federal army, falling back on Grand Ecore, on Red River, at

a short distance from Natchitoches, entrenched itself under the protection of its gunboats. Our cavalry following close on its heels, established itself on the surrounding pine hills, and by frequent patrols, in and about Natchitoches, prevented depredations, and, probably saved that old town from the devastation which signalized every step of the retreating Federals. Soon it became apparent that Banks was preparing to move farther down the Red River. The greater part of our cavalry was ordered to proceed to a position on Cane River, a tributary of the Red, where it was believed that the crossing of that stream by a superior force could be prevented. General William Steele's division of cavalry, and Polignac's division of infantry, were directed to follow and harass the enemy.

Monnette's Bluff is an elevated ground on the eastern bank of Cane River, which was supposed to be fordable only at that point. The front and right of the position selected for us is protected by a high and abrupt bank, and its left, extending over timbered hills, represented to us as inaccessible for the enemy, owing to intervening swamps, overlooks the western side of the stream. General Bee, who was in command, assigned the right of our line to General Bagby; the center to General Major, and the left to General Debray. Early in the afternoon the enemy appeared and opened against our front the fire of his batteries, which was answered by our artillery. Soon after our left was suddenly attacked by a detachment which had crossed the Cane River above our position and, well guided, had succeeded in clearing the swamps represented to us as impassable. Two successive attacks had been repelled, when the left received the order to join the right and center, which, for causes as yet unaccounted for by the writer, had abandoned their position, and were in full retreat. It is true, that the enemy having crossed the river, our smaller force was powerless to materially impede his march. A hard and tedious night's march followed till daybreak, when we arrived at Beasley's Station, thirty miles off the road to Alexandria. On the morning of the next day McNutt's Hill was reached, where the rear of the enemy's column was seen defiling in the valley of Red River, supported by gunboats, out of harm's way, on its retreat to Alexandria.

At McNutt's Hill Major-General Wharton assumed command of the cavalry corps. General Bee was ordered to proceed with his division—Bagby's and Debray's brigades—to Polk's plantation, about seven miles west of Alexandria, while General Steele with his division was to take position on Bayou Rapid, north of that city, and

General Major with his division and some artillery was to establish himself on Red River below Alexandria, and attack the gunboats and transports moving up and down the river. The standing order was to attack every day, and annoy the enemy by every possible means.

Then a series of desultory engagements followed, in which in the morning, we drove back the enemy's pickets and outposts, to be driven in our turn by their supports of infantry and artillery, while the plantations around were set ablaze by the Federals. These skirmishes, producing no apparent advantages, cost us many lives. In Debray's regiment, Lieutenant Kerr, of Company C, was killed, and Lieutenants King, of Company E. and Burts, of Company B, were wounded ; the former mortally, and the latter severely. At Polk's plantation Colonel Myers rejoined the regiment with the men whom he had been detached to bring from Texas, and resumed command.

Meanwhile, Banks felt uncomfortable at Alexandria. The low stage of the water in Red River prevented his gunboats and heavier transports from passing down the rapids immediately above that city, and below his communications and line of supplies were intercepted by General Major, who captured and sunk several of his transports. But for the remonstrances of Admiral Porter, Banks would have hastened to the Mississippi with his land forces, abandoning to their fate his boats detained above Alexandria. However, by dint of engineering skill and almost superhuman exertion, a dam was constructed, which so raised the water in the river as to allow the gunboats to come down after having been stripped of their armorplates.

The Federals, setting Alexandria on fire, started on the river road, escorted by their gunboats. Our cavalry and Polignac's division, by a night march on a parallel road, reached Marksville in advance, and caused the enemy to move through that town speedily enough, to prevent them from destroying it. On the next day, in Mansura Prairie, General Wharton formed his small force into line, so as to bar the road, and compel the enemy to deploy, and show his strength. Banks' whole army was at hand. Then, an artillery duel began, in which over fifty guns took part. The witnesses of that engagement have, probably, not forgotten the protracted rumbling noise produced by the echoing of the reports of artillery along the skirt of timber extending in our rear. As the enemy was seen endeavoring to turn our left, we gave way, and hastened to the heights that overlook the town of Moreauville, on Yellow Bayou. On the next morning, the enemy appeared, but was not suffered to tarry in the town and indulge in his wonted acts of incendiarism.

Following on General Bank's steps, on the 17th of May, we reached Norwood's plantation, about three miles distant from Atchafalaya, and deployed into line to attack his rear. But the enemy, turning against us, and massing his forces against our left, on the road, to allow his long train of wagons to defile on the pontoon bridge thrown over the stream, held us at bay with rapid volleys of musketry and artillery. This unfortunate and unnecessary affair, the only result of which was to delay the enemy in reaching the eastern side of the Atchafalaya, where we wanted him to go, cost us over two hundred men killed and wounded. Having no means to cross the Atchafalaya, we parted with General Banks's army. This was the closing scene of a brisk and brilliant six weeks' campaign, in which 15,000 men indifferently armed and supplied, soon reduced to 6,000 men, hurled back an army of 40,000 men, splendidly appointed, and confident of sweeping aside, with ease, any obstacle thrown in its way to Shreveport, and thence, to Texas. Thus, our State was spared a formidable invasion and its inevitable consequences—ruin and devastation.

Then, quiet and dull times prevailed. The cavalry corps, except one brigade kept, by turns, in observation on the Atchafalaya, spread over Western Louisiana, halting wherever supplies and grass could be found. Debray's brigade visited alternately Opelousas, Alexandria and Natchitoches, until October, when its turn came to do duty in the Atchafalaya swamps. There, bad rations, scanty forage, malarial fevers and camp diseases, the absence of medical stores, and worn out clothing and blankets caused much suffering and misery, nearly destroying the efficiency of the brigade.

At last, by the close of November, the welcome order was received to return to Texas, by slow marches, consuming such commissary's and quartermaster's stores as had not decayed in the depots, where they had been accumulated by the operation of the "Impressment Act." The brigade halted at Sabine Town, San Augustine, Carthage, Henderson and Crockett; and by the close of March it reached the lower Brazos, at Pittsville, near Richmond. Men and horses had recovered strength and spirits, and brigade manœuvering was actively entered upon, when, to our mutual sorrow, Gould's regiment was ordered off, to be attached to another brigade. Gould's was replaced by McNeal's regiment, which being ordered on detached service on the Trinity River, never coalesced with the brigade. From Pittsville, the brigade moved to the vicinity of Hempstead, where it camped at a short distance from the infantry division of

Major-General J. C. Walker who, after General Wharton's death, had also been assigned to the command of the cavalry corps.

There, days of gloom and despondency came on us. The news of General Lee's surrender was received; and soldiers considering the war at an end, chafing under military restrictions, anxious to be with their families, left of their own accord, and soon, the army of Texas disintegrated. To the honor of Debray's and Wood's regiments be it said, that they sternly rejected all enticements to join in the "break up," and remained faithful to their colors.

Upon General Debray's affirmative answer to General Magruder's enquiry whether his brigade could still be trusted, Debray's and Wood's regiments were ordered to march to Houston. That city, which, during the war, was the center of trade in Texas, supposed to contain an accumulation of goods and money, both public and private, was threatened by armed lawless men intent on plunder, who went so far as to capture railroad trains, the more promptly to reach the "Mecca" of their greed. It became the stern duty of the brigade, by frequent and strong patrols, to disperse those people, and to cause them to leave the city. But supplies were failing; there was no money to procure them, and the credit of the Confederate States had ceased to exist; as a necessary consequence, the brigade had to be formally discharged by its commanding general. The companies returned in good order to their respective homes, there to dissolve, every man quietly resuming his avocation in civil life.

Those who participated in the parting scenes in Debray's regiment will ever remember them. Grief over our lost cause, over the severance of an association of four years' duration, grown into brotherly love, drew tears from the eyes of many a brave soldier. It was the tearing asunder of the members of a loving family.

This closes the brief review of the career of Debray's regiment. A true and loyal regiment it was! Steady under fire, impetuous in attack, cool and defiant in retreat; in camp and garrison it was remarked for its good discipline and instruction, and its readiness and alacrity in the execution of orders. If it cannot pride itself in as many campaigns as other regiments, it was owing to the fortune of war, not to the choice of its members.

This imperfect sketch, written from memory after the lapse of twenty years, fails to do full justice to its subject. It remains with the several companies to restore their muster rolls, to commemorate deeds of individual gallantry, and to pay a deserved tribute to the memory of their dead.

The old Colonel, in his declining years, and apprehending that his failing health—death, perhaps—may deprive him of the pleasure of participating in the contemplated reunion of his surviving comrades, wishes to leave to them this testimonial to their worth, with his heartfelt thanks for the deference and affection with which they have invariably honored him, in and out of the service, and to give them the assurance of his earnest wishes for their happiness.

September, 1884. X. B. DEBRAY.

Fight Between the Batteries and Gunboats at Fort Donelson.

By H. L. BEDFORD.

[The following paper was read before the Confederate Relief and Historical Association at Memphis, and was kindly sent us for publication:]

In compliance with your request to furnish your Society with incidents connected with the battle between the batteries and the gunboats at Fort Donelson, I respectfully offer this paper:

The reports of Colonel James E. Bailey, commander of the garrison proper, and of Captain Jacob Culbertson, commander of the water batteries, are correct, and, as official documents, I suppose are complete; but they do not convey to the reader the disadvantages under which the batteries labored in this contest. The operations of the army at this place having proved disastrous to the Confederate cause, it has been condemned as a strategic point, and no one seems particularly anxious to acknowledge the responsibility of its selection. It was the general impression at the Fort that its location had been ordered by the Tennessee authorities as being the most eligible point on the Cumberland River, in close proximity to Fort Henry, on the Tennessee. The original intention evidently was the obstruction of the Cumberland. The engineer in charge, Lieutenant Dixon, while tracing the outlines of the earthworks, never dreamed that a persistent stand against an invading army would ever be attempted, and I feel warranted in suggesting that General A. S. Johnston regarded it simply as a protection to his rear.

When I received orders in October, 1861, to report there as Instructor of Artillery, Colonel E. W. Munford, aide to General Johnston, informed me that he was instructed by his chief to impress upon me

that the Cumberland river cut his rear, and the occupation of Bowling Green was dependent upon the proper guarding of that stream. If, then, Fort Donelson was intended to prevent the passage of gunboats, its location was an admirable one ; it accomplished its mission, and its founder need feel no hesitation in claiming its paternity. Nor does the final result of the operations of the land forces necessarily convict General Johnston of a mistake in the reinforcement of Donelson. At that time he was believed to possess that ability as a general which events soon verified, and his condemnation will have to rest on surer proofs than the charges of flippant writers. To the average mind the whole matter resolves itself into the simple question : Whether General Johnston sufficiently reinforced Fort Donelson to successfully resist the forces that invaded the State of Tennessee under General Grant by way of Fort Henry ; and, if so, is he fairly chargeable with the blunders of his generals, in allowing themselves to be cooped in temporary trenches until reinforcements to the enemy could come up the Cumberland? Any close student of the "Operations at Fort Donelson," embraced in series No. 1, Vol. 7, of the "Records of the Rebellion," will probably detect by whom the mistakes were made. It is doubtless there recorded when and where the opportunity of withdrawing the Confederate forces was disregarded; that General Johnston was unfortunate in the selection, or rather the grouping of his lieutenants, on this occasion, is beyond controversy. His army consisted of raw recruits; his generals were ready made for him ; their commissions were presumptions of merit; there had been no opportunity for development, and he had no alternative but to accept the patents of ability issued to them by the War Department. The senior general arrived at the eleventh hour, and seems to have been lacking in disposition or in power to hold his second in due subjection. The latter had been on the ground for about a week; he was full of energy and physical activity, and possessed rare executive ability, He was restless under restraint, probably prone to insubordination, and it was almost impossible for him to yield his sceptre to a new comer. He gave orders affecting the whole army without any known rebuke or remonstrance from his chief. The performances of these two chieftains afford an apt illustration of a very homely old saying that will readily recur to most of you. This rule of duality of commanders, according to some of the official reports, seems to have obtained in the heavy batteries, but as it was not then known or recognized, it did not create any confusion. When I reported there for duty very little

in the way of defence had been accomplished. Two 32-pounder carronades had been mounted on the river, and three 32-pounders were temporarily mounted on the crest of the bluff. The carronades were utterly useless, except against wooden boats at close quarters, while the three guns on the hill, on account of position, could not be made effectual against ironclads. The garrison, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Randle McGavock, consisted of a part of Colonel Heiman's Tenth Tennessee regiment, the nucleus of Colonel Sugg's Fiftieth Tennessee (then called Stacker's regiment), and Captain Frank Maney's light battery.

As there were no heavy artillerists, Captain Beaumont's company of Fiftieth Tennessee had been detailed for that duty. At the time of my arrival, there was considerable excitement at the Fort. Smoke was seen rising a few miles down the river, the long-roll was being beat, and there was hurrying to and fro; companies were getting under arms and into line with the rapidity of zealots, though wanting in the precision of veterans. The excitement subsided as the smoke disappeared. In a short while the companies were dismissed, and the men resumed their wonted avocations. The local engineer was also in charge of the works at Fort Henry, and was, necessarily, often absent. His duties were onerous and manifold; I, therefore, volunteered to remount the three 32-pounders and place them in the permanent battery; and as the completion of the defence was considered of more importance than the drilling of artillery, I was kept constantly on engineering duty until after the investment. General Tilghman arrived about the middle of December, and took command. He manifested a good deal of interest in forwarding the work. The Fiftieth Tennessee regiment (Colonel Suggs) was organized; the Thirtieth Tennessee (Colonel Head), and the Forty-ninth Tennessee (Colonel Bailey), reported, and these, with Maney's light battery, constituted the garrison, Lieutenant-Colonel McGavock having rejoined Colonel Hieman at Fort Henry.

The work for the completion of the defences and for the comfort of the soldiers, was pushed on as rapidly as the means at hand would permit. There was no lagging, nor lukewarmness, nor shirking of duty. As one of the many evidences of the zeal manifested by the garrison, I would state that whenever a detail for work of any magnitude was made from any of the regiments, a field officer usually accompanied it, in order to secure promptness and concert of action. This, I believe, was the invariable rule with the Forty-ninth Tennessee. At the time of the arrival of reinforcements, the water batte-

ries were not in that state of incompleteness and disorder which the report of a general officer charges, nor was there any gloom or despondency hanging over the garrison. It is true there was some delay in getting the 10-inch Columbiad in working condition, but no one connected with the Fort was responsible for it. The gun was mounted in ample time, but upon being tested it came very nearly being dismounted by the running back of the carriage against the hurters. It was necessary to increase the inclination of the chassis, which was accomplished by obtaining larger rear traverse wheels from the iron works just above Dover. It was still found, even with a reduced charge of powder, that the recoil of the carriage against the counter-hurters was of sufficient force to cut the ropes tied there as bumpers. There was no alternative but to dismount the piece and lower the front half of the traverse circle; by this means the inclination of the chassis was made so steep that the piece was in danger of getting away from the gunners when being run into battery, and of toppling off in front.

Any paper upon the subject of Fort Donelson would be incomplete without the mention of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilton A. Haynes, of the Tennessee artillery. He was, in the nomenclature of the volunteers, a "West Pointer," and was an accomplished artillerist. He came to Fort Donelson about the middle of January, and found the "Instructor of Artillery" engaged in engineering duty, and nothing being done in familiarizing the companies detailed for artillery service with their pieces. He organized an artillery battalion, and made a requisition on General Polk, at Columbus, for two drill officers, and whatever of proficiency these companies attained as artillerists is due to him. He was physically unable to participate in the engagements and this may account for the failure of recognition in the official reports.

The artillery battalion as organized by Colonel Haynes was fully competent to serve the guns with success, but General Pillow deemed otherwise and proceeded to the mistake of assigning Lieutenant Dixon to the command of the heavy batteries, instead of attaching him to his personal staff, and availing himself of that officer's familiarity as an engineer with the topography of the battle-ground and of the surrounding country. The assignment was particularly unfortunate, inasmuch as Dixon was killed before the main fight and the batteries were not only deprived of his services for that occasion, but the Confederate army lost an able engineer. It must be remembered, however, that the great fear was of the gunboats.

It was apprehended that their recent achievements at Fort Henry would be repeated at Donelson, and it was natural that the commanding general should make every other interest subservient to the efficiency of the heavy batteries. The river defenses consisted of two batteries. The upper one was on the river bank immediately abreast of the earthworks ; It was crescent shaped, and contained one 32-pound calibre rifle gun and two 32-pounder carronades. The other battery was some hundred and fifty yards lower down and consisted of eight 32-pounders and one 10-inch Columbiad. This lower battery, although essentially a straight line, ran *en echelon* to the left over the point of a hill that made down obliquely from the earthworks to the river, with the right piece resting on the brink of the river bank, and the Columbiad over in the valley of a stream, emptying into the river, some hundred and fifty yards lower down. The back water in this stream protected the batteries from a direct assault. About nine hundred yards below the lower battery, a floating abattis was placed in the river for the purpose of preventing the passage of boats. This was done by anchoring full length trees by the roots and allowing the tops to float. In ordinary stages of water this might have offered some impediment, but at the time of the attack the river was very high and the boats passed over without the least halt or break in their line of approach.

In all the accounts that I have seen from the Federal side, the armament of the water batteries is over-estimated. Flag-Officer Foot reports that there must have been about twenty heavy guns, and General Lew Wallace places it at seventeen. Admiral Walke, while correctly stating the number in the lower battery, is in error in claiming that the upper was about the same in strength.

On the morning of the 12th of February the finishing touches were put to the Columbiad, and the batteries were pronounced ready for gunboats, whereupon Lieutenant Dixon proceeded to the assignment of the guns. Captain R. R. Ross, of the Maury Company Light Artillery, whose company had been ordered to heavy batteries by General Pillow, was placed in command of the rifle gun and the two carronades. Captain Beaumont's company, A, Fiftieth Tennessee, and Captain Bidwell's company, Thirtieth Tennessee, worked the 32-pounders, and the Columbiad was turned over to my command, with a detachment of twenty men under Lieutenant Sparkman, from Captain Ross's company, to work it. I received private instructions to continue the firing with blank cartridges, in the event the gun should dismount itself in action. The drill officers, Lieutenants Mc-

Daniel and Martin, were assigned to the 32-pounders, while Captains Culbertson and Shaster had special assignments or instructions, the nature of which I never knew.

As the artillerists, who were to serve the rifle and Columbiad, had no experience with heavy guns, most of them probably never having seen a heavy battery until that morning, it was important that they should be instructed in the manual of their pieces. Drilling, therefore, began immediately, but had continued for a short time only when it was most effectually interrupted by the appearance of a gunboat down the river, which subsequently was ascertained to be the Carondelet. She fired about a dozen shots with remarkable precision, and retired without any response from the batteries.

On the morning of the 13th drilling was again interrupted by the firing of this boat, and the same thing happened in the afternoon. It really appeared as if the boat was diabolically inspired, and knew the most opportune times to annoy us. Sometime during the day, probably about noon, she delivered her fire with such accuracy that forbearance was no longer endurable, and Lieutenant Dixon ordered the Columbiad and rifle to respond. The first shot from the Columbiad passed immediately over the boat, the second fell short, but the third was distinctly heard to strike. A cheer of course followed, and Lieutenant Dixon, in the enthusiasm of the moment, ordered the 32-pounders to open fire, although the enemy was clearly beyond their range. The Carondelet, nothing daunted, continued the action, and soon one of her shells cut away the right cheek of one of Captain Bidwell's guns, and a flying nut passed through Lieutenant Dixon's head, killing him instantly. In this engagement the flange of one of the front traverse wheels of the Columbiad was crushed, and a segment of the front half of the traverse circle was cupped, both of which proved serious embarrassments in the action next day.

On the morning of the 14th, dense volumes of smoke were seen rising from down the river; it was evident that transports were landing troops. Captain Ross became impatient to annoy them, but having no fuse shells to his guns, he came over to the Columbiad and advised the throwing of shells down the river. The commander declined to do so without orders, whereupon Captain Culbertson, who had succeeded Lieutenant Dixon in the command of the batteries, was looked up, but he refused to give the order, upon the ground that it would accomplish no good, and that he did not believe in the useless shedding of blood. Captain Ross, not to be outdone, set himself to the task of procuring the necessary order and re-

turned to the Columbiad about 3 o'clock P. M. with a verbal order from General Floyd to harass the transports. In obedience to this order, we prepared to shell the smoke. A shell was inserted, the gun was given the proper elevation, the lanyard was pulled, and the missile went hissing over the bend of the river, plunged into a bank of smoke, and was lost to view. This was called by an army correspondent, claiming to have been on one of the gunboats, "a shot of defiance." Before the piece could be reloaded, the prow of a gunboat made its appearance around the bend, quickly followed by three others, and arranging themselves in line of battle, steamed up to the attack. When they had arrived within a mile and a half of the batteries, a solid shot having been substituted for a shell, the Columbiad began the engagement with a ricochet shot, the rifle gun a ready second. The gunboats returned the fire, right centre boat opening, the others following in quick succession. After the third discharge the rifle remained silent on account of becoming accidentally spiked. This had a bad effect on the men at the Columbiad, causing them considerable uneasiness for their comrades at the upper battery. The Columbiad continued the action unsupported until the boats came within the range of the 32-pounders, when the engagement became general, with ten guns of the batteries opposed to the twelve bow guns of the ironclads, supplemented by those of the two wooden boats that remained in the rear throwing curvated shells. As the boats drew nearer, the firing on both sides became faster, until it appeared as if the battle had dwindled into a contest of speed in firing. When they arrived within three hundred yards of the lower battery they came to a stand, and then it was that the bombardment was truly terrific. The roar of cannons was continuous and deafening, and commands, if necessary, had to be given by signs. Pandemonium itself would hardly have been more appalling, but neither chaos nor cowardice obtruded themselves, and I must insist that General Wallace and Admiral Walke are mistaken in their assertions that the gunners were seen running from their guns. It is true there was some passing from the batteries to the Fort, but not by the artillerists in action, and as the passage was over an exposed place, in fact across the field of fire of the gunboats, it is a fair presumption that the transit was made as swiftly as possible. Of one thing I am certain, there was no fleeing from the Columbiad, and although her discharges were necessarily very slow, I think every one in hearing that day will testify that her boom was almost as regular as the swinging of a pendulum. If these two

Federal officers saw her condition when surrendered, they will admit that it was not likely that panic-stricken cannoniers could have carried her safely through such a furious bombardment, especially to have done the execution with which she is accredited. In his contribution to the *Century*, of December, 1884, doubtless by the cursory reading of Captain Bidwell's report, General Wallace is lead into the mistake of saying that each gunner selected his boat and stuck to her during the engagement. I am satisfied that the experienced officers who acted as gunners did not observe this rule. The Columbiad was rigidly impartial, and fired on the boats as chance or circumstances dictated, with the exception of the last few shots, which were directed at the Carondelet. This boat was hugging the eastern shore, and was a little in advance of the others. She offered her side to the Columbiad, which was on the left and the most advanced gun of the batteries. Several well-directed shots raked the side and tore away her armor, according to the report of Lieutenant Sparkman, who was on the lookout. Just as the other boats began to drift back, the Carondelet forged ahead for about a half length, as though she intended making the attempt to pass the battery, and it is presumable that she then received the combined fire of all the guns.

It is claimed that if Hannibal had marched on Rome immediately after the battle of Cannæ, he could have taken the city, and by the same retrospective reasoning, it is probable that if Admiral Foote had stood beyond the range of 32-pounders he could have concentrated his fire on two guns. If his boats had fired with the deliberation and accuracy of the Carondelet on the previous day, he could have dismounted those guns, demolished the 32-pounders at his leisure, and shelled the Fort to his heart's content. But flushed with his victory at Fort Henry, his success there paved the way for his defeat at Donelson, a defeat that might have proved more distrastrous could the Columbiad have used a full charge of powder and the rifle gun participated in the fight. After the battle three of the gunboats were seen drifting helplessly down the stream, and a shout of exultation leaped from the lips of every soldier in the fort. It was taken up by the men in the trenches, and for awhile a shout of victory, the sweetest strain to the ears of those who win, reverberated over the hills and hollows around the little village of Dover.

While the cannoniers were yet panting from their exertion, Lieutenant-Colonel Robb, of the Forty-ninth Tennessee, who fell mortally wounded the next day, ever mindful of the comfort of those around him, sent a grateful stimulant along the line of guns.

Congratulations were the order of the hour. Generals Floyd and Pillow personally complimented the artillerists. They came to the Columbiad, called for the commander, and after congratulating him upon the performances of that day, promised that if the batteries would continue to keep back the gunboats, the infantry of their command would keep the land forces at a safe distance. That officer, who had been watching the smoke of the transports landing reinforcements, as he stood there before these generals, just thirty-six hours before surrender, receiving their assurances of protection, wondered if they were able to fulfill the promise, or if they were merely indulging an idle habit of braggadocio.

H. L. Bedford.

Bailey, Shelby county, Tenn.

The above and foregoing is a true copy of the original which was read and filed among the archives of said Association, December 9th, 1884.

C. W. Frazer,
President.

Attest:
R. J. Black, *Secretary.*

Official Reports of the Battle of Gettysburg.

[Our publication of reports of the battle of Gettysburg, in previous volumes, has been so full as to leave very little to add. But we append the following from unpublished MSS. in our archives in order that our record of this great campaign may be complete:]

REPORT OF COLONEL B. T. JOHNSON, OF J. M. JONES'S BRIGADE.

Headquarters J. M. Jones's Brigade,
Camp Montpelier, August 15, 1863.

Lieutenant R. W. Hunter,
A. A. A. General, Johnson's Division.

Lieutenant,—I have the honor herewith to forward reports of regimental and brigade commanders of the operations about Gettysburg on the 2d and 3d ult. I have caused Captain Cleary, Assistant Adjutant-General of brigade at the time, to make a statement furnishing a connected account of the whole action of the brigade during the engagements, which is herewith forwarded. I was

assigned to this command on the 4th of July and found it lying in line of battle along the ridge of hills west of Gettysburg. Marching that night about 10 P. M. we were on the road until daylight. Soon after, my flank being threatened by the enemy's cavalry, I detached Major White and part of the Forty-eighth Virginia to cover it as skirmishers. He, during the course of the morning, was charged by the troop escorting Major-General Howard, U. S. A., and drove them off handsomely, bringing in one prisoner. We bivouacked that night beyond Fairfield, and on the night of the 6th, a mile from Waynesboro. On the 7th went into bivouac three miles and a half from Hagerstown on the Leitersburg road. On the 10th the division marched, this brigade being rearguard, and went into bivouac two miles west of Hagerstown on the Williamsport road. On the 11th took position in line of battle and employed the men in throwing up field work, which, though rude, materially strengthened the position. They were exceedingly anxious to meet the enemy, feeling confident of their ability to avenge Gettysburg. The Twenty-fifth Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson, covered the front of the brigade as skirmishers and promptly checked the advance of the enemy's line, which, on the 12th, came up feeling our position. On Monday night, the 13th, we withdrew and crossed the Potomac, fording it at Williamsport, bringing off every man and gun. On the 14th we bivouacked near Martinsburg. On the 15th, near Darksville. On the 17th, received orders from division headquarters to return to Martinsburg and destroy the railroad, which was done. On that and the 18th were much annoyed by the enemy's cavalry, which kept driving in our cavalry pickets and threatening the working parties. Their audacity increased so that on Sunday, the 19th, they came within a mile of the town. I took the Fiftieth Virginia, Colonel Vandeventer, and after a skirmish lasting the whole day drove them back to a mile and a half of Hedgesville. The Fiftieth Virginia was relieved as skirmishers in the afternoon by the Forty-eighth, Lieutenant-Colonel Dungan. Both regiments, officers and men, behaved well; our loss, none. Enemy left six killed, one wounded. A section of Hart's artillery, Hampton's brigade, did very great service, and I had the benefit of the advice and presence of Colonel L. J. Baker, First North Carolina cavalry, commanding brigade. The enemy's force was stated by citizens and prisoners to have been large, six regiments cavalry, two of mounted infantry and six guns. I did not see more than three regiments and four pieces of artillery. On the 21st I reported again to division headquarters. Captain S. J.

C. Moore, Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade, who had been in hospital, reported for duty on the 10th. To Captain Cleary, who I found in charge as Assistant Adjutant-General, I am greatly indebted for active and intelligent assistance in taking charge of this command while on the march.

Your obedient servant,

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON, *Colonel Commanding.*

REPORT OF COLONEL BRYAN GRIMES, OF FOURTH NORTH CAROLINA.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS,
July 19th, 1863.

Captain S. GALES,
Acting Adjutant-General:

In compliance with orders, I have the honor of submitting the following report as the part taken by the Fourth Regiment, North Carolina Troops, under my command, in the engagements around Gettysburg, Pennsylvania:

On Wednesday, the 1st of July, we were encamped near Heidlersburg, and were under arms and on the march by sunrise. About 4 P. M. arrived near the battlefield and formed in line of battle, being on the left of our brigade; after resting a few minutes were ordered to advance in line of battle, which was soon countermanded, and then moved by the right flank.

After proceeding a few hundred yards, the regiment, together with the Second, was recalled by Major-General Rodes, and posted on a hill to repel any attack from that quarter, as at that time there were indications of an advance on the part of the enemy. This position was parallel with the road down which the other two regiments of our brigade had moved. After a very few minutes, the enemy not advancing, and a regiment of theirs having been seen obliquing to the left instead of advancing towards us, General Rodes ordered me with the Second Regiment to advance. After getting from under cover of the hill we were exposed to a severe galling and enfilading fire from a woods to our right, which compelled me to change front towards the right.

We then advanced upon the enemy, joining our brigade and driving them in great confusion, and but for the fatiguing and ex-

hausting march of the day, would have succeeded in capturing a very large number of prisoners; as it was, we captured more, by far, than the number of men in the command, but the troops were too exhausted to move rapidly, as they could otherwise have done. We were the first to enter the town of Gettysburg, and halted to rest on the road leading to Fairfield.

We remained in that position during that night and Thursday. On Thursday evening about dusk we advanced to make a night attack upon the enemy's works, but when we had approached to within a few hundred yards and drawing the fire of their pickets, which wounded several of my men, we were recalled and placed in the road, where we remained until 3 A. M. on Saturday morning, at times subjected to severe cannonading, when we were taken to the crest of the hill in our rear, which position we retained until Sunday morning, when we were withdrawn. Too much cannot be said in praise of both officers and men of my command, all, with a few exceptions, conducted themselves most admirably. Appended is the list of casualties during the engagement.

I am, Captain, very respectfully your ob't serv't,

BRYAN GRIMES, *Colonel Fourth N. C. S. T.*

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FORSYTH, OF THIRD ALABAMA REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ALABAMA INFANTRY,
Near Hagerstown, Md., July 9th, 1863.

S. M. MOORE, *A. A. A. General:*

LIEUTENANT,—In obedience to orders, I herewith submit a report of the action of this regiment from the time it left camp at Santee, Caroline county, Virginia, up to Greencastle, Pennsylvania, at which point Colonel Battle joined the regiment and assumed command. I received orders on the morning 4th June to put the regiment in motion, and marched with the brigade to Culpeper Court-house, reaching that place on the 7th. The first day's march was rapid and severe on the men, and a great number were made foot-sore and nearly broken down. On the morning of the 9th the regiment was put in line of battle to support General Stuart's cavalry, and on the next day resumed the march towards the Valley. Reach-

ing Berryville, I was ordered in line of battle, and advanced through the town, the enemy having retired before us. From this point we moved on Martinsburg, getting into position about 6 o'clock P. M. on the 14th. After being under shelling for a few moments, I was ordered forward, and with the rest of the brigade occupied the town shortly after dark; the march was resumed on the 15th, moving to the Potomac river, arrived at Williamsport, and reached Greencastle, Pennsylvania, on the 22d of June.

Very respectfully, &c.,

C. FORSYTH,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

REPORT OF COLONEL C. A. BATTLE, OF THIRD ALABAMA.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ALABAMA REGIMENT,
Near Hagerstown, Md., July 9th, 1863.

S. M. MOORE, *A. A. A. General:*

LIEUTENANT,—I resumed command of this (Third Alabama) regiment at Greencastle, Pennsylvania, on the 22d ultimo. From that point the regiment proceeded without the occurrence of anything worthy of remark until the morning of the 1st instant, when it was formed in line of battle on the right of Rodes's brigade. Just before the advance was ordered, I received instructions to move with General Daniel, who was on my right, and keep upon his alignment. These instructions were followed until Daniel moved to the support of Iverson, when their longer observance became impracticable. I then sent an officer to General Daniel for orders, who, on his return, reported to me that General Daniel said that he had no orders for me, and that I must act on my own responsibility. I at once moved up upon the right of General Ramseur, then advancing to the attack, and offered him my regiment. The offer was accepted, and my command acted under this gallant officer in a charge which drove the enemy from one of his strongholds, and then rejoined Rodes' brigade. This regiment did not engage the enemy on the 2d inst., but remained in position on the right of the brigade. On the morning of the 3d inst., the regiment moved with the brigade to the left and acted with General's Johnson's division. At half past four A. M., I

advanced and attacked the enemy in strong position. A furious combat continued until eleven o'clock, when I withdrew, by order of General Johnson. The conduct of officers and men, during the period embraced in this report, is considerd highly commendable. I am indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel Forsyth and Major Sands for valuable assistance during the late military operations. Accompanying this report is a list of the killed, wounded, and missing of this regiment in the engagements near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

I am, Lieutenant, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

CULLEN A. BATTLE,
Colonel Third Alabama Regiment.

REPORT OF MAJOR BLACKFORD, OF SHARPSHOOTERS OF RODES'S BRIGADE.

HEADQUARTERS "BATTALION OF SHARPSHOOTERS" RODES'S BRIGADE,
Darksville, Va., July 17th, 1863.

Lieutenant SAM'L H. MOORE,
A. A. A. General, Rodes's Brigade:

LIEUTENANT,—I have the honor to make the following report of the action of the "Corps of Sharpshooters," under my command, during the battles of the 1st, 2d and 3d July.

The corps was deployed two miles from Gettysburg with the left resting upon the Heidlersburg Pike. After receiving instructions from General Rodes to keep connected with those on my right, and feel for General Early's advance on the left, I moved steadily forward upon the town, driving in the cavalry videttes, posted in the road, and on commanding hills. About half a mile from the suburbs a large force of cavalry was observed in line, with a heavy line of men dismounted as skirmishers, the former charged us twice, but were easily repulsed.

After an hour or more of active skirmishing, the enemy's infantry advanced in force through the town, and under cover of a cloud of skirmishers, moved upon our batteries—the right company of my

command annoyed these very much, holding their position steadily until our infantry came up. Against the centre there was no movement by any force heavier than a double line of sharpshooters, whom our men invariably drove back, charging them once in gallant style. On the extreme left the enemy advanced in three lines, and drove in my men there posted behind the trees—these retired firing from tree to tree until they met Gordon's brigade advancing, after which they were rallied on the centre at the sound of my bugle. The whole command then moved up the pike, and passing through the town took up its position on the left of Ramseur's brigade then lying in the Fairfield road. After dark I reported to the colonel commanding brigade.

July 2d. About 9 o'clock my corps was deployed in front of the Fairfield road, where it remained until dark, when I took position in the suburbs of Gettysburg, as near the enemy's lines as possible, the men being sheltered in the houses.

At daybreak on the 3d we opened fire upon the enemy's artillery skirmishers and upon their lines of battle whenever they advanced, as they frequently did. This must have annoyed the enemy very seriously, as the average number of rounds fired was not less than two hundred, at ranges varying from three to five hundred yards. The Northern papers confess that their gunners could not stand to their guns, and that the officers were picked off by Rebel sharpshooters. One battery near us, after firing several shots at us, was removed out of our sight. Our loss was not more than twenty killed and wounded; no list of casualties is enclosed, as they have been returned on the lists of the respective regiments.

Abundant supplies of ammunition were obtained by sending details through the town to collect cartridge boxes. At daylight on the 4th I was ordered to fall back through the town and deploy in front of the new line of battle on the hills to the west—this was accomplished just before sunrise. Though all acted so well, I scarcely like to make a distinction, yet I must call your attention to the conduct of Sergeant Christopher Clark, commanding the company from the Fifth Alabama Regiment. He handled his company throughout with great skill and courage, and would well fill a commission.

I have the honor to be very respectfully,

EUGENE BLACKFORD,
Major Fifth Alabama,
Commanding Battalion of Sharpshooters.

REPORT OF COLONEL OATES, FIFTEENTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH ALABAMA REGIMENT,
August 8th, 1863.

Lieutenant B. PATERSON,
A. A. A. General:

I have the honor to report, in obedience to orders from brigade headquarters, the participation of my regiment in the battle near Gettysburg on the 2d ult.:

My regiment occupied the centre of the brigade when the line of battle was formed. During the advance the two regiments on my right were moved by the left flank across my rear, which threw me on the extreme right of the whole line. I encountered the enemy's sharpshooters posted behind a stone fence, and sustained some loss thereby. It was here that Lieutenant-Colonel I. B. Fragin, a most excellent and gallant officer, received a severe wound in the right knee, which caused him to lose his leg. Privates Kennedy, of company B, and ——— Trimner, of company G, were killed at this point, and Private Spencer, company D, severely wounded. After crossing the fence I received an order from Brigadier-General Law to left wheel my regiment and move in the direction of the heights upon my left, which order I failed to obey for the reason that when I received it I was rapidly advancing up the mountain, and in my front I discovered a heavy force of the enemy. Besides this there was great difficulty in accomplishing the manœuvre at that moment, as the regiment on my left (Forty-seventh Alabama) was crowding me on the left and running into my regiment, which had already created considerable confusion. In the event that I had obeyed the order, I should have come in contact with the regiment on my left, and also have exposed my right flank to an enfilading fire from the enemy. I, therefore, continued to press forward my right, passing over the top of the mountain on the right of the line. On reaching the foot of the mountain below I found the enemy in heavy force posted in rear of large rocks upon a slight elevation beyond a depression of some three hundred yards in width between the base of the mountain and the open plain beyond. I engaged them, my right meeting the left of their line exactly. Here I lost several gallant officers and men. After firing two or three rounds I discovered that the enemy were giving way in my front. I ordered a charge, and the enemy in my front fled, but that portion of his line confronting the two companies on my left

held their ground, and continued a most galling fire upon my left. Just at this moment I discovered the regiment on my left (Forty-seventh Alabama) retiring. I halted my regiment as its left reached a very large rock, and ordered a left wheel of the regiment, which was executed in good order under fire, thus taking advantage of a ledge of rocks running off in a line perpendicularly to the one I had just abandoned, and affording very good protection to my men. This position enabled me to keep up a constant flank and cross fire upon the enemy, which, in less than five minutes, caused him to change front. Receiving reinforcements, he charged me five times, and was as often repulsed with heavy loss. Finally I discovered that the enemy had flanked me on the right, and two regiments were moving rapidly upon my rear and not two hundred yards distant, when, to save my regiment from capture or destruction, I ordered a retreat. Having become exhausted from fatigue and the excessive heat of the day, I turned the command of the regiment over to Captain B. A. Hill, and instructed him to take the men off the field and reform the regiment and report to the brigade.

My loss was, as near as can now be ascertained, as follows, to-wit: Seventeen killed upon the field, fifty-four wounded and brought off the field, and ninety missing, most of whom are either killed or wounded. Among the killed and wounded are eight officers, most of whom were very gallant and efficient men.

Recapitulation: Killed, 17; wounded, 54; missing, 90; aggregate, 161.

I am, Lieutenant, most respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

W. C. Oates,
Colonel Com'd'g Fifteenth Ala. Reg't.

REPORT OF MAJOR CAMPBELL, FORTY-SEVENTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

Headquarters Forty-Seventh Alabama Regiment,
August 7th, 1863.

A report of the part my regiment took in the fight at Gettysburg:

Before our line was formed three companies were detached from my regiment and placed in rear of our right to guard a road. These companies remained on this part of the field almost constantly,

skirmishing with the enemy until we fell back on the morning of the 4th, when they rejoined their command.

The other seven companies went into the fight in line with the brigade. There was some confusion in these companies, owing to the fact that in the charge the Lieutenant-Colonel expected the Colonel to give all necessary commands, and the Colonel remained so far behind that his presence on the field was but a trammel on the Lieutenant-Colonel.

The Colonel having been left behind, and the Lieutenant-Colonel killed, fighting most nobly, I took command of the regiment, and after the first repulse of the brigade, I, in obedience to orders, deployed a part of my men on the right of the brigade, where they remained till the close of the fight. After the firing ceased, I, in obedience to orders from Colonel Sheffield, (commanding brigade), threw my regiment out as skirmishers on our right, where they remained until morning.

Out of the twenty-one officers, four were killed on the field. All of these (the twenty-one) acted well. (The Colonel and Adjutant are not included in this number.)

About one-third of the whole number of men were killed and wounded.

J. M. Campbell,
Major Commanding Regiment.

REPORT OF COLONEL SCRUGGS, FOURTH ALABAMA.

Headquarters Fourth Alabama,
August 8th, 1863.

Colonel Sheffield,
Commanding Law's Brigade:

Sir,—In accordance with orders of the 6th inst., I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the regiment during the engagement of the 2d and 3d of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania:

On the morning of the 2d we took up the line of march from New Gilford in the direction of Gettysburg; after a rapid and fatiguing march of about twenty-four miles, arrived at the scene of action at 3½ o'clock P. M. Immediately taking our assigned position on the left of the brigade, the order was then given to move forward, which

we did at a double-quick across a ploughed field for half a mile, the enemy's batteries playing upon us with great effect, until we arrived at a stone fence, behind which the enemy's first line of infantry was posted, which position we soon succeeded in carrying with the bayonet. Then having reached the foot of the mountain, the command halted a few minutes to reform the line. We advanced up the mountain under a galling fire, driving the enemy before us, until we arrived at a second line, where a strong force was posted behind another stone fence. Owing to the exhausted condition of the men and the roughness of the mountain side, we found it impossible to carry this position. We retired in good order, though not until we had expended our ammunition. Having received a fresh supply of cartridges about dark, remained in the enemy's front, some two hundred yards distant, during the night. Early on the next morning we threw up a line of breastworks composed of rock, and assumed the defensive, which position we held during the day, until late in the afternoon, when the regiment was ordered some distance to the right to meet the enemy's cavalry, which we soon dispersed. There we remained in position until dark, when the remainder of the brigade moved to our rear, and were ordered to connect with it on the right, where we remained until the morning of the 4th.

Both officers and men behaved with much coolness and gallantry, and many brave and good soldiers fell, a noble sacrifice to their country's cause.

The official list of casualties handed in will show the total of our casualties to be eighty-seven.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully, &c.,

L. H. Scruggs,
Lieutenant-Colonel Com'd'g Fourth Ala.

REPORT OF COLONEL J. L. SHEFFIELD, FORTY-EIGHTH ALABAMA.

Camp Forty-Eighth Reg't Ala. Vols.,
August 7th, 1863.

Sir,—I have the honor herewith to give a statement of the part taken by the Forty-Eighth Alabama in the battle of Gettysburg on the 2d and 3d of July, 1863:

On the morning of the 2d inst. this regiment, with the brigade,

marched from "New Gilford" to the field, a distance of twenty miles, where we were placed in line of battle in the open field, where companies A and H were ordered on picket; after lying in line of battle a half hour we were ordered forward, and advanced a distance of one mile over a very rough and rugged woods—the worst cliffs of rocks there could have been traveled over. On reaching the enemy's lines where they were well and strongly situated, I ordered my regiment to forward, which was gallantly obeyed until within about twenty paces of their line. Here the fire of the enemy was severe. Here the men opened fire on the enemy, and for some time continued, until the left, from the loss of men and their exposed position to a fire from the front and from the mountain on the right, were forced to fall back. The right steadily maintained its position for some time, forcing the enemy to withdraw from their first line and establish their line a short distance to their rear, where they continued their fire. After the contest had continued for an hour and a half, and my whole regiment had been brought to the front the third time only to be driven back, I ordered them to reform in the rear of their advanced position. While doing this I was ordered to take command of the brigade. After this the regiment was commanded by Captain T. J. Eubanks, who reformed and carried it to the front, where the battle-ground was held during the night, bringing off our wounded. In this battle the regiment had two hundred and seventy-five men engaged. There were one hundred and two killed, wounded and missing. On the 3d inst. the regiment was withdrawn a short distance, where we remained during the day, except while engaged in a short fight with cavalry. At night we were still farther withdrawn to the rear. The men and officers acted very well. I cannot close without speaking of those who acted most conspicuously during the hottest of the conflict; Lieutenants Burch and Ewing, Captains Eubanks and Edwards, are especially noticed for their gallantry in leading their men forward and remaining in front of their commands encouraging their men. Colonel Hardwick and Major St. John were very efficient in performing their part until wounded. It is due to state that in the account of missing, twenty-four men were taken prisoners, with Captain Edwards and Lieutenant Christian, of General Law's staff, while posting pickets after night on the 2d inst.

Very respectfully,

J. L. SHEFFIELD,
Colonel Forty-Eighth Alabama Regiment.

REPORT OF COLONEL WILLIAM F. PERRY, FORTY-FOURTH ALABAMA.

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-FOURTH ALABAMA REGIMENT,
Near Fredericksburg, Va., August 8, 1863.

H. W. FIGURES,
A. A. G. General, Law's Brigade.

SIR,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the regiment under my command in the battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on the 2d July.

It occupied the place of the second battalion in the line formed by the brigade on the heights which ran parallel with and fronting the enemy's position. Having advanced with the brigade down the long slope and through the intervening meadow it was detached from its place in the line by order of General Law and by a flank movement was brought to the extreme left of the brigade.

When at a short distance from the stone fence near the base of the mountain, General Law informed me that he expected my regiment to take a battery which had been playing on our line from the moment the advance begun. This battery was situated, not on the mountain itself, but on a rugged cliff, which formed the abrupt termination of a ridge that proceeded from the mountain and ran in a direction somewhat parallel with it, leaving a valley destitute of trees and filled with immense boulders between them. This valley—not more than three hundred paces in breadth—and the cliff on which their artillery was stationed was occupied by two regiments of the enemy's infantry.

The direction of the regiment after crossing the stone fence was such that a march to the front would have carried it to the right of the enemy's position. It was therefore wheeled to the left so as to confront that position, its left opposite the battery and its right extending toward the base of the mountain. This movement was executed under fire and within two hundred yards of the enemy.

The forward movement was immediately ordered and was responded to with an alacrity and courage seldom, if ever, excelled on the battlefield. As the men emerged from the forest into the valley before mentioned they received a deadly volley at short range which, in a few seconds, killed or disabled one-fourth their number. Halting without an order from me and availing themselves of the shelter which the rocks afforded they returned the fire. Such was their extreme exhaustion—having marched without interruption twenty-four

miles to reach the battlefield and advanced at a double-quick step fully a mile to engage the enemy—that I hesitated for an instant to order them immediately forward. Perceiving very soon, however, that the enemy were giving way, I rushed forward shouting to them to advance. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could make myself heard or understood above the din of battle. The order was, however, extended along the line and was promptly obeyed. The men sprang forward over the rocks, swept the position, and took possession of the heights, capturing forty or fifty prisoners around the battery and among the cliffs.

Meanwhile, the enemy had put a battery in position on a terrace of the mountain to our right, which opened upon us an enfilading fire of grape and spherical case shot. A sharp fire of small arms was also opened from the same direction. This was not destructive, however, owing to the protection afforded by the rocks.

Soon the enemy appeared moving down upon our front in heavy force. At this critical moment General Benning's brigade of Georgians advanced gallantly into action. His extreme right, lapping upon my left, swarmed over the cliffs and mingled with my men.

It was now past five o'clock, P. M. The conflict continued to rage with great fury until dark. Again and again the enemy in great force attempted to dislodge us from the position and retake the battery, in each case with signal failure and heavy loss.

Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, Major Cary, and Lieutenant Beeker, Acting Adjutant, behaved with great coolness and courage. I abstain from mentioning by name others who deserve special commendation, because the list would be so long as to confer little distinction on any single individual, and because injustice might be done to others whose good conduct escaped my observation.

The regiment lost, killed, 24; wounded, 66, and missing, 4. I have the honor to be very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WM. F. PERRY, *Colonel Commanding.*

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WORK, FIRST TEXAS REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST TEXAS REGIMENT,
July 9th, 1863.

The following is submitted as a report of the part sustained by the

First Texas Regiment in the engagement of Thursday, July 2d, 1863, near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, to-wit:

The regiment, together with the brigade, having been ordered forward to the attack about 4 o'clock P. M., continued to advance by the front for a distance exceeding half a mile; the Fourth Texas upon the right and the Third Arkansas upon the left, when company I, commanded by Lieutenant I. H. Wooters and thrown out as skirmishers, engaged the skirmishers of the enemy, driving them back upon a regiment supporting the enemy's battery, and then, aided by volunteers from this (First Texas) regiment, engaged the regiment and artillery, succeeded in driving back the regiment and silencing the enemy's guns, taking and holding possession of the latter. While this regiment was closely following our skirmishers and had reached to within about one hundred and twenty-five yards of the enemy's artillery, the Third Arkansas regiment, upon my left, became hotly engaged with a strong force of the enemy upon its front and left, and to preserve and protect its left flank, was forced to retire to a point some seventy-five or one hundred yards to my rear and left, thus leaving my left flank uncovered and exposed, to protect which I halted and threw out upon my left and rear company G, commanded by Lieutenant B. A. Campbell (some forty men) which soon engaged the enemy and drove them from their threatening position to my left and the front of the Third Arkansas. It was while in the execution of this order that Lieutenant Campbell, a brave and gallant officer, fell, pierced through the heart. Owing to the failure, as informed by Brigadier-General Robertson, of the troops that were assigned to the position on the left of this (Robertson's) brigade to arrive promptly, neither this nor the Third Arkansas regiment were able to advance without advancing against a vastly superior force, and with the left flank of the Third Arkansas, protecting my left, exposed to attack. After the lapse of several minutes, Benning's brigade made its appearance, but instead of occupying the ground to the left of Robertson's brigade, so as to enable the latter to move forward with its left flank secured from attack, occupied the ground still occupied by a portion, at least, of this brigade (the Fifteenth Georgia regiment falling in and remaining with the First Texas regiment.) After several ineffectual efforts upon the part of both the commander of the Fifteenth Georgia and myself to separate the men of the two regiments, we gave the order to move forward, when both regiments thus commingled moved forward and occupied the crest of the hill some one hundred yards or more to the

front and where the enemy's artillery was stationed, where we remained until the close of the day and until two o'clock on Friday morning. During the evening of the 2d an incessant fire was kept up by this regiment, and the enemy were several times repulsed in their efforts to retake the hill. My position was such that I was enabled to pour a deadly enfilading fire into the enemy as they advanced through a wheat field to attack the troops in position on my left, and I have not a doubt that this fire contributed greatly to the repulse of the forces of the enemy attacking our forces some three to five hundred yards on my left. Once during the evening the troops upon my left were driven back, and my left was exposed, when, directing Captain Hal Moss, company D, to take charge of the colors and retaining them there with a few men to hold the hill until the regiment could safely retire, I ordered the regiment to fall back to a stone fence about one hundred yards in rear. The major portion of the regiment and the Fifteenth Georgia fell back as ordered, but quite a large number having noticed that the colors were not moving to the rear, refused to withdraw, and, remaining upon the crest of the hill, succeeded in holding the enemy in check in their immediate front and obliquely upon their right and left until the troops upon my left had been reformed and were again advanced, when I directed Major F. S. Bass to return to the crest of the hill with the body of the regiment; and with Captain D. K. Rice, of company C, proceeded myself to collect together all fugitives, slightly wounded and exhausted men, and placed them so as to protect my right and rear from an attack from that quarter (one of my advanced scouts in that direction having reported to me that a column of the enemy was moving down a ravine or hollow, and threatening me in that quarter.) Having made every disposition to guard my right and rear, I placed Captain D. K. Rice in charge of such defence, and proceeded to the Third Arkansas regiment, of which General Robertson had ordered me to take charge. After the loss of some half hour in searching for the Third Arkansas, I found Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor and Major Ready, of that regiment, both alive and uninjured and in charge of the regiment, which was doing its duty nobly and well. Late in the evening a terrific fire of artillery was concentrated against the hill occupied by this (the First regiment), and many were killed and wounded, some losing their heads and others so horribly mutilated and mangled that their identity could scarcely be established, but, notwithstanding this, all the men continued heroically and unflinchingly to maintain their position. Immediately, after

dark, having detailed companies E and I for the purpose, I sent three pieces of the artillery captured to the rear. There were three other pieces, two at one point and one at another, that I was unable to move for the reason that they were located between the lines of the enemy and our own, and were so much exposed that they could not be approached except under a murderous fire. While they could not be removed by me, neither could they be approached by the enemy, for the same fire that drove the artillerists from their guns and the infantry from their support, was ever in readiness to keep them in check and drive them back. With but two exceptions, to-wit: Private Childress, of company E, and Private Brooks, company K, each and every man of the regiment proved himself a hero. Hundreds might be mentioned, each of whom, with reason and propriety, might point to his gallant acts and daring deeds, and the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding feels that he cannot call attention to the bearing of a few only of these without doing some share of injustice to those not mentioned, and though he is urged to mention the names of Privates Salter, company I, Kirksey and Barfield, company B, and Barbee, company L, for great and striking gallantry, and does mention them; he feels that he is neglecting others of equal merit.

Private Barbee, though a mounted courier acting for Major-General Hood, entered the ranks of his company (L) and fought through the engagement. At one time he mounted a rock upon the highest pinnacle of the hill, and there, exposed to a deadly raking fire from artillery and musketry, stood until he had fired twenty-five shots, when he received a minie-ball wound in the right thigh and fell.

Having exhausted their original supply of ammunition, the men supplied themselves from the cartridge boxes of their dead and disabled comrades and from the dead and wounded of the enemy, frequently going in front of the hill to secure a cartridge box.

Many of the officers threw aside their swords, seized a rifle, and going into the ranks, fought bravely and nobly.

The regiment lost in killed twenty-five, in wounded forty-eight, and missing twenty. A list of the names of whom, giving the company and character of wound (of those wounded) is hereto annexed as part of this report.

Respectfully submitted,

P. A. Work,

Lieutenant-Colonel Com'd'g First Texas Reg't

In Engagement of July 2d, 1863.

N. B.—I would state that Captain John R. Woodward, of company G, entered the engagement as Acting Major in charge of the left wing, early in the engagement. He was wounded in the head by the fragment of a shell, and was borne from the field.

Respectfully submitted,

P. A. Work,
Lieutenant-Colonel Com'd'g First Texas Reg't.

In addition to the above report, I have the following to submit: During the evening of Friday, the 2d July, company I, commanded by Lieutenant Loughridge, having become separated from the Fourth Texas regiment, of which it was a part, attached itself to the First Texas regiment, and remained with it throughout the evening and night, until the latter was moved to the position occupied by the brigade on the 3d of July, doing its full duty and battling bravely.

Respectfully submitted,

P. A. Work,
Lieutenant-Colonel Com'd'g First Texas Reg't.

REPORT OF MAJOR J. P. BANE, FOURTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

Headquarters Fourth Texas Regiment,
July 9th, 1863.

Sir,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my regiment in the action near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2d and 3d, 1863:

About 4½ o'clock P. M., the 2d inst., we were ordered to advance on the enemy, who occupied the heights about one and a quarter miles distant; the Fifth Texas, the directing battalion on my right, and the First Texas on my left. Advancing at double-quick, we soon met the enemy's skirmishers, who occupied a skirt of the thick undergrowth about one quarter of a mile from the base of the cliffs upon which the enemy had a battery playing upon us with the most deadly effect. After a short pause, while repelling his skirmishers, I was ordered by General Robertson to move by the right flank so as to cover all the ground between us and the directing battalion. Moving about two hundred yards I met the enemy in full force in a

heavy wooded ground, sheltering themselves behind rocks from which, after a sharp contest, he was driven to the heights beyond in our front and in close proximity to the mountain, and there I was pained to learn that the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel, B. F. Carter, was severely wounded while crossing a stone wall near the base of the mountain. I was also informed that Colonel John C. G. Key, while gallantly urging the men to the front, was severely wounded. The command then devolved upon me. Many of the officers and men had been killed and wounded up to this time. Finding it impossible to carry the heights by assault with my thinned ranks, I ordered my command to fall back in the skirt of timber, the position then occupied being enfiladed by the batteries on the left and exposed to a heavy fire of musketry in my immediate front. Being joined by the Fifth Texas on my right, I again attempted to drive the enemy from the heights by assaults, but with like results. Again being reinforced by the Forty-eighth Alabama, commanded by the gallant Colonel Sheffield, and the Forty-fourth Alabama, whose commander I did not learn, I again charged their works, but was repulsed, and then, under the order of General Law, I ordered my command to fall back under cover of the timber on a slight elevation within short range of the enemy. I formed my regiment in line of battle, leaving the battlefield contested ground. At the dawn of day I had a stone wall about two feet high thrown up, which afforded some protection to the men occupying the position from which we had driven the enemy until sunset of the 3d inst., at which time I was ordered to move my command, in conjunction with the remainder of the brigade, by the right flank, to occupy the ground from which we first advanced upon the enemy. I accord to each and all of my officers and men my warmest congratulations for their continued and unceasing gallantry during the entire engagement.

The following list of casualties is appended. All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. P. Bane, *Major Com'd'g.*

To Captain J. W. Kerr,
Acting A. A. G.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL K. BRYAN, FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT,
Near Hagerstown, Md., July 8th, 1863.

Lieutenant JOHN W. KERR,
A. A. A. Gen'l:

Colonel R. M. Powell having fallen into the hands of the enemy, it devolves upon me, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, to report the part taken by it as far as came under my observation in the action of the second and third, near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania:

About four o'clock P. M. on the second inst. General Hood's division was drawn up in line of battle fronting the heights occupied by the enemy. The Fifth Texas regiment occupied the right of the brigade, resting on General Law's left, whose brigade was the one of direction. At the word forward the regiment moved forward in good order. The enemy had a line of sharpshooters at the foot of the first height behind a stone fence about three-fourths of a mile from our starting point, which distance was passed over by our line at a double-quick and a run. At our approach the enemy retired to the top of the first height protected by a ledge of rocks. A short halt was made at the stone fence to enable those who had fallen behind to regain their places. When the command forward again fell from the lips of our gallant Colonel, every man leaped the fence and advanced rapidly up the hillside. The enemy again fled at our approach, sheltering himself behind his fortified position on the top of the second height, about two hundred yards distant from the first. From this position we failed to drive them. Our failure was owing to the rocky nature of the ground over which we had to pass, the huge rocks forming defiles through which not more than three or four men abreast could pass, thus breaking up our alignment and rendering its reformation impossible. Notwithstanding the difficulties to overcome, the men pressed on to the pass of the precipitous strong hold, forming and *securing* the enemy's second position (many of our officers and men falling in passing the open space between the heights.) Here we halted, there being small clusters of rocks far below the elevated position of the enemy, which gave us partial protection. From this position we were enabled to deliver our fire for the first time with accuracy. Seeing that the

men were in the best obtainable position, and deeming a further advance without reinforcements impracticable, a great many of the regiment having been already disabled, I looked for Colonel Powell to know his next order. Failing to see him, I concluded at once that he, like many of his gallant officers and men, had fallen a victim to the deadly missiles of the enemy, which were being showered like hail upon us. I moved towards the centre, passing many officers and men who had fallen, having discharged their whole duty like true soldiers. I had not proceeded far when I discovered the prostrate form of our noble Colonel, who had fallen at his post his face to the foe. I hastened towards him, when I received a wound in my left arm. On reaching the Colonel I found that he was not dead, but seeing the rent in his coat where the ball had passed out, my fears were excited that his wound would prove mortal. The hemorrhage from my own wound forced me from the field, leaving the command upon Major Rogers.

The officers and men of my wing of the regiment continued to discharge their duties in a manner worthy of our cause so long as I remained upon the field, and from their conduct heretofore, I would not hesitate to vouch for them during the remainder of the battle. Captain Cleveland, of company H, was on the right, whose skillful management of his own company aided me vastly in the direction of my wing.

K. Bryan,
Lieutenant-Colonel Fifth Texas Reg't.

REPORT OF MAJOR J. C. ROGERS, FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

Headquarters Fifth Texas Regiment,
Near Hagerstown, Md., July 8th, 1863.

Lieutenant J. W. Kerr,
A. A. A. Gen'l:

I have the honor to forward a continuation of the report of part taken by the Fifth Texas regiment in the action of the 2d and 3d insts., after the wounding of Colonels Powel and Bryan, when the command devolved upon me:

The regiment still holding the position as left by Colonel Bryan, firing with accuracy and deadly effect, the order came to fall back from some unknown source, and finding that the regiments on our

right and left had retired, it became necessary to follow. I, therefore, gave the order for the regiment to about face and retire to the rear, which they did in good order, until they reached the position mentioned in Colonel Bryan's reports as the second position of the enemy, and here were halted and reformed in connection with the other regiments. From the exhausted condition of the men, it was deemed necessary to remain here for a few moments. The regiments were again ordered forward, which they did in the most gallant manner, and regained their first position, which they held as long as it was tenable, and a further advance being impracticable, owing to the nature of the ground, as expressed in Colonel Bryan's report, they again retired in good order to an open space about fifty yards in rear, when here it was discovered for the first time that nearly two-thirds of our officers and men had been killed and wounded. Only a few moments were here consumed to allow the men to recover their breath, when *in obedience to orders*, I again moved the regiment forward to attack the enemy in their impregnable position. The coolness and determination of the men and officers was equal to the occasion. They advanced boldly over the ground strewn with the bodies of their dead and dying comrades to the base of what *they knew to be an impregnable fortification.* We held this position until it was discovered that we had no supports either on the right or left, and were about to be flanked, and, therefore, were again compelled to retire, which the regiment did in good order to the point mentioned in Colonel Bryan's report as the second position of the enemy, which place we were ordered to hold at all hazards, which we did. Just before day on the morning of the 3d orders reached me that breastworks must be thrown up and position held. The order was obeyed. During the day constant skirmishing was kept up with the enemy, which resulted in the loss to us of many of our best scouts. Late in the evening, in obedience to orders, I about faced my regiment and marched three-quarters of a mile to the crest of the ridge from which the charge of the day previous commenced. Here we threw up breastworks, behind which we remained during the night.

I would respectfully beg leave to call attention to the valuable assistance I received from Captain John S. Cleveland in the management of the right wing of my regiment, and Captain T. T. Clay on the left. Also to the heroic conduct of T. W. Fitzgeral, of company A, who was color-bearer. He pressed gallantly forward, and was badly wounded far in front. I. A. Howard, of company B, Color-

Corporal, then took the flag and remained firmly at his post. He was almost instantly killed. The colors were then taken by Sergeant W. S. Evans, of company F, who planted them defiantly in the face of the foe during the remainder of the fight, always advancing promptly to the front when the order was given.

The general conduct of officers and men was beyond all praise.

J. C. Rogers,
Major Com'd'g Fifth Texas Regiment.

REPORT OF COLONEL V. H. MANNING, THIRD ARKANSAS REGIMENT.

Regimental Headquarters,
Near Hagerstown, Md.,
July 8th, 1863.

Lieutenant Kerr,
A. A. A. G. Robertson's Brigade:

Lieutenant,—I have the honor to report the part taken by this command in the recent battle near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania:

About four o'clock on the evening of the 2d July I was ordered to move against the enemy, keeping my right well connected with the left of the First Texas regiment, and hold my left on the Emmettsburg road, then some two hundred yards in my front and out of view. Upon reaching this road, I discovered, from the direction the directing regiment was taking, that I could not, with the length of my line, carry out the latter order, hence I decided to keep my command on a prolongation of the line formed by the troops on my right. After marching in line of battle at a brisk gait, part of the way at a double-quick, for about one thousand yards, all the time exposed to a destructive fire from artillery, we engaged the enemy at short range, strongly posted behind a rock fence at the edge of woods. We drove him back with but little loss for a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, when I ascertained that I was suffering from a fire to my left and rear. Thereupon I ordered a change of front to the rear on first company, but the noise (consequent upon the heavy firing then going on) swallowed up my command, and I contented myself with the irregular drawing back of the left wing, giving it an excellent fire, which pressed the enemy back in a very short while, whereupon the whole line advanced—the enemy fighting stubbornly,

but retiring. Soon I was again admonished that my left was seriously threatened, when I ordered the command back fifty or seventy-five yards to meet this contingency. He was again driven back, and I stretched out my front twice its legitimate length, guarding well my left and advanced to the ledge of rocks from which we had previously been dislodged by the enemy's movement upon my flank. I experienced some annoyance from the exposure of this flank up to this moment, when Colonel Little, of the Eleventh Georgia regiment, joined to my left. The Fifty-ninth Georgia regiment coming also at this time, occupied the line with my command. Some little time after this I was disabled by concussion and wound on my nose and forehead. The command then devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, who will report its operations subsequent to this time. It would be invidious to make special mention of gallantry with either officers or men, when all did so well, fighting greatly superior numbers, and at great disadvantage. I might safely assume that the bearing of the entire command was of the highest creditable character. No guns or colors were captured, and but few (some twenty-five) prisoners, a number of whom were sent to the rear with wounded men.

Below I submit a list of killed, wounded and missing. The wounded include only those disabled indefinitely. Quite a number were temporarily disabled by slight wounds, but resumed their duties in a few days, hence I make no mention of them in this report.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

VAN H. MANNING,
Colonel Com'd'g Third Arkansas Regiment.

REPORT OF MAJOR GEE, FIFTY-NINTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-NINTH GA. REG'T INFANTRY,
July 7th, 1863.

Captain C. C. HARDWICK,
Acting Adjutant-General:

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor of making the following report of the part which the Fifty-ninth Georgia regiment bore in the fight of the 2d and 3d insts. near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania:

We entered the fight about 5 o'clock P. M., being on the extreme

right of the brigade, and charged the enemy three times. We were repulsed the first charge because the men were completely exhausted when they made it, having double-quicked a distance of some four hundred yards under a severe shelling and a scorching sun. The second and third charges were made in gallant style, driving the enemy from their position and into their stronghold in the mountain which was impregnable. We retired in good order, night having come on. We were relieved on the next day, 3d inst. by Semmes's brigade, and sent to the extreme right of the line, where we charged the enemy at about 3 o'clock P. M., driving them before us until they were no longer to be found. Our loss during both fights was one hundred and sixteen. Captain M. G. Bass was in command of the regiment after the second charge on the 2d inst. and remained so until we left Gettysburg (Colonel Brown having been wounded in the second charge). I was stunned by the explosion of a shell in the commencement of the engagement and was not able to take command of the regiment in person.

Very respectfully,

B. H. Gee,
Major Commanding Regiment.

REPORT OF COLONEL W. S. SHEPHERD, SECOND GEORGIA.

Headquarters Second Georgia Regiment,
July 27th, 1863.

Lieutenant H. H. Perry,
A. A. A. General:

I have the honor to make the following report of the conduct of the Second Georgia regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel William T. Harris, during the sanguinary battle near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania:

After a most tiresome march through the mountains, this regiment, belonging to Benning's brigade, arrived at 12, night, in the neighborhood of the scene of an engagement which took place on the 1st inst., where it was permitted to bivouac for a few hours. At 3 A. M. it resumed the march, and again halted after proceeding some three miles. At 1 P. M. it again took up the line of march, moving by a circuitous route to the right. Notwithstanding the extreme heat, and the fatiguing march, the officers and men of this regiment moved

forward with great cheerfulness, seeming anxious to meet the enemy. Just before reaching its position in line, the regiment advanced by the right flank through an open field under a heavy fire from the enemy's artillery, which was posted on a commanding position. It gives me great pleasure to state that the officers and men of this command acted very coolly and moved forward in good order; here Lieutenant J. C. Sapp was slightly wounded, but continued with his company. Before advancing in line of battle the command was permitted to rest a few moments. The Second Georgia composed the right, and with the Seventeenth Georgia, the right wing of Benning's brigade. Soon the order to advance was given, when the entire regiment moved forward in splendid order until it came to a deep gorge where the nature of the ground was such that it was impossible to preserve any alignment; but, notwithstanding the rocks, undergrowth and the deadly fire of the enemy, the officers and men of this regiment moved forward with dauntless courage, driving the enemy before them, and did not halt until they saw they were some distance in advance of their line, and beyond a rocky eminence on the left, which had been previously held by the enemy. Here the regiment made a stand, and fought as gallantly as men could fight, and did not yield an inch of ground, but repulsed several charges made by the enemy who were protected by a battery, and a hill lined with sharpshooters. It was shortly after the regiment halted that Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. T. Harris fell, pierced through the heart by a minie-ball. He behaved gallantly and coolly while advancing and was in the act of cheering on his command when he received the fatal shot. The command then devolved upon the undersigned, who was Major of the regiment. We held our position until night closed the bloody drama. We have to deplore the loss of many gallant officers and men, a list of whom has been previously forwarded. I take great pleasure in testifying to the gallantry displayed both by officers and men, and, in my humble judgment, men never fought with more determination and bravery. We captured quite a number of prisoners, of whom previous mention has been made. It is impossible to individualize where all acted so nobly and courageously. I would respectfully call your attention to Forage Master R. W. Scrogin, of Company I, Second Georgia regiment, who went into the battle voluntarily and fought bravely until wounded. The Second Georgia and a portion of the Seventeenth Georgia, being a short distance in advance, I received orders from headquarters, about 3 o'clock A. M. on the 3d inst., to fall back, and connect with the main

line, which command was executed in good order, and not until all our wounded had been removed to the rear.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

WM. S. SHEPHERD,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Second Ga. Reg't.

REPORT OF COLONEL WADDELL, TWENTIETH REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTIETH REGT. GA. VOLS.,
Near Culpeper Courthouse, Va.,
July 27th, 1863.

Lieutenant H. H. PERRY,
A. A. A. General:

SIR,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part borne by the Twentieth Regiment of Georgia Volunteers in the battle at and near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on the 2d and 3d of July:

In the order of attack, Longstreet's corps was assigned to the right, and Hood's division occupied the right of the corps. Benning's brigade, in the order of battle, supported, at the distance of four hundred yards, Law's, whose position was on the extreme right. In the brigade formation the Twentieth regiment occupied the left centre. Before reaching the point wherefrom to make the attack, it was necessary to move by the right flank a distance of nearly three miles. The enemy's guns commanded a considerable portion of this distance, and opened a heavy fire of shell upon us for more than a mile of the way. About five o'clock P. M., having reached the intended point, we advanced in line of battle to the assault, the regiment moving in excellent order and spirit. We had not advanced far before it was ascertained that there was a considerable space intervening between Law's and Robertson's brigades unoccupied by any Confederate troops, save very few belonging to the First Texas regiment. Near to the centre of this comparatively unoccupied ground, upon a steep, rocky, rugged hill, the enemy had posted a battery of six guns, from which a destructive and vigorous fire was poured into our ranks. To cover this ground, and to support Brigadier-General Robertson, who was pressed severely at the time, a left oblique movement was made and continued until the Twentieth regiment fronted this battery, when the brigade was ordered to

advance forward. The order was obeyed by the regiment with promptness and alacrity, and the charge upon the hill and battery executed courageously and successfully. In the space of fifteen minutes the hill was carried, and three 10-pound Parrott guns captured. They were brought off that night, and the next day turned against the enemy in that terrible artillery fight. Some twenty-five prisoners were captured and sent to the rear, some of whom aided our wounded in getting to the hospital. Three regiments, viz.: the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, and Fourth Maine, were represented in the person of the prisoners. After the enemy was driven from the hill, they poured upon us a terrific and incessant fire from the steep mountain side directly to our front, their advance line of infantry being distant about five hundred yards, and pretty well protected by large rocks and stones heaped together. About six o'clock a regiment was moved to get to our left flank. A shot from Private John F. Jordan, of Company "G," unhorsed the officer leading it, when their ranks were broken, and they retreated in wild disorder and confusion, my regiment adding no little to their panic by opening a telling volley into their scattered ranks. No other advance was attempted by them upon the hill we occupied while we held it.

Our loss in the charge was very heavy. I herewith transmit a list of the casualties: Colonel John A. Jones, commanding, was killed at the post of duty, instantly, by a fragment of shell, when nearly half way up the hill, and but a moment before it was carried. He was an excellent officer and devoted patriot, and a braver spirit never fought beneath a flag. His loss will long be felt in this command. Lieutenant F. McCrimmon, company "H," was killed just as the regiment gained the crest, falling literally "in the arms of victory." Captains A. B. Ross, of company "A," and H. C. Mitchell, of company "B;" Lieutenants P. G. Hatchett and E. J. Morgan, of company "E," were wounded, the three first named severely, the last slightly.

Shortly after nightfall the firing ceased—the enemy employing himself in building breastworks on the mountain side in our front. By the dawn of the following day he had constructed in plain view three lines of breastworks, which could not have been mounted without the use of scaling ladders. A fourth line, not so distinctly visible, did not appear to be so high or strong.

The Twentieth held the hill until near seven o'clock P. M. on the 3d under a dangerous but desultory fire of the enemy, mainly in-

fantry, when we were ordered to fall back to a more tenable position, about one mile to our left rear—the withdrawal of troops on our left making such order necessary. Indeed, the enemy had well-nigh gained our left flank before it was known that we were without supports there to meet him. Owing to a misunderstanding of orders as to the point aimed at and as to the manner in which the retreat should be conducted, considerable disorder attended its inception; but the regiment was formed again upon the first favorable ground, and good order soon restored. The loss on this retreat was seventeen men, some of whom are known to have been killed and others wounded. I have had no means of ascertaining whether any unwounded men fell into the enemy's hands. The men generally were almost worn down by hard marching, harder fighting, constant watching, loss of sleep, hunger and almost intolerable heat. Nevertheless, buoyed up by the unconquerable spirit of men who deserve to be free, they bore it all with the fortitude, constancy, uncomplaining devotion and patriotism which have distinguished them in so many campaigns and avouched their soldierly character and merit upon so many fields of triumph and glory.

Upon reaching the hill designated, hasty breastworks were constructed, and the command kept under arms, but the enemy did not choose to attack us, and the struggle terminated here.

Instances of individual valor and gallantry were many and splendid; the coolness and courage of every man seemed equal to his opportunity, and where all, so far as I could observe, performed their full duty manfully and well, I should do injustice to many by specially commending a few whose conduct and bearing happened to fall within the scope of my own observation.

By reference to the accompanying list of casualties it will be seen that our losses in the battle of Thursday were, in killed, two officers and twenty-one men; wounded, officers, four; men, seventy-three; missing, four, and on Friday the total missing is seventeen, making an aggregate loss of one hundred and twenty-one.

It may be proper to add that our battle-flag is marked with eighty-seven holes, thirty-eight of which seem to have been made by minie-balls, the remainder, from the character of the rents, by fragments of shell.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,

I. W. Waddell,
Colonel Twentieth Georgia Regiment.

REPORT OF MAJOR McDANIEL, ELEVENTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS ELEVENTH GEORGIA REGIMENT,
ANDERSON'S BRIGADE,
July 8th, 1863.

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor to report the part borne by the Eleventh Georgia regiment, in the engagement near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on the 2d inst.:

The regiment went into action under command of Colonel F. H. Little; he having been severely wounded during the action, the command devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel William Luffman. Near the close of the battle Lieutenant-Colonel Luffman took command of the brigade, when the command of the regiment devolved upon myself.

The scene of action was reached by a march of several miles under a burning sun, and for the distance of one mile under a terrific fire of the enemy's batteries. Advancing to the crest of the hill, where the Emmettsburg pike enters the woods in front of the enemy's position along a ravine near the base of the mountain, the regiment bore unflinchingly with the remainder of the brigade the severe enfilading fire of the enemy's batteries upon Cemetery Hill, until ordered to advance. The Eleventh Georgia is the right center regiment of the brigade, and went into action in its place. The advance was made in good order, and upon reaching the belt of woods in front a vigorous fire was opened upon the enemy, followed up by a vigorous charge, which dislodged them from the woods, the ravine and from a stone fence running diagonally with the line of battle. This formidable position was occupied by the Eleventh Georgia, and a galling fire opened upon the enemy's front and flank, causing his line to recoil in confusion. At this juncture Brigadier-General Anderson came in person to the regiment (a considerable distance in advance of the remainder of the brigade, and in strong position, which was at the time held, and might have been held against the enemy in front) and ordered Colonel Little to withdraw the regiment to the crest of the hill, on account of a movement of the enemy in force upon the left flank of the brigade. The regiment retired in good order, though with loss, to the point indicated. After a short interval a second advance was made to the stone fence, but, after a furious conflict, the failure of support on the right forced the brigade back a distance of one hundred yards. The third advance was made in

connection with the entire line on that part of the field, and resulted, after a conflict in the ravine of half an hour, in the rout of the enemy from the field. This rout was vigorously pressed to the very foot of the mountain, up the sides of which the enemy fled in greatest confusion. The loss of the enemy was here very great, his dead lying upon the field by the hundred. Nothing but the exhausted condition of the men prevented them from carrying the heights. As it was, with no supports of fresh troops, and with the knowledge that the enemy were pouring reinforcements from their right into the ledges of the mountain, it was found impracticable to follow him further. In this charge large numbers of prisoners, taken by men of this command, were sent to the rear, but no guards were kept over them specially, and it is impossible now to ascertain the number. The regiment retired with the line to the ravine and went into bivouac for the night, the pickets of the brigade holding the field. The rout of the enemy was manifested in the fact that no attempt was made to follow our retreat, and scarcely any effort to annoy us in retiring. The regiment lost many valuable officers and men. Amongst the killed are Captain M. T. Nunnally, company H, Captain John W. Stokes, company B, and First Lieutenant Holmes Baskins, company K, who fell gallantly at their posts. A comple list of the casualties is herewith transmitted. From this it appears that the number of killed was twenty-three (23), of wounded one hundred and seventy-one (171), and of missing five (5); total, two hundred and four (204).

I take pleasure in testifying that the behavior of officers and men was satisfactory and worthy the proud name heretofore won by the troops of this army.

I am, your obedient servant,

HENRY D. MCDANIEL,
Major Com'd'g Eleventh Georgia Reg't.

To Captain CHARLES C. HARDWICK,
A. A. G. Anderson's Brigade.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN HILLYER, NINTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

CAMP NINTH REGIMENT, GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS,
Near Hagerstown, Md.
July 8th, 1863.

Captain CHAS. C. HARDWICK,
Acting Adjutant-General:

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor to report that about four o'clock in the afternoon during the battle of Gettysburg on the 2d inst., all officers senior to me having fallen, the command of this regiment devolved upon me, and during the remainder of the battle, both that day and the next and until the present time I have continued in command, and it now becomes my duty to report the part taken by the regiment in the action. Lieutenant-Colonel Mounger was killed by a piece of shell, soon after the advance commenced, while leading the regiment with his characteristic gallantry, and for about an hour afterwards Major Jones was in command, when he and Captain King were both wounded and taken from the field nearly at the same moment. The regiment occupied its usual position in line on the left of the brigade and the extreme left of the division, and having for near an hour and a half no support on its left, the advance of McLaws's division being, for some reason, thus long delayed, which left the flank very much exposed, while advancing near the distance of a mile, to an enfilading fire of the enemy's batteries, and also to the fire of a flanking party of the enemy, who were prompt to take advantage of the exposed condition of the flank. To meet this flanking party I changed the front of three companies, and for near an hour, against great odds, held them in check until relieved by the advance of McLaws's division, which finally came up on our left. The whole line now again pressed forward, and though entirely without supports, dispersed and scattered a fresh line of the enemy who came up against us, and pursued them four or five hundred yards further to the base of the mountain upon which the enemy's heavy batteries were posted, which we found to be the strongest natural position I ever saw. Our little band, now thinned and exhausted by three hours and a half constant fighting, made a gallant attempt to storm the batteries, but the enemy being again heavily reinforced we were met by a storm of shot and shell, against which, in our worn out condition we could not advance. I believe that had McLaws's division advanced with our line so that we could have arrived at this

point before we became worn out with fatigue, we would have carried the position. In this movement the whole brigade, and also several brigades of McLaws's division, participated. Failing to take the batteries the line retired to the point where we first encountered the enemy's main line, and was again formed, fronting the enemy in such position as to place most of the battlefield in our possession. The enemy evidently had enough of it and did not again show himself in our front, darkness soon closing the scene. The regiment lost two officers (Lieutenant-Colonel Mounger and Lieutenant Bowers) killed, and eleven officers wounded. Also twenty-five enlisted men killed and one hundred and nineteen men wounded, and one officer and thirty-one men missing; total, one hundred and eighty-nine. There were many officers and men who displayed a degree of daring and heroism which challenges admiration in the very highest degree, and the whole regiment behaved with its customary steadiness and devotion, as the loss of one hundred and eighty-nine out of three hundred and forty carried into the field will testify. I herewith respectfully submit a detailed statement of casualties, giving names and description of wounds in full, from which I have omitted all slight wounds which, though sufficient to disable the man for a day or two, will not prevent his taking part in the next battle, say a week or ten days from the time the hurt was received.

On the next day (the 3d inst.) the regiment was detached from the brigade and sent to drive off the enemy's cavalry who were annoying our batteries on the extreme right flank. Here the regiment, though exhausted by the extreme heat and by long continued exertion, performed without a murmur, but on the contrary with the greatest enthusiasm, much hard marching and fighting, as the enemy's mounted men frequently changed their point of attack, which rendered a change of position on our part also often necessary. At one time two or three squadrons of their cavalry charged through the picket line of the First Texas regiment, and were galloping up to one of our batteries with the evident purpose of spiking the guns. This regiment was at the time some distance to the right of the First Texas, and at a point which was not then menaced. I, therefore, led the regiment to the battery at a double-quick, something more than half a mile off, and while going there received, through Major Sellers, an order directing me to do so. When we arrived the enemy were nearly at the battery. Passing through from behind the guns the regiment charged the enemy with a yell in the open field, scattering and

chasing them away in a moment, killing and wounding a number and capturing several horses. This was the *first* repulse that this column met with and their advance was *first checked* by this regiment. When they fled from us they encountered several other regiments who were coming up from different points, and suffered greatly from their fire.

During the first day's fight, a large number of prisoners were passed to the rear through the lines of the regiment, but in the eagerness of our attack no guard was sent with them to the rear and I cannot give the number.

According to my observation the enemy's loss was five times as great as ours.

Very respectfully, &c.,

GEO. HILLYER,
Captain Commanding Ninth Ga. Regiment.

REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE THIRD SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD S. C. REGIMENT,
Culpeper Courthouse, July 31st, 1863.

Captain C. R. HOLMES,
Acting Adjutant-General:

In accordance with a circular from brigade headquarters, issued July 30th, 1863, calling for a report of the operations of this regiment from the time of its leaving Culpeper Courthouse until its return to the same, I submit the following report:

On Tuesday, June 16th, 1863, we left our camp near Culpeper Courthouse, and taking the road to Sperryville, moved to that point and camped for the night.

The 17th, passed through Washington, crossing and camping four miles beyond the head waters of the Rappahannock, in Fauquier county. The night of the 18th we encamped one mile in rear of Piedmont Depot, on the Manassas Gap railroad. The march for the past two days was very hot and dusty, many of the men fainting and falling by the wayside. On the 19th we reached Ashby's Gap, in the Blue Ridge, and relieved General Pickett's division, encamping for the night upon the top of the mountain. At 5 P. M. of the 20th we left our camp at the Gap and forded the Shenandoah at Berry's

Ford, which, from the swollen condition of the stream, was attended with considerable difficulty and some danger, and encamping a short distance beyond. Our regiment lost 2,370 rounds of ammunition by the fording. On Sunday, 21st, we were put in motion at 4 P. M., and marched rapidly across the river, back to the top of the Gap, and formed into line of battle to repel a threatened attack from cavalry. In this position we remained with the other regiments of the brigade until 3 P. M. of the 22d, when we returned to our camp. On the 24th of June we took up the line of march from Berry's Ford, passing through Berryville and encamping for the night at Summit Point, on the Harpers Ferry and Winchester railroad. Early the next day we were upon the march, passing through Smithfield and Martinsburg, and encamping one mile beyond the latter place. On the 26th we moved on the Williamsport road, fording the Potomac in a rain at that point, passing through Williamsport, Maryland, and encamping for the night a short distance beyond. At daylight on the 27th we were again *en route*, passing through Hagerstown, Maryland, as early as 6 A. M , reached and passed through Green Castle, Pennsylvania, encamping for the night five miles in rear of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

June 28th.—On the march this morning at a later hour than usual, passing through and encamping just beyond the limits of the town. A portion of the 29th was spent in tearing up and burning the railroad track at that place. Leaving this point on the morning of the 30th of June, we entered and moved along the pike leading from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, encamping at the village of Fayetteville. At 9 P. M. of the same day our regiment and the Seventh South Carolina were ordered off on picket duty at New Guilford, remaining until relieved next day by General Law, of Hood's division. On the first day of July we took up the line of march for Gettysburg, crossing the mountain gap after nightfall and resting a few hours on the edge of the battlefield where General Hill had engaged the enemy that day. At an early hour on the morning of the 2d of July we were moved forward to take up position in line of battle. We moved to the right of the turnpike some distance, and when at Bream's Hotel (afterwards our hospital), on the road leading from Gettysburg to Fairfield, we were countermarched nearly to the pike that we had left early in the morning, to gain the cover of a range of hills, where we again moved by the right flank to a position one and a half miles in front of the hotel above mentioned. At 3 P. M. our artillery opened upon the enemy's position, at the foot of

and upon the sides of a mountain range, and at four o'clock our regiment, with others, was ordered forwards to the attack across an open plain fifteen hundred yards in width. Our orders from General Kershaw were to gradually swing round to the left until nearly facing an orchard, from which the enemy was pouring a deadly fire of artillery. The wheel was accomplished in gallant style by the regiment, when we moved forward under a galling fire of grape, shell and canister; when within three or four hundred yards of the batteries the order was passed along the line from the right to move "by the right flank, double-quick." The regiment moved in obedience to this order to the cover of a piece of woods, and formed upon the left of the Seventh South Carolina regiment, which was the battalion of direction. In making this move we lost several men from the enemy's artillery fire. Sheltering ourselves behind some rocks and trees, the left was directed to open fire upon the artillery of the enemy whilst the right was instructed to open fire upon their infantry in our front. After being thus engaged for some time, we found that the right flank was very much exposed and subject to an enfilade fire, although fighting gallantly, they were gradually being pressed back. To get our right flank out of this cross-fire, and prevent its flank from being too much cut up it was ordered back, holding the left at the same time firmly in its place, this made the line to be at nearly acute angles to the first line. In this position the enemy advanced to within thirty yards of us, and for more than one hour we held him in check, notwithstanding the repeated reinforcements brought up by him. Whilst thus engaged, about forty men of the Fiftieth Georgia regiment, under command of its Major, came in on our left and engaged the enemy. We remained in this position under a heavy fire of musketry, at short range in front, and an enfiladed fire of grape and shrapnel from the batteries—that the left had failed in entirely silencing—until about dusk, when we were ordered, by General Kershaw, back to another line a short distance in our rear. Thus ended the fight for the day. In this position we remained until the heavy cannonading of the 3d, when, acting under orders from the General, we moved to the right about three or four hundred yards and formed behind a stone wall, where we remained until ordered back to the first line of battle formed on the afternoon of July 2d. It is proper to state that Captain Richardson's company, A, was thrown out early in the day as sharpshooters, and were not in the main engagement, but did good service as sharpshooters, and (with other companies from the brigade) engaging a column of the enemy's

infantry, who were endeavoring to gain our rear. Other companies of the regiment were afterwards sent as sharpshooters, who performed the duty assigned them satisfactorily. The regiment went into the fight in as good spirit as ever before observed, and stood their ground gallantly, none leaving the field unless disabled. Our line was not broken during the engagement. Our loss in the engagement was eighty-three killed and wounded, two of whom were severely wounded during the cannonade of the 3d. Colonel Nance arrived late in the afternoon of the 3d, and assumed command in person. On the morning of the 23d of July, whilst on picket at Gaines' Cross-Roads, I was placed in command of the regiment again and ordered to follow the division, which was done, encamping for the night within eight or nine miles of Culpeper Courthouse. Early on the morning of the 24th we moved forward, passing through Culpeper Courthouse and encamping on Mount Jones, on the road leading to Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock.

Respectfully submitted,

R. C. MAFFETT,
Major Commanding Regiment.

SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE THIRD SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD S. C. REGIMENT,
August 6th, 1863.

Captain C. R. HOLMES,
Acting Adjutant-General:

SIR,—Little of special interest or importance occurred to my command from the afternoon of the 3d of July to the 22d of the same month, yet, after reading the report of Major Maffett, detailing the operations of the regiment from the time it started on the recent campaign into Pennsylvania until it returned to Culpeper, I see he has omitted any statement of its operations between the dates above mentioned, because for that time I had command of the regiment. I consider it, therefore, proper that a brief statement should be made as a supplementary report to Major Maffett's. I returned from my home, where I had been for some time on account of wounds received

at Fredericksburg on the evening of the 3d of July, and assumed command of my regiment.

I found the regiment where I was informed the first line of battle was formed on the 2d day of July, on the road leading from Gettysburg to Emmettsburg, and in front of the second mountain from the left, which was occupied by the enemy. We remained in this position, or nearly so, during the 4th of July. The day was marked by considerable skirmishing, and once or twice an attack seemed probable, but none occurred. About twelve o'clock at night we, in common with the whole command, retired, marching towards Hagerstown *via* Fairfield. The next night we reached and camped on Jack's mountain, at Monteray Springs. On the 5th we continued the march *via* Waterloo, and went into camp about a mile and a half this side of Hagerstown and a mile from Funkstown, about nine o'clock P. M. There we remained until the 10th, when we went into line of battle on Auticlaw Creek to the right of a bridge below Funkstown, and at some mills, name unknown. Company I was advanced beyond the bridge, and lost one man killed (Private Beasely) while acting as sharpshooters. We retired at daylight the 11th, and moved to a point on the right of the Williamsport road, near St. James' College, where we remained in line of battle behind small breastworks, until the 13th of July, when we evacuated our position and marched *via* Donnsville to Falling Waters, where we crossed the Potomac about noon of the next day. This night's march deserves to be characterized as the severest which I have ever witnessed. Its trials were too great for two of my men, who fell by the wayside exhausted, and they have never been heard from since. We then marched *via* Martinsburg, Bunker Hill, Brucetown, and Front Royal to Chester Gap, where the advance of the column met a feeble resistance from the enemy's cavalry. Thence we marched *via* Flint Hill to Gaines' Cross-Roads, where I picketed with my own and the Seventh South Carolina regiment until the next morning, when, by order of General Kershaw, I assumed command of this brigade and placed Major Maffett in command of the regiment. The regiment during this time exhibited commendable spirit and discipline.

Respectfully submitted,

James D. Nance,
Colonel Commanding Regiment.

OPERATIONS OF DETACHMENT FROM CASHTOWN TO WILLIAMSPORT—REPORT OF MAJOR CHARLES RICHARDSON.

CAMP OF GARNETT'S ARTILLERY BATTALION,
Gordonsville, August 2d, 1863.

COLONEL,—In obedience to your order requiring me to report the operations of a detachment of this battalion, with which I was ordered to join Brigadier General Imboden at Cashtown, Pennsylvania, I have the honor to submit the following:

About seven o'clock on the morning of the 4th July last, having at the time nine rifle guns of this battalion in position on the line of battle opposite Gettysburg and immediately in front of the brigade of Brigadier-General Posey, of Anderson's division, I received orders from Brigadier-General Pendleton to proceed at once to Cashtown with the rifle guns of Captains Maurin and Moore, and report to General Imboden for duty with his command. Pursuant to this order I at once marched with Captain Moore, one 10-pounder Parrott and one 3-inch United States rifle and caissons, and Lieutenant Landry, of Captain Maurin's battery, two 3-inch United States rifles and 10-pounder Parrott and caissons, and, arriving at Cashtown about two o'clock, immediately reported to General Imboden. The General informed me that his command would act as a convoy to the great wagon train of our army then passing through the town, and that he would, at the proper time, designate the position in the column to be occupied by my guns.

Having waited several hours without receiving any order from General Imboden, during which time I frequently presented myself to the General and conversed with him, I at length, having informed the General where my artillery was, with his consent, returned to my command, which was on the Gettysburg and Cashtown road, about three hundred yards from where I left the General and his staff. Here I remained until about sunset, when, having received no orders from the General, I returned to the point in Cashtown where I had left him, and learned that he and his staff had gone forward on the line of march. Deeming it necessary that I should communicate with him as soon as possible, in order that I might receive his orders, I turned over the command of my artillery to Captain Moore and at once hastened to overtake General Imboden. Passing the wagon train of our battalion about two o'clock the next morning, I saw

Sergeant Cleary, by whom I sent word to Captain Moore that I had not been able up to that time to overtake General Imboden, but that I desired him (Captain Moore) to join the wagon train and move forward without unnecessary delay. I then hastened forward and met General Imboden's Adjutant at Greencastle, and informed him that I had received no orders to march. I did not see the General there, but learned that he had gone forward Riding forward, I had not proceeded more than three miles when our train was attacked by a body of the enemy's cavalry, and I was captured, but was soon rescued by a company of our cavalry. I, however, did not recover my horse, which had been taken by the enemy. I, therefore, had to proceed as best I could—part of the way on foot—and arrived at Williamsport during the afternoon of the 5th ulto. I there saw General Imboden and informed him again, as I had done at Cashtown the previous day, that my horses were in bad condition, and asked him if he could furnish me with more horses, as I thought I might need assistance. He said he had already directed Colonel Smith, commanding a regiment of infantry belonging to his command, and then not far from the rear of the wagon train, to take charge of them and turn over to the artillery and wagons all the serviceable led-horses in the train.

The horses in the wagon train of this battalion, which had arrived, were not in condition at this time to assist in bringing up the artillery, but the next morning I directed that all the serviceable horses in our camp should be at once sent to aid in bringing up the artillery. General Imboden ordered me the morning of July 6th to ride around the line of battle that he had formed and select positions to be occupied by my artillery, as soon as it should arrive. This order I obeyed, and, on returning to camp, found Captain Moore with his two guns, the caissons having been unavoidably abandoned. I lost no time in placing Captain Moore's battery in position, and had just done so when Lieutenant Landry arrived with one 10-pounder Parrott, and informed me that his horses having entirely broken down, he was compelled to abandon his caissons, and that he had turned over to Captain Hart, of General Hampton's legion, his two 3-inch United States rifles, being unable to move them with his horses.

As the enemy was then threatening us, I lost no time in placing Lieutenant Landry's piece in position, and this had just been done when Captain Moore opened upon a battery of the enemy's guns, which appeared in range on the Sharpsburg road. Our guns were

worked carefully until the ammunition was exhausted, when I first ordered Captain Moore and then Lieutenant Landry to retire; this, however, was but a short time before the enemy withdrew.

The casualties in my command were but slight in this battle. Captain Moore had four men wounded and two horses killed. Lieutenant Landry had one man wounded and two horses killed. From the reports of Captain Moore and Lieutenant Landry, I believe that the abandonment of the pieces and caissons of their batteries was unavoidable.

The led-horses ordered to be turned over to them by General Imboden were too much broken down to be of any service, and the wagons were loaded with wounded men.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

CHARLES RICHARDSON,
Major of Battalion.

To Lieutenant-Colonel J. J. GARNETT,
Commanding Battalion Light Artillery.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN O. B. TAYLOR, ALEXANDER'S BATTALION ARTILLERY.

CAMP NEAR ORANGE COURTHOUSE,
August 3d, 1863.

To Colonel E. P. ALEXANDER:

COLONEL,—In accordance with a circular from your headquarters, issued this morning, I make the following report:

On or about the 3d day of June last, I left Milford Station, Caroline county, with my battery, in company with the other batteries of your battalion. We proceeded to Culpeper Courthouse, near which place we went into camp on the 6th of June. We remained here until the 15th recruiting our horses, repairing our gun carriages, wagons, harness, &c., &c., with little else of interest, except that when the enemy's cavalry made a dash upon ours, near Brandy Station, our battalion marched out to meet them, but we did not have the pleasure of a meeting. Our cavalry drove them back.

On the 15th day of June we started for the Valley of Virginia, and arrived at Millwood, in Clarke county, on the 18th, where we remained

several days, recruiting our stock and resting our men. Here, also, we met with a disappointment. The enemy endeavored to flank us by crossing the Blue Ridge at Ashby's and other gaps. We went out to meet them as before, but our cavalry left nothing for us to do. On the 24th we left Millwood, passing through Winchester, Darksville and Martinsburg. We crossed the Potomac on the 25th, at Williamsport, thence proceeding on our route, we passed through Hagerstown, Greencastle and Chambersburg, and encamped near the latter place for several days, resting our men and horses, and living upon the fat of Pennsylvania. Here, too, we obtained several fresh horses.

On the 30th of June we broke camp and started for Gettysburg. We arrived there about ten o'clock A. M., July 2d. After resting about one hour we took up the line of march for the left wing of the enemy. About four o'clock P. M. I was ordered into position within five hundred yards of the enemy's batteries, and to dislodge them, if possible, from a commanding position which they held. I opened upon the batteries with my four Napoleons, firing canister and spherical case, until our infantry, who were present, began their charge. I then ceased firing, limbered to the front, and advanced some eight hundred or one thousand yards, and took another position, which I held till after dark, though several attempts were made by the enemy, both with infantry and artillery, to drive me from it. I lost at the first position one of my best gunners, Corporal William P. Ray. He was killed whilst in the act of sighting his gun. He never spoke after receiving the shot, walked a few steps from his piece and fell dead. I had, also, whilst in this (my first position) the following men wounded: Vincent F. Burford, badly bruised on shoulder; Silas C. Gentry, cut on the wrist; Joseph Moody, cut in the face and bruised on the back; Byrd McCormick, shot through the calf of the leg by a bullet from a spherical case; Edward J. Sheppard, wounded badly in heel, and several others slightly wounded. I had killed in the lane while going to my second position another excellent gunner, Corporal Joseph Lantz. He had both legs broken above the knees; lived but a little while. His only words were: "*You can do me no good; I am killed. Follow your piece!*"

Whilst in my second position I had two men wounded. Hill Carter Eubank, shot through the leg. Eubank was a very promising youth, about eighteen years of age; left the Military Institute at Lexington, Virginia, to join the army; was brave and attentive to his duties. The other, Claiborne T. Atkinson, struck on the leg by

a piece of shell, seriously wounded. About nine o'clock P. M. of the 2d July I left my position and retired about one mile to the rear. Watered and fed my horses, and returned to the same position about half-past two o'clock the next morning. I remained in this position until after the heavy cannonade of the 3d. I was then ordered by Major Huger to report to you or to General Longstreet, about half a mile to my left. Whilst taking my battery to the place indicated, I was halted by General Lee, and directed not to go into position until I saw you. It was a considerable time before I could find you; the main fighting had ceased when you came to where my battery was. About ten o'clock P. M. we left the field and went into park near the barn used as a hospital. All of my men, non-commissioned and privates, with one or two exceptions, acted well. They remained by their guns, though hungry and exceedingly fatigued. On the 5th July we took up our line of march for Hagerstown, Maryland, where we arrived on the 6th and went into encampment. We remained in the neighborhood of Hagerstown several days, resting our men and horses, which they very much needed on account of the long marching and arduous duties they had undergone. On the 10th we left our encampment and were moving over towards the pike leading to Frederick City, when I was ordered to report with my battery to General Kershaw, then holding the enemy in check at Antietam Creek. I did report, and had a position selected for me, but before I had gotten into it, I received further orders to proceed at once to Downsville and rejoin my battery, which I accomplished about ten o'clock P. M., after a tedious march through the dark.

On the 11th we had orders to dig pits for our pieces and prepare for action. Again we met with a disappointment. The enemy did not advance. We left our fortifications on the evening of the 13th, and after a very disagreeable march, occupying the whole night, through mud, rain and darkness, we recrossed the Potomac on the morning of the 14th July, 1863. Thus ended our second campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

On the evening of the 16th we went into camp near Bunker Hill. Here we remained several days, recruiting and getting together our scattered forces. On the morning of the 20th we again broke camp, and, after four days' travel, we came in sight of Culpeper Court-house, men and horses nearly broken down and exhausted from excessive heat and long marching. We had rain nearly every day from the day we entered the Valley until within the last few days. Our men suffered much in consequence. Their shoes gave out, and

many had to go barefooted. Much of their rest was broken by their not getting dry places to sleep on.

Very respectfully,

O. B. TAYLOR, *Captain Commanding.*

A Sketch of the Life of General Josiah Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance of the Confederate States.

Among the distinguished officers of the Confederate Government, the Chief of Ordnance, General Josiah Gorgas, was probably more highly appreciated by those who had personal or official contact with him than any other Chief of Bureau, and at the same time he was less known by the general public. This fact will be recognized by those best acquainted with him, as entirely consonant with his character. His energy, activity, and great ability impressed all persons who were brought into intercourse with him, and they knew and felt his power. With the general public he was shrinking and modest to the last degree, so that his name was not discussed, and his wonderful capacity was not seen nor felt, except in the active discharge of his duties.

General Gorgas was born in Dauphin county, Pennsylvania, on the 1st day of July, 1818, and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point on the 1st of July, 1837, and graduated No. 6 in the class of 1841. His rank in his class entitled him to position in the Engineer or Ordnance Departments, and he was immediately placed on duty as an ordnance officer, and served as such until 1845, when leave of absence was granted to him in order that he might go to Europe to pursue his profession there, and examine the arsenals and arms abroad. In 1846 he returned to Watervliet Arsenal as assistant ordnance officer.

When the war with Mexico commenced, he went into active service, and on the 3d of March, 1847, he was promoted and made First Lieutenant. He was engaged in the siege of Vera Cruz, and served with distinction. When Vera Cruz was occupied, he was placed in charge of the ordnance depot there. After the close of the war, he returned to Watervliet Arsenal as assistant ordnance officer, and served there and at other arsenals until 1853, when he was placed in command of Mt. Vernon Arsenal in Alabama.

His official duties carried him frequently to Mobile, where he was

received and entertained with the generous hospitality which has always distinguished its citizens. He was occasionally the guest of ex-Governor John Gayle, and there made the acquaintance of his daughter, Miss Amelia Gayle, to whom he was married in December, 1853. He was in command of the arsenal at Mt. Vernon until 1856, when he was transferred to the command of Kennebec Arsenal, Maine. Prior to this transfer, he had, in 1855, been promoted and made Captain of Ordnance. In 1858 he was ordered to the command of the arsenal at Charleston, South Carolina, and served there until 1860, when he was transferred to the command of Frankford Arsenal, near Philadelphia. In October, 1860, he was selected as a member of the Ordnance Board, and served as such until the 28th of December, 1860. In April, 1861, he resigned, and his resignation was accepted. This involved the most painful act of his life. He had an ardent attachment to the union of the States. He was devoted to the officers of his corps and of the whole army. Almost his whole life had been spent with them. The sacrifice which he proposed to himself was great, and yet he believed that the South was just in her cause, and he knew that she was weak.

After weighing the matter earnestly, he appreciated that, with these feelings, it was his duty to resign his position in the army of the United States. He removed with his wife and children to Alabama, and was invited by President Davis to accept the position of Chief of Ordnance of the Southern Confederacy. He was aware when he assumed the office how utterly devoid the South then was of arms, munitions of war, and of all material necessary for an Ordnance Department. He appreciated that a serious and long war had been entered upon, and immediately began his preparations for this. The views expressed by him as to the necessity of preparation startled many of the legislators in attendance at Montgomery, who contemplated an end of all trouble in ninety days. He sent an efficient officer to Europe to secure arms; he located arsenals, and made immediate preparation for the manufacture of powder, saltpetre, and the development of lead and copper. He did not confine himself to his own department, but at that early date prepared elaborate papers showing the proper lines of defense.

In these papers he recommended that it was unnecessary to gather any force or place any heavy armament at Pensacola, but that the soldiers and guns which were there should be placed at Columbus, Kentucky—upon the Mississippi river, and such outer lines in the North and West as were proposed to be held. Subsequent military

operations illustrated the importance of these suggestions; for after holding Pensacola many months with a large force, it was abandoned, and no advance of Federal troops was ever made from that quarter.

The early occupation of Columbus, or country adjoining, with a strong force would have saved Forts Donelson and Henry. Such speculations are of no value now, and the subject is only introduced as showing how actively General Gorgas entered into all matters pertaining to the conduct of the war. When the Confederate Government was removed to Richmond, General Gorgas removed to that place, and within twenty-four hours after his arrival, he had located the workshops, armories and buildings which were occupied by his department during the war.

He immediately recognized that "Cotton was not King," in the sense in which this had been urged by those who insisted that the true policy was to destroy cotton and tobacco, and thus destroy the North by financial embarrassment. He insisted upon the right to use these articles to procure the supplies which were essential to maintain his department, and at once arranged for the purchase of the fine blockade steamers "R. E. Lee" and "Cornubia," and for the shipment of large quantities of cotton and tobacco on these and other vessels, with the proceeds of which he purchased arms, ammunition, lead and all other similar necessary supplies. He even brought out skilled workmen from England, and as the Confederate currency depreciated, procured necessary supplies of food and clothing for his workmen in order to retain them.

General Gorgas, in some notes on the Ordnance Department, published in the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS, vol. XII, page 79, says: "It soon became obvious that in the Ordnance Department we must rely greatly on the introduction of articles of prime necessity through the blockade ports. As before stated, President Davis early saw this, and had an officer detailed to go abroad as the agent of the Department. To systematize the introduction of the purchases, it was soon found advisable to own and run our own steamers. Major Huse made the suggestion also from that side of the water. Accordingly, he purchased and sent in the Robert E. Lee, at a cost of £30,000, a vessel capable of stowing six hundred and fifty bales of cotton. This vessel was kept running between Bermuda and Wilmington, and made some fifteen to eighteen successive trips before she was finally captured—the first twelve with the regularity of a packet. She was commanded first by Captain Wilkinson, of the navy. Soon the Cornubia, named the Lady Davis, was added, and ran as successfully as

the R. E. Lee. She had the capacity of four hundred and fifty bales, and was, during the latter part of her career, commanded also by a former navy officer, Captain R. H. Gayle. These vessels were long, low, and rather narrow, built for swiftness, and with their lights out, and with fuel that made little smoke, they contrived to slip in and out of Wilmington at pleasure, in spite of a cordon of Federal cruisers, eager for the spoils of a blockade-runner.

"Other vessels—the Eugenia, a beautiful ship, the Stag, and several others—were added, all devoted to carrying ordnance supplies, and finally general supplies."

The success of the Chief of Ordnance in securing arms, munitions and war material, induced the Secretary of War to enlarge the shipment of cotton, by compelling private vessels to contribute in its carriage, and a separate Bureau was organized, called the Bureau of Foreign Supplies, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas L. Bayne was assigned as its Chief.

General Gorgas having thus induced the executive officers of the Government to utilize cotton and tobacco in securing necessary supplies and material for the war, then pressed his views further, and urged that such property should not be destroyed by either army, and after conference with the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury, it was suggested that a commission might be sent to headquarters of General Grant or to Washington to provide against the destruction of cotton or tobacco by the belligerent forces. Mr. Trenholm, Secretary of the Treasury, earnestly supported this proposition, and named Hon. W. W. Crump, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas L. Bayne, Chief of the Bureau of Foreign Supplies, was indicated by the Secretary of War for this commission. Military movements then in progress caused delay, and finally the matter was dropped, and it is only referred to here as showing the broad and comprehensive views of General Gorgas.

In the notes above referred to it is shown that when General Gorgas assumed his place as Chief of Ordnance, he found in all the arsenals within the Confederacy only fifteen thousand rifles and 120,000 inferior muskets, with some old flint muskets at Richmond, and Hall's rifles and carbines at Baton Rouge. There was no powder, except small quantities at Baton Rouge and at Mt. Vernon, relics of the Mexican war. There was very little artillery, and no cavalry arms or equipments. As was said by General Joseph E. Johnston, in speaking of General Gorgas, "He created the Ordnance Department out

of nothing," or by General Bragg: "I have always asserted that you (General Gorgas) organized the only successful Military Bureau during our national existence, and this is the more surprising, as you had less foundation to go on than any other."

General Grant, in "Siege of Vicksburg," published in the *Century*, September, 1885, recognizes the efficiency of General Gorgas as having supplied the Confederate soldiers with small arms which were superior to those used by his army. Page 765 he says:

"At Vicksburg thirty-one thousand six hundred prisoners were surrendered, together with one hundred and seventy-two cannon, sixty thousand muskets, and a large amount of ammunition. The small arms of the enemy were far superior to the bulk of ours. Up to this time our troops at the West had been limited to the old United States flint-lock, changed into percussion—the Belgian musket imported early in the war—almost as dangerous to the person firing it as to the one aimed at, and a few new and improved arms. These were of many different calibres, causing much trouble in distributing ammunition during an engagement. The enemy had generally new arms, which had run the blockade, and were of uniform calibre. After the surrender, I authorized all Colonels whose regiments were armed with inferior muskets to place them in the stack of captured arms, and to replace them with the latter."

Professor J. W. Mallet, of the University of Virginia, who, as Lieutenant-Colonel, served with General Gorgas, says: "I believe it may be safely claimed that General Gorgas created and managed the most efficient Bureau of the Confederate War Department; that Bureau which was based upon the most scanty resources at the outset, which was called upon to respond to the most special, the most varied and the most urgent demands, and which was developed to the highest degree of efficiency, in spite of the serious difficulties arising from the ever shifting conditions imposed by the events of the war.

"At this distance of time it is not but now and then that one can fairly carry himself back, as in a dream, to a practical sense of what that ordnance work was—the uncertain chances of supplies brought in from abroad through the blockade—the eager picking up of odds and ends of material from domestic sources to eke out these supplies; leaden water pipes and window weights to make bullets of, old sugar boiling kettles, torn up and re-rolled into thinner copper for percussion caps, the revamping of worn out tools and machines and alteration of them, to answer purposes for which they were never

intended originally, the training unskilled laborers into skilled workmen, the frequent necessity for giving up such workmen as there were to the crying demand for men in the ranks, the organizing and drilling of battalions for temporary service, from men who had to shoulder the musket one day and go back to the anvil and the file the next, the looking after the wants of those men, and to a considerable extent of their families, for food and clothing, the breaking up, sometimes literally at a day or two's notice, of a whole establishment which it had taken months to create, loading machinery, material and men upon freight trains, to be moved off to a new point where all had to be again set to work with the least possible delay, only to be again dislodged a few weeks later."

Of General Gorgas himself, during those troublous times, three impressions specially recur to me:

1st. The quietness of demeanor and absence of impatience, or confusion with which his work was done.

2d. The capability which he possessed of working through subordinates. While clear and decided in his general instructions, he was always ready to give to officers under him the amplest field in which to exercise their own discretion and ingenuity as to details, to show what they could do in the way of overcoming difficulties or accomplishing results; and no one could be more fair, more generous in recognizing whatever individual merit was thus exhibited by his subordinates—no one less anxious to claim such merit or praise for it for himself.

3d. The breadth of view with which he continually strove, not merely to keep up with the overwhelming demands of each day and each month, for war material for immediate use, but to steadily improve the organization of the bureau under his charge, to make it more efficient in *personnel* and material.

As the "Bureau of Foreign Supplies" grew out of his suggestions and practical action, so did the Mining and Nitre Bureau, of which Colonel I. M. St. John was made the chief. Through this officer the whole nitre-bearing area of the country was laid off into districts, and production was in every way stimulated. This is equally true as to lead, iron, copper, chemical supplies and leather.

General Gorgas had a quick appreciation of men, and was admirable in the selection of officers to execute his orders. Colonel G. W. Rains was designated to erect and operate the powder works at Augusta, Ga. Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Mallet (now the distinguished Professor of Chemistry at the University of Virginia), was made

general superintendent of all laboratories, Colonel Burton superintendent of armories, Major Caleb Huse for the purchase abroad of arms and munitions, and of this officer, General Gorgas says: "He succeeded with a very little money in buying a good supply and in running the ordnance department into debt for nearly half a million sterling—the very best proof of his fitness for his place and of a financial ability which supplemented the narrowness of Mr. Memminger's purse."

General Gorgas had an admirable Staff of Officers, among them such men as Major Smith Stansbury, Colonel G. W. Rains, Colonel LeRoy Broun, Colonel J. W. Mallett, T. A. Rhett, Snowden Andrews, Wright, White, Burton, De Lagnel, General St. John, Colonels Morton and Ellicott, Colonels B. G. Baldwin, William Allan, J. Wilcox Browne, E. B. Smith, Cuyler, Colston and others no less distinguished during the war than they have been in after life. These officers were in constant personal contact with their Chief, and all of them give testimony as to his great ability as an officer—his devotion to duty and his tact and kind consideration for them, and all of his subordinates.

It was wonderful to witness the admiration and esteem which the workmen in the shops exhibited for him. Perfectly gentle and quiet in his manners, and without an effort, he exercised the most perfect control of men.

In the brief portrayal of the life and character of General Gorgas, here made, we cannot undertake to follow closely his administration during the war. In those years he regularly continued his daily work far into the night. He knew accurately every detail of his own department and kept perfectly informed as to the movements of all of the troops in the field. In nothing was he more wonderful than in what appeared as a gift of prescience, which enabled him to provide for the wants of every battlefield. The movement of arms and munitions in his department was often the very first indication of an approaching battle. He carefully studied the dispositions of opposing commanding officers, and followed the movements of every body of troops in order to meet all sudden exigencies. He was constantly in receipt of letters from officers recognizing that he had anticipated their movements and provided for their wants.

Brief reference was made to expressions by Generals Johnston and Bragg as to his administration. General Lee, even in those sad days of April, at Appomattox, was mindful of him and sent a message to him in recognition of his great services to him and to the army.

President Davis in his book says, "The Chief of Ordnance was General J. Gorgas, a man remarkable for his scientific attainments, for the highest administrative capacity and moral purity, all crowned by zeal and fidelity to his trusts in which he achieved results greatly disproportioned to the means at his command."

When the first telegrams were received from General Lee, indicating that he must retire from Richmond, General Gorgas, with that desire which he had always manifested to prevent the useless destruction of property, called upon General Gilmer, the Chief of the Engineer Department, and induced him to join him in recommending the Secretary of War to issue orders to prevent the destruction of tobacco and other property. The recommendation was made and adopted, but by some inadvertence in the transmitting or delivery of these orders some of the tobacco warehouses were burned, and from them the fire spread over the city and subjected it to a fearful conflagration. General Gorgas withdrew from Richmond with other officers and was already at work at Danville to retrieve losses, when news came of General Lee's surrender. He then moved southward, and at Charlotte, North Carolina, joined the President and other officers of the Confederate Government, and there, after General Johnston's surrender, the Confederate Government was practically dissolved.

General Breckenridge, the Secretary of War, formally summoned the Chiefs of the several Bureaus of the War Department and announced to them that he did not require them to move with him any further. In a short and touching speech he recommended them to return to their several homes, stating that each individual must be governed by his own views of what was proper under the circumstances.

He recounted what had transpired at the interviews between Generals Johnston and Sherman, how he had been informally invited to be present as an officer, rather than as a part of the civil administration of the Confederate Government—that General Sherman desired his presence in order that the whole war should be closed and that although General Johnston had only a certain territorial command, the influence of his surrender might embrace the whole land—how he had conferred with President Davis, who recommended him to attend and assist in the protection of the army and of the citizens, utterly regardless of him—how General Sherman had suggested in his terms of surrender a general amnesty, thus extending and enlarging the terms made by General Grant with General Lee.

It is certain that if the views of General Sherman had then prevailed and been followed by the immediate reconstruction, which Mr. Lincoln had indicated at Richmond, immediately after General Lee's surrender, the South and the whole country would have been relieved from that fearful and barbarous system of reconstruction which followed for years after the war. The several papers published by Hon. John A. Campbell, show that under the plan approved by President Lincoln, the Virginia Legislature was to be reconvened and Virginia was to be immediately restored to the Union, the other States were then speedily to follow, and thus the military governments imposed upon the South would have been avoided and the autonomy of the country would have been complete within a few months after the close of the war. After the practical dissolution of the Confederate Government, as above described, General Gorgas moved on to Alabama which he had adopted as his State when he entered service in the South. He was made Superintendent of the Briarfield Iron Works and reconstructed them, and while at work there was appointed Head Master and afterwards Vice Chancellor of the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee. Here he exhibited that great administrative capacity which had characterized his control of the Ordnance Department. He developed the High School to the University, and with the assistance of the clergy and laity of the Episcopal Church, established it upon the basis which it has occupied as one of the leading Universities of the South. At Sewanee, his administration embraced all of that *imperium in imperio* which the State of Tennessee conceded to the University.

In 1877 he was elected President of the University of Alabama, and removed to Tuskaloosa. In the brief term of his administration he gave new life and character to the University, inaugurating plans for its improvement, which have been followed since by the distinguished President, B. B. Lewis, who succeeded him, and placed it upon a basis gratifying to the pride of the whole people of the State of Alabama.

General Gorgas found that his health was failing, and that he could not satisfactorily discharge the duties of President, and resigned. The trustees of the University requested him to withhold his resignation and accept a leave of absence until he regained his health, but he considered that this was not just to them nor to the officer who might be called to fill his place, and he desired complete rest; he, therefore, insisted upon resigning.

The trustees thereupon adopted the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That in view of the continued ill health of General J. Gorgas, which compels a severance of his relations with this Board as President of the University, we desire to place on record some expression of our high appreciation of his character and services—of the rare tact and ability which characterized his administration until he was stricken by disease—of the great improvement he effected in the order and discipline of the cadets, and particularly of the admirable system and method which he observed in keeping his books and accounts, and of the clearness and correctness of his business reports to the trustees. He carries with him into retirement our highest esteem and confidence, and our earnest wishes that he may soon be restored to health and that many years of happiness and usefulness may remain to him."

The trustees, with great delicacy, made him librarian and Mrs. Gorgas matron, and provided a house for them.

On the 15th day of May, 1883, at Tuskaloosa, Alabama, General Gorgas died surrounded by his family and his friends. The following minute on his death was adopted by the Board of Trustees of the University of Alabama, at the annual meeting held in Tuskaloosa, June 18th, 1883:

"Minute of the Death of JOSIAH GORGAS, Adopted by the Board of Trustees of the University of Alabama, at Their Annual Meeting, held in Tuskaloosa, June 18th, 1883.

"A few weeks before the assembling of this Board, a gentleman of distinguished character, of national reputation, of varied attainments, known in military and civil life, and eminent in both, a gentleman, who, when stricken with disease, was officially connected with the University, departed this life, and was borne from these classic shades to the place appointed for all living.

"Suitable honors were paid his mortal remains—faculty, students and a large concourse of citizens reverently and affectionately assisted at the last said rites which committed his dust to earth, to be commingled with the mother of us all. It is fitting that a minute should be placed upon the records of this Board to indicate in some degree our appreciation of his merits and his valuable services in connection with this institution of learning.

"It is not necessary to epitomize the career of General Josiah

Gorgas; whoever has read the history of the late war between the States, or is conversant with the events of those stirring times, knows what an important part he bore, and how well he discharged the great and responsible trust committed to him, and of his valuable services while officially connected with the University; how he brought order out of confusion, how he almost imperceptibly, as to the means employed, but most effectually as to results, established thorough discipline; how, by precept, but more by example, he elevated the standard of morals and a true manhood among the corps of cadets; how earnestly and consistently and lovingly he devoted himself to this work, and how, when stricken with disease, he patiently, bravely and serenely bore the pains and privations of his long illness—all these are in the compass of our own observation and knowledge.

"General Gorgas was no ordinary man. It is rare that we find a man in whom all the virtues seem so happily blended; gentle and amiable as a woman, yet, on occasion, he could be as stern and firm as a Roman. Eminently conscientious in his own conduct, he had large charity for others, and was not ready to distrust or censure without abundant cause. Of envy and its kindred passions, he seemed to be without knowledge. When he accepted a position he gave to it all the powers of his mind, all the energies of his body; he was diligent in business, faithful to every trust, pure in life, scholarly in attainments, a model husband and father, a genial companion, a devoted friend.

"The world cannot but be better for such men living in it, and has too few to spare, even one such, without feeling the loss. Let us hope that the lessons he inculcated, and more than this, the excellencies of his example, while he held the important position of President of this University, may so have impressed the cadets under his charge, that though dead, he may still speak and have a noble fruitage in the well-ordered lives and good citizenship of many whom he taught."

In their report to the General Assembly of the State of Alabama, the trustees say: "Since our last report, a former President of the University, a name well known throughout the South, a gentleman, distinguished alike by his virtues and his modesty, a thorough disciplinarian, a ripe scholar, an admirable officer, a conscientious Christian, General Josiah Gorgas, passed from its classic shades to the 'house appointed for all living.' Failing health compelled him to resign the position of President some time before, but his connection

with the University continued to the time of his death. Fitting honors were paid to his mortal remains, and the memory of his virtues and worth will long remain a precious heritage to those who were privileged to know him.

The Board of Trustees of the University of the South, adopted the following, "Minute in reference to General Josiah Gorgas, late Vice Chancellor:

"General Gorgas was chosen to be the Head Master of the Academic Department upon its organization in 1868, and remained at its head until the close of the Lent Term, 1877. During all this period his rule was signalized by the most faithful devotion to its interest, the most exact and patient performance of the duties of his position—all with a sweet and gentle courtesy. This Board desires to record its high admiration of his character as a Christian gentleman, faithful to every trust."

Many tributes were paid to his memory. Judge John A. Campbell writes:

"My acquaintance with General Gorgas, commenced after his marriage with the daughter of my friend, Judge Gayle, of Alabama, in 1853. He had graduated with honor at the Military Academy at West Point. He had served with credit in the Mexican War; and was then connected with the Ordnance Department of the United States. After the formation of the Confederate Government, Captain Gorgas was attached to the Ordnance Department, became its Chief, and finally held the rank of Brigadier-General.

"When John Brown, in the year ——, made his incursion into Virginia, and was captured, there was discovered a correspondence by him with the Chief of Ordnance of the Department at Washington, and that he had obtained circumstantial information of the state and condition of the ordnance stores of the United States; the plans of their deposit and who had possession of them. The inquiry ascertained the fact that the supplies in the slave holding States were comparatively inconsiderable, and in some of those States there was destitution. This condition existed in 1861, when the war among the States commenced. A Chief of the Ordnance Department became an organizer of a branch of industry of supreme importance in the circumstances existing in the South."

In his personal life, General Gorgas was careful and regular in the performance of his duties—cultivated—simple in his tastes and modest in his deportment—faithful to his family and friends—upright and honorable in all his dealings.

General Bragg, in writing of General Gorgas in 1868, said: "In our then condition (1861) his was the most important, scientific and administrative position in the Government. We were destitute of arms and munitions, and had not a single manufactory of either within the limits of our country. It is sufficient to say that his patient industry, high scientific attainments and great administrative capacity soon placed us above want.

"General Gorgas remained to the end of the war at the head of his Department, and grew in favor as time and means enabled him to develop the dormant resources of the country. He is a man of fine scientific and good general attainments, of close application, great system and method, and high administrative ability. His manners and address are most pleasing, being mild, polished and conciliating. His moral character is above reproach. Both he and his wife are communicants of the church."

General Lee had written in the same strain, at the same time and occasion.

The services and achievements of General Gorgas did not attract such attention as if he had been in the field, but no man acted a more important part, or contributed more to success.

Mr. Davis, in a letter to him, says, there is "much to learn of the struggles which were made to maintain our cause by those who gathered no laurels in the field, and without whose labors there would have been no laurels to gather."

General Gorgas was as much distinguished as a teacher as he had been as an officer. As Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South, he established that Institution on a firm basis, and as President of the University of Alabama he won that commendation which is exhibited in the action of the trustees, and the tributes paid to him as a soldier and civilian by the whole South.

We have not undertaken to portray the life of General Gorgas as he was seen and known by his intimate friends and by his family. He was ever gentle in his manners, and in his speech affectionate with his family and his friends. He faithfully discharged his whole duty in every relation in life—as a soldier, a scholar, wise administrator, kind ruler, affectionate husband, devoted father, and faithful Christian.

General Gorgas left his wife, who is matron and librarian of the University of Alabama, one son, Dr. W. C. Gorgas, an assistant surgeon in the army, another who has recently graduated at the University of Alabama, and four daughters.

From the Rapidan to Spotsylvania Courthouse.

REPORT OF GENERAL R. S. EWELL.

RICHMOND, VA., March 20th, 1865.

Colonel W. H. TAYLOR,
Acting Adjutant-General:

COLONEL,—When General Grant crossed the Rapidan, R. D. Johnston's North Carolina brigade, of Rodes' division, was at Hanover Junction; the Twenty-first Georgia, of Doles' brigade, same division, and Hoke's brigade, of Early's division, were in North Carolina. About 13,500 effective infantry and two thousand artillery were present. By order of General Lee, his corps and division commanders met him on Monday, 2d of May, 1864, at the Signal Station on Clark's Mountain. He then gave it as his opinion that the enemy would cross by some of the fords below us, as Germania or Ely's. They began to do so next day. About noon of the 4th we moved from our camps on the Rapidan towards Locust Grove, on the old turnpike from Orange Courthouse to Fredericksburg. Johnston's division and Nelson's battalion of artillery bivouacked two miles south of Locust Grove; Rodes just behind them, and Early at Locust Grove. The artillery was close behind Early. Ramseur's brigade, of Rodes' division, with three regiments from each of the other divisions, was left on picket. Next morning I moved down the pike, sending the First North Carolina cavalry, which I found in my front, on a road that turned to the left towards Germania Ford. About 8 A. M. I sent Major Campbell Brown, of my staff, to General Lee to report my position. In reply, he instructed me to regulate my march by General A. P. Hill, whose progress down the plank-road I could tell by the firing at the head of his column, and informed me that he preferred not to bring on a general engagement before General Longstreet came up.

Advancing slowly with J. M. Jones' brigade, of Johnston's division, in advance, prepared for action, I came, about 11 A. M., in sight of a column of the enemy crossing the pike from Germania Ford towards the plank-road. The "Stonewall" (Walker's) brigade had been sent down a left-hand road, driving in the enemy's pickets within a mile and a half of Germania Ford. Being a good deal ahead of General Hill, I halted, and again reported through Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Pendleton, of my staff, receiving substantially the same

instructions as before. Just after they came the enemy demonstrated against Jones' brigade, and I placed Battle's, of Rodes' division, to support it, with Doles on Battle's right. They were instructed not to allow themselves to become involved, but to fall back slowly, if pressed. Some artillery posted near the pike, on Jones' front, was withdrawn. Soon afterwards the enemy fell suddenly upon Jones' right flank and front, broke his brigade and drove it back upon Battle's, which it disordered. Daniel's brigade, of Rodes' division, and Gordon's, of Early's, were soon brought up and regained the lost ground, the latter capturing, by a dashing charge, several hundred prisoners, and relieving Doles, who, though hard pressed, had held his ground. General J. M. Jones and his aide-de-camp, Captain Robert Early, fell in a desperate effort to rally their brigade. I placed it in reserve to reorganize—Battle's brigade, which had rallied in time to do good service, taking its place in the line, which was now formed on the ground first occupied. The brigades were as follows from right to left of my line: Daniel, Doles, Battle (Rodes' division), G. H. Steuart's, "Stonewall" (Walker's), Stafford's (Johnson's division), Pegram, Hays, Gordon (Early's division); Battle's left and Steuart's right rested on the pike. Slight works were at once thrown up, and several partial attacks of the enemy repulsed. In a counter attack by Steuart's and Battle's brigades, two 24-pound howitzers, brought up the pike within eight hundred yards of our works, were captured. The troops were brought back to the works after posting skirmishers to hold the captured pieces till dark, when they were brought off.

General Stafford was mortally wounded in a similar attack by his own and the "Stonewall" brigades late in the afternoon. The fighting closed at dusk with the repulse of a fierce attack on Pegram's brigade. General Pegram was severely wounded, and Colonel Hoffman (Thirty first Virginia) succeeded to the command. This evening General Ramseur came up with the picket regiments, which rejoined their brigades. Ramseur went to the extreme right of my line next morning.

The 6th of May was occupied in partial assaults on my line, now greatly strengthened, and in efforts to find my flank, which were promptly checked. About 9 A. M. I got word from General Gordon, through General Early in person, that his scouts reported the enemy's right exposed, and he urged turning it; but his views were opposed by General Early, who thought the attempt unsafe. This necessitated a personal examination, which was made as soon as other duties permitted; but in consequence of this delay and other unavoidable

causes, the movement was not begun until nearly sunset. After the examination I ordered the attack, and placed Robert D. Johnston's brigade, of Rodes' division, that morning arrived from Hanover Junction, to support Gordon. Each brigade, as its front was cleared, was to unite in the attack. Hays was partly moved out of his works to connect with Gordon. The latter attacked vehemently, and when checked by the darkness, had captured, with slight loss, a mile of the works held by the Sixth Corps, six hundred prisoners and two brigadier-generals (Seymour and Shaler). Of the force encountered not an organized regiment remained, and nearly all had thrown away their arms. They made no attempt to recover the lost ground, but drew back their line so as to give up Germania Ford entirely. Major Daniel, of General Early's staff, joined in Gordon's attack, and was desperately wounded and maimed for life while gallantly assisting in this brilliant movement.

On the 7th of May no fighting took place except that in extending to join General Hill's left, General Ramseur came upon a division of the Ninth Corps entrenching. This he put to flight by a sudden attack of his skirmishers, capturing several hundred knapsacks and occupying the ground. On the night of the 7th the general commanding sent me word to extend to the right in conformity to the movements of the troops there, and if, at daylight, I found no large force in my front, to follow General Anderson towards Spotsylvania Courthouse. This was done. On the march, orders were received placing General Early in command of Hill's corps, transferring Hays's brigade to Johnson's division, and consolidating both Louisiana brigades under General Hays, and assigning R. D. Johnston's brigade to Early's division, of which General Gordon came in command. After a very distressing march through intense heat and thick dust and smoke from burning woods, my troops reached Spotsylvania Courthouse about 5 P. M., just in time for Rodes to repel an attempt to turn Anderson's right, which rested on the road. Rodes advanced nearly half a mile, when his left, coming upon strong works, was checked, and he was forced to halt. Johnson's division formed on his right; Gordon remained in reserve. On the 9th the lines were defined and entrenched. There were two salients: one at Rodes's right brigade (Doles's), the other at Johnson's centre, where I occupied a high open point, which if held by the enemy would enable their artillery to command our line. Johnson's right was connected by skirmishers with Hill's (Early's) left. A second line from Rodes's left centre to Hill's left, cutting off the salients, was laid

out by the Chief Engineer and built and occupied by Gordon's division. Heavy skirmishing took place. General Hays was severely wounded.

10th May.—The enemy's batteries getting an enfilade and reverse fire on Gordon's line, he was withdrawn and placed in rear of Rodes's left and Anderson's right (Kershaw's division), where an attack was expected. About 4 P. M. I learned that General Doles's skirmishers were driven into his works. He was ordered to regain his skirmish-line at any cost, but while preparing to do so, his lines were attacked and broken, he losing three hundred prisoners. The right of Daniel's brigade was exposed and fell back to the second line already mentioned. Battle's brigade and Gordon's division were rapidly brought up and the former thrown across the head of the enemy's column, while the leading brigade (R. D. Johnston's) of the latter, with the remnants of Doles's and the right of Daniel's brigades, struck on one flank, and the "Stonewall" (Walker's) of Johnson's division on the other. In a short time the enemy were driven from our works, leaving a hundred dead within them, and a large number in front. Our loss as near as I can tell was six hundred and fifty, of whom three hundred and fifty were prisoners. Captain Thomas T. Turner, my aide-de-camp, was very efficient in rallying the fugitives, and was severely wounded while assisting in recapturing several pieces of artillery which the enemy had got temporary possession of.

Wednesday, 11th May.—It rained hard all day, and no fighting took place. Towards night the enemy were reported withdrawing from Anderson's front, and were heard moving to our right; scouts stated them to be retiring to Fredericksburg. I received orders to withdraw the artillery, which was done along Johnson's front.

Thursdny, May 12.—Soon after midnight Major-General Johnson reported the enemy massing before him, and General Long was directed to return the artillery to the entrenchments, and General Gordon ordered to be prepared to support Johnson. Different artillery was sent back, and owing to the darkness and ignorance of the location, it only reached the lines in time to be taken. The enemy attacked in heavy force at earliest dawn, and though gallantly resisted, their numbers and the want of artillery enabled them to break through our lines, capturing Major-General Ed. Johnson, Brigadier-General G. H. Steuart, about two thousand eight hundred men, and twenty pieces of artillery. The smoke of the guns and the mist kept the air dark until comparatively a late hour, thereby assisting the enemy, as he was enabled to mass his

troops as he chose. They poured through our lines in immense numbers, taking possession to the right and left of the salient, and keeping up a constant fire of artillery and musketry for 24 hours.* General Gordon was heavily engaged, one brigade broken and its commander, General R. D. Johnston, wounded; but he held his ground, drove out the enemy in his immediate front by a strong effort, and regained a portion of our works to the right of the salient. Their main effort was evidently against Rodes's position to the left of the angle, and here the fighting was of the most desperate character. General Rodes moved Daniel's brigade from its works to meet the enemy. General Kershaw extended so as to allow Ramseur to be withdrawn, and as Daniel's right was unprotected, Ramseur was sent in there. He retook the works to Daniel's right along his whole brigade front by a charge of unsurpassed gallantry. But the salient was still held by the enemy, and a most deadly fire poured on his right flank. Accordingly, Harris's Mississippi brigade, which came to my assistance about 9 A. M., was sent to Ramseur's right; but as it still failed to fill the trenches, McGowan's South Carolina brigade, which arrived an hour later, was ordered to the same point. Only part of this brigade succeeded in reaching the trenches and joining Harris's brigade. Spite of the terrible flank-fire to which they were yet exposed, the brave troops of these three brigades held their ground till 3 A. M. the 13th May, when ordered back to the new line. General Daniel was killed and General Ramseur severely wounded early in the day, but the latter refused to leave the field. The nature of the struggle will be apparent from the fact that after the loss of Johnson's division (before sunrise) my force barely numbered eight thousand—the reinforcements about fifteen hundred more. General Ed. Johnson estimated the enemy's force at this part of the field at over forty thousand, and I have every reason to believe this a moderate calculation. The engagement was spoken of in Northern papers as a general attack by their army. It was met only by my corps and three brigades sent to my aid, and after lasting with unintermitted vigor from half-past 4 A. M. till 4 P. M. of the 12th May, ceased by degrees, leaving us in possession of two-thirds of the works first taken from us, and of four of the captured guns which the enemy had been unable to haul off. These guns were withdrawn by hand to the McCoull house, and General Long was directed to

* I think this may probably be a clerical error for 14 hours, although the firing lasted far into the following night.—C. B.

send after them at night. Major Page, whom he instructed to get them, left the duty to an orderly sergeant, who failed to find them, and they were again allowed to fall into the enemy's hands. As it was unadvisable to continue efforts to retake the salient with the force at my command, a new line was laid out during the day by General Lee's Chief Engineer some eight hundred yards in rear of the first, and constructed at night. After midnight my forces were quietly withdrawn to it and artillery placed in position. But his efforts and losses on the 12th seemed to have exhausted the enemy, and all was quiet till the 18th May, when a strong force advanced past the McCoull house toward our new line. When well within range General Long opened upon them with thirty pieces of artillery, which with the fire of our skirmishers broke and drove them back with severe loss. We afterwards learned that they were two fresh divisions, nearly ten thousand strong, just come up from the rear.

On the 19th May General Lee directed me to demonstrate against the enemy in my front, as he believed they were moving to his right, and wished to ascertain. As they were strongly entrenched in front, I obtained leave to move around their right. After a detour of several miles through roads impassable for my artillery, I came on the enemy prepared to receive me. My force was about six thousand, his much larger. His position being developed and my object attained, I was about to retire when he attacked me. Part of my line was shaken, but Pegram's brigade, of Early's division (Colonel Hoffman commanding), and Ramseur's, of Rodes', held their ground so firmly that I maintained my position till nightfall, then withdrew unmolested. My loss was about nine hundred, killed, wounded and missing. Next day General Early returned to his division, and General Gordon was put in command of one composed of his own brigade and the remnants of Johnson's division. Hoke's brigade (Colonel Lewis commanding), returned to Early's division, and the Twenty-first Georgia regiment to Doles' brigade. We moved to Hanover Junction, where my corps took the right of the line. After some days' skirmishing we marched towards the Totopotomoy. When we removed, I reported to the general commanding that in consequence of a severe attack of diarrhœa, I would leave General Early in command while the troops were on the march, and on Friday I rode in an ambulance to Mechanicsville, remaining in my tent Saturday and Sunday, the 28th and 29th May. On Sunday I reported that I would be on duty in two days more, and sent a certificate of Staff-Surgeon McGuire to the same effect. The commanding general

relieved me on Sunday, placing General Early in temporary command of my corps. I reported for duty on Tuesday, four days after my attack, and remained over a week with the army, wishing to place the question of health beyond a doubt; but the change of commanders was made permanent, and on the 14th June I was placed in command of the defences of Richmond. The losses of my corps from the 4th to the 27th May were, it will be seen, very heavy, and including prisoners, amounted to over one-half. Of the fourteen generals who began the campaign under me, Generals J. M. Jones, L. A. Stafford and Junius Daniel were killed; Generals John Pegram, Harry T. Hays, James A. Walker, and Robert D. Johnston wounded; Generals Ed. Johnson and G. H. Steuart taken prisoners, and General Early most of the time detached. General Jones had been twice wounded—at Gettysburg and Mine Run. I considered his loss an irreparable one to his brigade. General Ed. Johnson once said of General Stafford that "he was the bravest man he ever saw." Such a compliment from one himself brave almost to a fault and habitually sparing of praise, needs no remark. General Daniel's services at Gettysburg, as well as on the bloody field where he fell, were of the most distinguished character. General Walker was wounded in the attempt to stem the attack on his division early on the 12th of May. My staff during this campaign consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Pendleton and Major Campbell Brown, Acting Adjutant-Generals; Colonel A. Smead (Colonel of Artillery), Acting Inspector-General; Major B. H. Greene, Engineer; Lieutenant Thomas T. Turner, Aide-de-camp; Lieutenant-Colonel William Allan, Chief of Ordnance; Surgeon Hunter McGuire, Medical Director; Majors John Rogers and A. S. Garber, Quartermasters (Major Harman having been transferred just before the campaign opened); Major W. J. Hawks and Captain J. J. Locke, Commissaries of Subsistence. All except Majors Brown, Greene and Rogers, and Lieutenant T. T. Turner, had been of the staff of Lieutenant-General Jackson. That officer should be held hardly more remarkable for his brilliant campaigns than for the judgment he almost invariably showed in his selections of men. It would be difficult without personal knowledge to appreciate Colonel Pendleton's great gallantry, his coolness and clearness of judgment under every trial, his soldier-like and cheerful performance of every duty. On one occasion I expressed a wish to recommend him to a vacant brigade, but he declined, thinking his services more valuable on the staff. Major Hawks deserves the highest praise I can give him for his ability and zeal in the performance of his

duties, so impressing me that I have often wished he could have a command in the line, if it were possible to fill his place on the staff. It is but simple justice to say that the quiet and efficient manner in which Surgeon McGuire performed the duties of his important department left nothing to be desired, while Colonel Allan's abilities were recognized at headquarters by both compliments and promotion. Major Brown had been with me from the first battle of Manassas, and on nearly every field had been intrusted with important duties. On no occasion did I have reason to regret my confidence in his coolness, judgment and discretion. I also wished to recommend him for promotion to a Tennessee brigade, but he declined. Probably no officer had more distinguished himself by repeated acts of personal bravery and dash than Lieutentant T. T. Turner, or with so slight personal advancement. Up to the time when he was wounded at Spotsylvania Courthouse he had constantly been foremost wherever opportunities presented themselves. Lieutenant Harper Carroll and Lieutenant John Taliaferro, Acting Aide-de-camps, had horses shot under them on the 12th of May, and displayed much personal gallantry. My total loss at the Wilderness was 1,250 killed and wounded. The burial parties from two divisions reported interring over 1,100 of the enemy; the third and largest made no report. When we moved, probably one-third or more were still unburied of those who were in reach of our lines. At Spotsylvania, though the enemy held the ground for a week, we found on regaining it many of their dead still unburied, while the numerous graves showed their loss to have been immense; it must have exceeded ours in the proportion of at least six to one, taking all the engagements together.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. S. Ewell, *Lieutenant-General.*

REPORT OF GENERAL S. D. RAMSEUR, FROM 4TH TO 27TH MAY, 1864.

Headquarters Early's Division,
August 3d, 1864.

Major Peyton,
Acting Adjutant-General:

In accordance with the request of Major-General Rodes I have the honor to submit the following brief account of the operations of my

brigade from the 4th of May until the 27th of May, when I was assigned to the command of this division:

I was on outpost duty with my brigade at Raccoon Ford when the enemy crossed at Germania and Ely's Ford on the 3d and 4th of May. I was left with my own brigade, three regiments of Pegram's brigade, and three regiments from Johnson's division, to resist any crossing the enemy might attempt on my front, which extended from Rapidan Station to Mitchel's Ford. On the morning of the 6th I discovered by a reconnoissance as far as Culpeper Courthouse that the main body of the enemy had crossed to the south side of the river. I therefore moved rapidly and rejoined the corps that night, taking position in echelon, on the extreme left, to protect Major-General Johnson's left flank. On the morning of the 7th I was moved in rear of our centre as a reserve either to Major-General Johnson or Rodes. Burnside's corps moved to envelope General Rodes's right, and cut off the Second Corps from the army—the distance from General Rodes to Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill's left being about a mile. General Rodes ordered me to form on Brigadier-General Daniel's right, and to push back Burnside's advance. Moving at a double-quick, I arrived just in time to check a large flanking party of the enemy, and by strengthening and extending my skirmish line half a mile to the right of my line I turned the enemy's line, and by a dashing charge with my skirmishers, under the gallant Major Osborne, of the Fourth North Carolina regiment, drove not only the enemy's skirmishers, but his line of battle back fully half a mile, capturing some prisoners and the knapsacks and shelter-tents of an entire regiment. This advance on our right enabled our right to connect with Lieutenant-General Hill's left. On the night of the 7th marched to the right, and on the 8th by a wonderfully rapid march arrived just in time to prevent, by a vigorous charge, the Fifth Corps from turning General Humphries's right flank. In this charge we drove the enemy back half a mile into his entrenchments. My brigade was then withdrawn, and constructed entrenchments on the right of Kershaw's division. On the 9th, 10th and 11th constant and sometimes heavy skirmishing with the enemy.

In anticipation of an attack on my front on the morning of the 12th of May, I had my brigade under arms at early dawn. Very soon I heard a terrible assault on my right. From the direction of the fire, I soon discovered the enemy was gaining ground. I therefore moved the Second North Carolina regiment (which I had in re-

serve) to a position on the right perpendicular to my line of battle. The enemy had broken entirely through Major-General Johnson's line, and was massing his troops for a further advance. Major-General Rodes directed me to check the enemy's advance and to drive him back. To do this I formed my brigade in a line parallel to the two lines of works (which the enemy had taken and were holding) in the following order: on the right, Thirtieth North Carolina, Colonel Parker; on the left, Fourteenth North Carolina, Colonel Bennett; right centre, Second North Carolina, Colonel Cox; left centre, Fourth North Carolina, Colonel Grimes. This formation was made under a severe fire. Before ordering the charge I cautioned the men to keep the alignment, not to fire, to move slowly until the command "charge," and then to move forward on the run shouting "charge," and not to pause until both lines of works were ours. How gallantly and successfully my orders were executed, Major-General Rodes and Lieutenant-General Ewell can testify, for they both witnessed it. Two lines of Yankees were driven pell-mell out and over both lines of our original works with great loss. This was done without any assistance on my immediate right. The enemy still held the breastworks on my right, enfilading my line with a destructive fire, at the same time heavily assaulting my right front. In this extremity Colonel Bennett, Fourteenth North Carolina, offered to take his regiment from left to right under a severe fire and drive back the growing masses of the enemy on my right. This bold and hazardous offer was accepted as a forlorn hope. It was successfully executed; the enemy was driven from my immediate right, and the works were held, notwithstanding the enemy still enfiladed my line from a part of our works in front of Harris's brigade on my right, which he held until the last. For this all honor is due to Colonel Bennett and the gallant officers and men of his regiment. The enemy was driven out at 7:30 A. M. On the 12th we held the works under a direct and enfilade fire until 3 A. M. on the 13th, when, in obedience to orders, I withdrew to a new line.

In this action I cannot too highly commend the conduct of both officers and men. Having had my horse shot under me, and shortly after receiving a ball through my arm, I was prevented from giving the command to charge. Colonel Grimes, Fourth North Carolina, seeing this, his regiment being "battalion of direction," gave the command "charge" exactly at the right time. To Colonels Parker, Grimes, Bennett, and Cox, to the gallant officers and patriotic men of my little brigade, the country owes much for the successful charge

which I verily believe turned the fortune of the day at that point in our favor. Our loss here was severe.

From the 13th to 19th lay in line on the left of our corps. About 3 P. M. (on the 19th of May) the corps was moved across the Ny river to attack the enemy in flank and rear. My brigade was in front. Some half-hour after the enemy discovered our movement, and when further delay, as I thought, would cause disaster, I offered to attack with my brigade. I advanced and drove the enemy rapidly and with severe loss until my flanks were both partially enveloped. I then retired about two hundred yards and re-formed my line, with Grimes's brigade on my left and Battle's on my right. At this moment the troops of Johnson's division, now under General Gordon, on Grimes's left, were flanked and retreated in disorder. This compelled our line to fall back to our first position. Here a heavy force attacked us. Fortunately Pegram's gallant brigade came in on my left in elegant style just as the enemy was about to turn me there. Several attacks of the enemy were repulsed, and we were able to hold our position until night, when we quietly and safely withdrew to our original lines. The conduct of my brigade on this occasion Major-General Rodes witnessed and can testify to. I may be pardoned for feeling that the steady bravery of my troops largely contributed to the repulse of the enemy's heavy force and the salvation of our corps.

Marched to Hanover Junction on the 22d of May. On the 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th skirmished with the enemy. On the 27th moved towards the Chickahominy, relieved from the command of my brigade and assigned to Early's division on this day. "Whilst we envy not others their merited glory," we feel it to be our bounden duty to North Carolina, to our gallant soldiers, and to our dead heroes, that we should be fairly represented in "History's story." We therefore call upon our Major-General and Lieutenant-General, both of whom witnessed our conduct on the 12th and 19th of May, to tell our fellow-citizens how we did our duty.

Respectfully submitted,

S. D. Ramseur, *Major-General.*

REPORT OF GENERAL E. JOHNSON OF 12TH OF MAY.

RICHMOND, VA., August 16th, 1864.

Lieutenant-General R. S. EWELL, *C. S. A.:*

GENERAL,—I have the honor to submit the following statement concerning the events of the 12th of May at Spotsylvania Courthouse which immediately preceded the battle :

On the night of the 11th, in riding around my lines, I found the artillery which had occupied a position at the salient—a point which with artillery was strong, but without it weak—leaving the trenches and moving to the rear. I inquired the cause of the moving, and was informed that it was in obedience to orders, and that a general move of troops was contemplated. About the same time, or soon after, scouts and officers on the picket-line and brigade-commanders informed me that the enemy were moving to the right and concentrating in my front, and all concurred in the opinion that my lines would be assaulted in the morning. I concurred in this opinion, and communicated the facts that led me to believe that I would be attacked to you about twelve, or between ten and twelve o'clock on the 11th, at the same time requesting that the artillery which had been withdrawn should be sent back to its original position. At the same time I ordered my command to be on the alert—some brigades to be awake all night, and *all* to be up and in the trenches an hour or so before daylight. This order was obeyed.

At the first intimation of the advance of the enemy I went to the trenches. Soon after my arrival there a heavy column assaulted my right, Steuart's brigade, which, after a fierce conflict, was repulsed, with the assistance of two pieces of artillery. Immediately after this a very heavy column debouched from the pines about half or three-quarters of a mile from my works, and advanced upon the salient held by Jones's brigade. I then found that the artillery which had withdrawn the night previous had not returned, but looking, I saw it just coming in sight. I dismounted, went into the trenches, collected all the men possible to hold the enemy in check until the artillery could get into position and open upon this column, which came up in large numbers, but in great disorder, with a narrow front, but extending back to the rear as far as I could see. I ordered the artillery to drive up at a gallop. They did so. The enemy were held in check somewhat by the infantry fire, but the artillery did not

get into position, nor did it fire a shot upon this column before they were captured. I felt confident that a few shots would disperse this force, which offered so fine a mark to artillery; hence I remained to the last, endeavoring to check them until the artillery could get into position. There was no surprise; my men were up and in the trenches, prepared for the assault, before the enemy made his appearance. The first assault on the right, where [were] two pieces of artillery and one brigade, was handsomely repulsed. The main attack must have been repulsed, had any artillery [been] on the line, which could have possibly swept the ground over which they advanced. The ground was an open field into abattis in front for some distance.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

E. Johnson, *Major-General.*

REPORT OF GENERAL A. L. LONG, FROM 4TH TO 31ST OF MAY, 1864.

Staunton, November 25th, 1864.

Major,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the artillery of the Second Corps from the 4th of May to the 31st of May, 1864:

I received orders on the 4th of May from Lieutenant-General Ewell to move my artillery to the front. I immediately broke up my grazing camps in the neighborhood of Gordonsville, and directed Colonel Brown to move his division of artillery in the direction of Locust Grove. Cutshaw's battalion was ordered to report to Colonel Carter, who had been ordered some days before to the vicinity of Raccoon Ford, with Page's battalion of his division—Nelson's battalion had been some time on the front, operating with Early's division of infantry. On the 5th all my artillery was concentrated at Locust Grove, on the old turnpike from Orange Courthouse to Fredericksburg, in the immediate vicinity of the infantry of the Second Corps. On reporting to General Ewell I learned that the enemy was in his front. Major-General Ed. Johnson's division of infantry was advanced, accompanied by Nelson's battalion of artillery. After moving a short distance the division was deployed across the pike, and one battery (Milledge's) was put in position to the

right of the road in front of Jones' brigade. The enemy attacking while the position of this brigade was being changed, it became necessary to withdraw Milledge's battery. After a very spirited attack, the enemy was repulsed with considerable loss. General Ewell then took up his position without further opposition. His line extended on each side of the turnpike, the road passing through the centre of his division; the right wing was nearly at right angles to the pike, and the left wing was bent back to cover the road leading to the Germania plank-road.

The country was of such a character (being a dense wilderness) that but few opportunities offered for the effective use of artillery; nevertheless a portion of Nelson's guns were posted on a commanding ridge, with a small field in front, immediately on the road one mile from the Lacey House. Two others of Nelson's guns were placed on the road leading to Germania Ford, to operate with the troops of the left wing of the corps. The artillery during the day was several times used with effect in repulsing partial attacks of the enemy. For the better service of the artillery, our line being quite extended, I directed Colonel Brown to take charge of that portion posted on the right of the turnpike, and Colonel Carter that on the left. Early on the morning of the 6th Colonel Carter was directed to concentrate as many guns as could be spared on the left of our position, which was a good deal exposed, and the enemy was feeling in that direction as if intending to attempt our flank. These guns, with a small infantry support, sufficiently protected this point. During the day the enemy made an attack on Gordon's brigade, which was on our extreme left. Some of these guns were used with considerable effect in assisting to repel this attack. Early in the day Colonel Brown, while selecting a position for a battery, was shot by a sharpshooter and instantly killed. His loss was deeply felt throughout the whole army. He not only exhibited the highest social qualities, but was endowed with the first order of military talents. On every field where he was called to act, he was distinguished for gallantry and skill. The artillery will ever remember him as one of its brightest ornaments. Nelson's battalion was relieved during the day by guns from Lieutenant-Colonel Hardaway's and Major Cutshaw's battalions, Cutshaw occupying the position on the right of the pike, and Hardaway that on the Germania road. Lieutenant-Colonel Braxton's battalion was put in position on our extreme right, filling the interval between Rodes' right and Hill's left. A few guns were distributed along Rodes' front.

The opposing forces were, during the 7th, only occupied in light skirmishing. I was directed by General Ewell to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Germania Ford. Taking one brigade of infantry and two battalions of artillery, I advanced to the Germania plank-road, striking it about a mile from the ford. Two or three regiments of cavalry were occupying the road at this point. These were soon driven away by a few well-directed shots, a small number retreating towards the ford, and the rest in the direction of the main body of Grant's army. It was discovered that the enemy had almost entirely abandoned the ford and road; it was evident that they were leaving our front. Late in the afternoon I was ordered by General Ewell to hold myself in readiness to move. Nelson, Hardaway and Cutshaw were directed to encamp at Verdiersville. Braxton and Page were ordered to remain with the infantry and move with it. The enemy was found on the morning of the 8th to be shifting his position towards Spotsylvania Courthouse. Our whole army also moved in that direction, and arrived at that place on the same evening. A few guns were put in position near the Courthouse. The infantry of General Ewell's corps bivouacked on the position it was to occupy in line of battle. On the 9th General Ewell's line was accurately established and fortified. Braxton's and Page's battalions were put in position along the line of infantry. This position, like the one at the Wilderness, was not well adapted to the effective use of artillery, the view being obstructed by forest and old field pine. General Hill's position to the right of General Ewell afforded a better field. The artillery was, however, carefully posted, with the view of rendering the most effective support to the infantry. On the morning of the 10th, Braxton and Page were relieved by Nelson and Hardaway, the former occupying the positions on Johnson's front, and the latter those on Rodes's front. In the afternoon, the enemy having massed heavily in front of Rodes (Doles's brigade) under cover of a dense pine thicket, made a sudden attack upon this brigade, broke it and entered our works, overrunning and capturing Smith's battery of Hardaway's battalion. Our infantry was soon rallied, and, being reinforced, repulsed the enemy and recaptured the battery. The Captain and some of his men were made prisoners and carried off. Hardaway's guns were principally engaged in this attack and were served with gallantry and effect. Smith's guns being without cannoneers, were manned by Captain Garber and his men, of Cutshaw's battalion. In this attack the gallant Major Watson, of Hardaway's battalion, was mortally wounded. Lieutenant-Colo-

nel Hardaway was also wounded, but did not leave the field. On the 11th, Cutshaw's and Page's battalions were brought up and put in position, and a portion of Hardaway's battalion was relieved. The enemy made no decided attack upon any part of our line during the day.

Late in the afternoon I received orders to have all the artillery, which was difficult of access, removed from the lines before dark, and was informed that it was desirable that everything should be in readiness to move during the night; that the enemy was believed to be moving from our front. I immediately ordered all the artillery on Johnson's front (except two batteries of Cutshaw's battalion) to be withdrawn, as it had to pass through a wood by a narrow and difficult road, and the night bid fair to be very dark. The withdrawal of the artillery proved to be very unfortunate, as the enemy, instead of retreating, massed heavily on Johnson's front during the night for the purpose of attacking. At half-past three o'clock A. M. on the 12th, I received a note from General Johnson, endorsed by General Ewell, directing me to replace immediately the artillery that had been withdrawn the evening before; that the enemy was preparing to attack. I immediately ordered Page's battalion to proceed with all haste to the assistance of General Johnson. He moved his battalion with great rapidity, but just as he reached the point to be occupied, the enemy broke Johnson's line and enveloped and captured all of Page's guns except two, which were brought off by Captain Montgomery. At the same time two batteries of Cutshaw's battalion were captured. The enemy thus captured twenty guns, twelve from Page and eight from Cutshaw. Had the artillery been in position the result might have been different, or had the weather been favorable this disaster might have been avoided; but the morning was so dark and foggy that it was with difficulty that we could distinguish friend from foe. Every effort was made to drive the enemy from our lines, but stimulated by a successful assault, and by the desire to hold the large number of guns he had taken, he most stubbornly opposed every effort to dislodge him. He was, however, so hotly pressed that he was forced to abandon most of our works, and was prevented from carrying off, during the day, the guns he had captured. The enemy threw his whole force in this attack and kept it up till late in the afternoon. Every gun that we could bring to bear was put in position, and officers and men displayed great coolness and skill in the service of them. Major Cutshaw and Captain Garber, with the men who escaped on the capture of the batteries, succeeded in reaching some

of the guns which the enemy could not remove, and turning them upon the enemy, used them with great effect. Captain Montgomery was put in position with one gun in a ravine to the right of the Harris house, where he remained all day actively engaged at short range. He exhausted the ammunition from three caissons, which was used with effect. The conspicuous gallantry of these officers called forth general admiration.

About 12 M., on account of the heavy pressure the enemy was making on our lines, and the loss we had sustained in artillery in the early part of the action, I found it necessary to ask for reinforcements of artillery. Colonel Cabell and Lieutenant-Colonel McIntosh with parts of their battalions were sent to me. I am much obliged to these officers for the valuable service they rendered on this occasion. Colonel Cabell was put in position on the left of Hardaway's battalion (this battalion was now commanded by Captain Dance, Hardaway having been wounded in the early part of the day); McIntosh was held in position at the Harris house, with the exception of two guns, which were posted on the hill above the McCoull house. Colonel Carter commanded in the morning the artillery posted on the hill above the courthouse, but later in the day he joined me in front of the main attack. He rendered valuable assistance; his coolness and judgment everywhere had their effect. I was also ably assisted by Lieutenant S. V. Southall, Acting Adjutant-General, and by Lieutenant-Colonel Braxton, whose battalion was engaged throughout the day. Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson occupied a position on the courthouse hill, and handsomely assisted in repelling an attack on that portion of the line. At night a new line was established, and all the artillery was withdrawn from the positions occupied during the day and put upon it. The next day was occupied in reorganizing. Major Cutshaw was assigned to the command of Hardaway's battalion; Major Stribling was also assigned to this command. Major Page was put in command of the remnants of his own and Cutshaw's battalions.

Everything remained quiet along the lines till the morning of the 18th. The enemy about 9 A. M. advanced a heavy force against our new line. He was allowed to come within good canister range of our breastworks. Carter's division of artillery then opened a most murderous fire of canister and spherical case-shot, which at once arrested his advance, threw his columns into confusion, and forced him to a disorderly retreat. His loss was very heavy; ours was nothing. This attack fairly illustrates the immense power of

artillery well handled. A select force of ten or twelve thousand infantry was broken and driven from the field in less than thirty minutes by twenty-nine pieces of artillery alone.

In the afternoon,* General Ewell having determined to make a flank movement, Lieutenant-Colonel Braxton was directed to accompany him with six guns of select calibre. After proceeding two or three miles the roads were found to be impracticable for artillery, and Braxton was ordered to return to his former position. The Second Corps, on the 21st, moved to the right to Mud Tavern, there taking the Telegraph road to Hanover Junction; arrived at that place on the 22d. The enemy soon confronted us; but not making any attempt on our lines, the artillery remained quietly in position till the morning of the 27th, when the whole army moved in the direction of Richmond, and on the 28th went into position on the Totopotomoy, General Ewell's corps being near Pole Green Church. About this time General Early assumed command of the Second Corps.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to call the attention of the Commanding General to the uniform good conduct of all the officers and men under my command. In battle they were brave and determined, and in camp they were obedient and attentive. I have ever found them what soldiers should be. I would especially call attention and express my thanks to Colonel Carter, who commanded a division of artillery, and also rendered valuable assistance in selecting positions and in the general supervision of the lines, and to Lieutenant-Colonels Nelson, Hardaway and Braxton, Majors Cutshaw and Page, commanding battalions, and to Majors Stribling and Moorman. These officers were always particularly distinguished for gallantry in the field, and for their careful attention to discipline in camp and on the march. I would also call special attention to the members of my staff. Lieutenant S. V. Southall, Acting Adjutant-General, was with me in all our operations, and rendered me the most valuable aid; he was always conspicuous for coolness and judgment. Major F. P. Turner, Chief A. G.; Captain W. J. Armstrong, C. S.; Captain Gregory, Ordnance Officer, and Dr. J. A. Strath, Chief Surgeon, were all distinguished for the able administration of their departments; also my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant R. O. Arrington.

Being absent from my command, I am unable to append a list of casualties. The chief loss was upon the capture of Cutshaw's and Page's battalions on the 12th of May.

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* An error, as this attack was made next day, the 19th.—C. Brown.

This report would have been submitted at a much earlier period had it not been for the difficulties incident to an active campaign in getting sub-reports and my own illness.

I am, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

A. L. Long,
Brigadier-General Chief of Artillery.

The Adjutant-General,
Lieutenant-General Ewell's command, Richmond, Va.

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ENDORSEMENT ON THE ABOVE REPORT.

By General Ewell's direction, I wrote to General Long immediately upon receipt of this, asking him to specify *from whom* came the orders for withdrawal of his guns from General Ed. Johnson's lines. No answer ever received. Wrote a second time with same result. *I heard General R. E. Lee* give the order to General Long in person in General Ewell's presence.

[Signed] Campbell Brown.

This endorsement is not dated, but from the handwriting and the ink used I take it to have been made about 1865, before the evacuation of Richmond. The fact is as clear in my memory to-day as ever. The order was given at the Harris House shortly before sunset of the 11th. The above is a true copy.

Campbell Brown.

May 6th, 1874.

Evacuation of Richmond.

REPORT OF GENERAL R. S. EWELL.

Spring Hill, Tenn., December 20th, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, *Lexington, Va.:*

General,—About the middle of February last I received a communication from you, enclosing a law which I was directed to carry out. This law required preparations to be made for destroying the cotton, tobacco, &c., which the owners could not remove, in places exposed to capture by the enemy. I immediately sent Major

Brown, of my staff, to Mayor Mayo with the document, and requested him to call a meeting of the Common Council to give their opinion as to the measures proper to be taken. After a free discussion with some of the Council and by their advice, I issued a circular to the "merchants and owners of cotton and tobacco," embodying the substance of your order and the law that accompanied it. This I entrusted to those gentlemen and to Major Isaac N. Carrington, Provost-Marshal, for distribution. Being informed a few hours later that it was misunderstood as to take effect at once, I substituted another, stating expressly that the "necessity had not yet arisen." Together with Mr. Scott, a tobacco-owner and councilman, I visited and inspected all the warehouses containing tobacco, and after consulting the keepers, we concluded they could be burned without danger of a general conflagration. I gave instructions to Major Carrington to make the necessary arrangements, and requested Mr. Scott and the other members of the Council to consult with him and give him their views. The Ordnance Department offered to furnish barrels of turpentine to mix with the tobacco so as to insure its burning; but this I declined, for fear of setting fire to the city. I sent for the Mayor and several of the most prominent citizens, earnestly urged upon them the danger of mob-violence, should we be forced to evacuate and the entrance of Federal troops be delayed, and begged them to endeavor to organize a volunteer guard force for such an emergency, proffering the necessary arms. I regret to say but one man volunteered, and the rioters, as predicted, were unchecked. On the night of Saturday, 1st April, I received a dispatch from General Longstreet, telling me he was going to the south side with two divisions, that Kershaw would be left on the lines, directing me to move whatever troops I could collect down the Darbytown road, and to ride by his headquarters for further instructions. I left my staff to see to the movements and collection of troops (of which only the cadets and three battalions of convalescents from the hospitals were in town), and rode down, but General Longstreet had gone before I reached his headquarters, and I received orders from his Acting Adjutant-General, Colonel Latrobe, to relieve and send forward two brigades left on picket, which was done soon after sunrise by Colonel Shipp, commanding the cadets and convalescents. At 10 A. M. of Sunday I received a message from Major Chestney, my Acting Adjutant-General, to return at once to the city, and on doing so received the order for the evacuation, and to destroy the stores which could not be removed. All that time allowed was done.

General G. W. C. Lee's division being mostly composed of heavy artillery, was almost without transportation, which was procured by impressing all that could be found. All the guard-forces were required to take the prisoners from the Libby and Castle Thunder, and as the militia had dispersed (being mostly foreigners), no troops remained in town except a few convalescents. A mob of both sexes and all colors soon collected, and about 3 A. M. set fire to some buildings on Cary street, and began to plunder the city. The convalescents then stationed in the Square were ordered to repress the riot, but their commander shortly reported himself unable to do so, his force being inadequate. I then ordered all my staff and couriers who could be spared, to scour the streets, so as to intimidate the mob by a show of force, and sent word to General Kershaw, who was coming up from the lines, to hurry his leading regiment into town. By daylight the riot was subdued, but many buildings which I had carefully directed should be spared, had been fired by the mob. The Arsenal was thus destroyed, and a party of men went to burn the Tredegar Works, but were prevented by General Anderson's arming his operatives and declaring his intention to resist. The small bridge over the canal on Fourteenth street was burned by incendiaries, who set a canal boat on fire and pushed it under the bridge. This was evidently done in hopes of embarrassing our retreat, and General Kershaw's division passed the bridge while on fire at a "double quick." By 7 A. M. the last troops had reached the south side, and Mayo's and the railroad bridges were set on fire.

From the hills above Manchester we watched for some time the progress of the flames, and all at once saw fire break out *through the roof* of one of the large mills on the side *farthest from* the burning warehouses, the flames from which scarcely reached half way up the sides of the mill. It was considered a fire-proof building, and extra precautions had been taken by the owners. I cannot conceive how it could have caught in such a place, unless set on fire. I have been told that Mr. Crenshaw found his mill full of plunderers, whom he got out by agreeing to give them all the provisions in tne mill, and that they were in the act of building a fire on the upper story of the mill when discovered. I tried to find out if this was true, but no reply has come to the letters written for that purpose. If correct, it affords exact proof of what I am firmly convinced is the case, that the burning of Richmond was the work of incendiaries, and might have been prevented by the citizens. General G. W. C. Lee's division crossed the river at Drewry's and united with Kershaw a few miles from Man-

chester. We marched very rapidly to join the main body, and though delayed by the swollen condition of the Appomattox, came up with it near Amelia Courthouse on the 5th of April. We were to march all that night, but owing to the slow progress of the trains and troops in front, had only reached Amelia Springs, seven miles off, by 8 A. M. Parties of cavalry here appeared on our left flank, and about 11 A. M. made an effort to get to the road on which our trains were moving past us. Gordon's corps, the rear-guard, was being hard pushed at the same time. I threw out as skirmishers part of Colonel Atkinson's command of heavy artillery of General Lee's division, and a battery of light artillery acting as infantry under Captain Dement, which had just been assigned to me. These troops soon repelled the enemy's cavalry skirmishers. Their demonstrations continued from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M., and I retained my troops in position to cover the passage of the trains. As soon as they were out of the way, I followed General Anderson's corps, and was followed by General Gordon, who brought up the rear of the trains, constantly fighting. On crossing a little stream known as "Sailor's Creek," I met General Fitz. Lee, who informed me that a large force of cavalry held the road just in front of General Anderson, and were so strongly posted that he had halted a short distance ahead. The trains were turned into a road nearer the river, while I hurried to General Anderson's aid. General Gordon's corps turned off after the trains. General Anderson informed me that at least two divisions of cavalry were in his front, and suggested two modes of escape, either to unite our forces and break through, or to move to the right through the woods and try to strike a road that ran toward Farmville. I recommended the latter alternative, but as he knew the ground and I did not, and had no one who did, I left the dispositions to him. Before any were made, the enemy appeared in rear of my column in large force, preparing to attack. General Anderson informed me that he would make the attack in front, if I would hold in check those in the rear, which I did until his troops were broken and dispersed. I had no artillery, all being with the trains. My line ran across a little ravine which leads nearly at right angles towards "Sailor's Creek." General G. W. C. Lee was on the left, with the Naval Battalion under Commodore Tucker behind his right; Kershaw was on the right. All of Lee's and part of Kershaw's divisions were posted behind a rising ground that afforded some shelter from artillery. The creek was perhaps three hundred yards in their front, with brush pines between and a cleared field beyond

it. In this the enemy's artillery took a commanding position, and finding we had none to reply, soon approached within eight hundred yards and opened a terrible fire. After nearly a half an hour of this, their infantry advanced, crossing the creek above and below us at the same time. Just as it attacked, General Anderson made his assault, which was repulsed in five minutes. I had ridden up near his lines with him to see the result. When a staff-officer, who had followed his troops in their charge, brought him word of its failure, General Anderson rode rapidly towards his command. I returned to mine to see if it were yet too late to try the other plan of escape. On riding past my left, I came suddenly upon a strong line of the enemy's skirmishers advancing upon my *left rear*. This closed the only avenue of escape, as shells and even bullets were crossing each other from front and rear over my troops, and my right was completely enveloped. I surrendered myself and staff to a cavalry officer who came in by the same road General Anderson had gone out upon. At my request, he sent a messenger to General G. W. C. Lee, who was nearest, with a note from me telling him "he was surrounded, General Anderson's attack had failed. I had surrendered, and he had better do so, too, to prevent useless loss of life;" though I gave no orders, being a prisoner. Before the messenger reached him, General Lee had been captured, as had been Kershaw and the whole of my command.

My two divisions numbered about three thousand each at the time of the evacuation. Twenty-eight hundred were taken prisoners, about one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The difference of over three thousand was caused mainly by the fatigue of four days and nights almost constant marching, the last two days with nothing to eat. Before our capture I saw men eating raw fresh meat as they marched in ranks. The heavy artillery brigade of Lee's division was closely engaged for the first time on this occasion, and spite of the fall of its commander, Colonel Crutchfield, displayed a coolness and gallantry that earned the praise of the veterans who fought alongside of it, and even of the enemy.

I was informed at General Wright's headquarters, whither I was carried after my capture, that thirty thousand men were engaged with us when we surrendered, viz: two infantry corps and Custar's and Merritt's divisions of cavalry, the whole under command of General Sheridan.

I deem it proper to remark that the discipline preserved by General G. W. C. Lee in camp and on the march, and the manner in which

he handled his troops in action, fully justified the request I had made for his promotion. General Kershaw, who had only been a few days under my command, behaved with his usual coolness and judgment.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. S. EWELL,
Late Lieutenant-General, C. S. A.

REPORT OF GENERAL J. B. KERSHAW.

CAMDEN, S. C., October 9th, 1865.

MAJOR,—On the morning of Monday, the 3d of April last, I moved in obedience to the orders of Lieutenant-General Ewell, from my position on the lines near Fort Gilmer, through Richmond to Mayo's Bridge, reporting in person to General Ewell. Under his orders I detached two battalions to suppress the mob then engaged in sacking the city. Arriving at the bridge I found it in flames, and rapidly passed my command over to Manchester, informing General Ewell of the facts. By the efforts of some boatmen the flames were arrested before they had rendered the bridge impassable. By the time the infantry had passed, the large mill above the Danville depot, and too far distant from it to have been ignited by the burning of the latter, was observed to be on fire, the smoke being first seen to issue through the roof in all parts of it, and then the windows on all sides, indicating that it had been set on fire in the interior. As much of the conflagration which ensued was caused by the burning of this building, the circumstance has been deemed of sufficient importance to be stated here, in order to remove the erroneous imputation that the conflagration resulted from the action of the authorities.

A few miles from the river the command united with that of General Custis Lee, and moved in the direction of Amelia Courthouse. Learning that all the upper crossings of the Appomattox were impassable, on Tuesday the command moved to the railroad crossing, and by night had succeeded in passing the river with the entire train. The next day the rear of the Petersburg army was overtaken at Amelia Courthouse, and marching all night the command arrived at Amelia Springs a little after sunrise the next day. From this point Gordon's corps marched in rear. About 10 o'clock

the command reached a point where the wagon train was moved to the right, upon a cross road which intersected that upon which the troops moved at right angles. Here the column was posted to resist the cavalry of the enemy—Merritt's and Custar's divisions—which attacked at that point, and repulsed several charges upon different parts of the line. They were held at bay until the last of the train had passed the point attacked, when I was directed to follow the movement of General Custis Lee's division. Before my troops left the ground Gordon's advance appeared, while his rear was engaged with the enemy. I was not informed that Gordon would follow the wagon train as he did, and was therefore surprised on arriving at Sailor's Creek to find that my rear was menaced. As the troops in my front had halted, I detached Humphreys' brigade, commanded by Colonel Fitzgerald, and Gary's dismounted battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Barham, to take position near the house occupied as a hospital by Pickett's division, to cover my crossing of Sailor's Creek. Upon arriving at the top of the hill, on the south side of the creek, I was informed by General Ewell that the enemy had possession of the road in front of General Anderson, and that we were to hold the enemy in check while that officer attempted to open the way. My command then consisted of only three brigades, Humphreys, Simms', Brigadier-General J. P. Simms commanding, and DuBose's brigade, Brigadier-General D. M. DuBose commanding, and the dismounted cavalry already mentioned. The whole at the time amounted to less than two thousand effective men. DuBose was placed in the edge of the wood, with his right resting on the road; Simms on the right of the road, a little in advance. General Lee's division was on the left of the road, his right occupying a line in front of DuBose, his left on the same line, or nearly so. In the meantime the enemy attacked and overpowered Humphreys and the dismounted cavalry, forcing them back to my position. They were formed at once on the left of the road, and Simms was moved further to the right. The enemy planted batteries near the hospital, and swept our position at short range, and under cover of the fire the Second and Sixth corps attacked us. Both in Lee's front and my own they were repulsed with loss on every advance, but pressed us constantly with fresh troops, extending all the while to our left. During the attack I received from General Anderson a message through Captain S. D. Shannon, Aide-de-Camp, to the effect that he had commenced his movement, and hoped to be successful if I could hold out a few

minutes longer. Sending him an encouraging reply, I continued to resist the enemy for some time, hoping to hear from General Anderson that the way was open. Unfortunately his attempt had failed, and the enemy made his appearance in rear of Simms' brigade, at the same time he was engaged in front and flank. That officer attempted to extricate his command, but found it impossible to do so without confusion, as he was attacked on all sides. This condition of things being discovered by the other troops, all fell back towards the rear and left. I kept up something of a skirmish as the command retreated; but after moving some four hundred yards I discovered that all who had preceded me had been taken by the Yankee cavalry, who were in line of battle across the road. I then directed the men about me and the members of my staff to make their escape in any way possible. I discovered afterwards that but one had succeeded, as the enemy had completed the circle around our position when General Anderson's line was broken. My losses in killed and wounded must have been considerable, but I have no means of estimating the number. The conduct of the officers and men of the command under these trying circumstances is beyond all praise, and worthy the reputation of these veteran regiments. On no battlefield of the war have I felt a juster pride in the conduct of my command. I beg leave expressly to include in these just encomiums the little command of Lieutenant-Colonel Barham, and especially that officer.

I am, Major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. KERSHAW,
Late Major-General C. S. A.

Major CAMPBELL BROWN,
Richmond, Virginia.

CAMDEN, April 29, 1867.

MY DEAR MAJOR:—Your favor covering copy of my report came to hand this day, and you will please accept my thanks for the same. You are correct in your recollection of the position at Sailor's Creek; Simms was on the right of the road. Please have the correction made in the original.

Yours truly,

J. B. KERSHAW.

Major CAMPBELL BROWN,
Charlottesville, Virginia.

REPORT OF GENERAL G. W. C. LEE, FROM THE 2D TO THE 6TH OF APRIL, 1865.

RICHMOND, VA., April 25th, 1865.

Lieutenant Colonel W. H. TAYLOR,
Acting Adjutant-General:

COLONEL,—In obedience to instructions, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my command from the time of its leaving the lines at Chaffin's Farm on Sunday night, April 2, 1865, to its capture on the afternoon of the following Thursday, April 6, 1865:

The order to withdraw from the entrenchments was received by me at Major-General Kershaw's quarters about 10 o'clock P. M. of the 2d of April, and was issued to the two brigades (Barton's and Crutchfield's) under my command at Chaffin's Farm, about 11 o'clock P. M. of that night. The wagons which had been loaded up in obedience to the preparatory order received at Chaffin's on the afternoon of Sunday, April 2d, were at once sent off to cross James river at Richmond, and proceed to Amelia Courthouse *via* Buckingham road and Meadville, as ordered. Not being able to cross the Appomattox river near Meadville, the wagon-train moved up to Clementtown, there made the passage of the river, and proceeded with safety until within about four miles of Amelia Courthouse, when it was destroyed by a detachment of the enemy's cavalry on the morning of Wednesday, April 5th, with the baggage of my division and twenty thousand (20,000) good rations, as I have recently learned from the Division Commissary, who escaped. The troops (Barton's and Crutchfield's brigades) crossed the James river on the Wilton bridge about 1 o'clock A. M. of Monday, April 3d. The picket line was withdrawn at three o'clock of that morning, and passed safely over the same bridge about daylight. My command then moved to Branch Church, and thence by Gregory's to the Genito road, as directed, camping that night about one-half mile beyond Tomahawk Church. In the absence of Lieutenant-General Ewell in a Northern prison, it may be proper for me to mention here that the detachments of troops in Richmond and Kershaw's division, followed by Gary's cavalry, or a portion of it, crossed the James river at Richmond and followed my division to Tomahawk Church. On the following morning, Tuesday, April 4th, it being positively ascertained that the Appomattox

river could not be crossed at Genito bridge, arrangements were made to prepare the railroad bridge at Mattoax Station for the passage of the wagons, artillery and troops, which was accomplished that night, and all went into camp on the hills beyond the river. Early on Wednesday, April 5th, the bridge having been destroyed, the column moved on to Amelia Courthouse, at which place the Naval Battalion, commanded by Commodore Tucker, and the command of Major Frank Smith, from Howlett's, were added to my division. From Amelia Courthouse General Ewell's column, following that of General Anderson, and followed by that of General Gordon, much impeded by the wagon-trains, moved towards Jetersville and Amelia Springs, marching slowly all night. During this night march, firing having commenced between our flankers and some of the enemy's scouts, as is supposed, Major Frank Smith was mortally wounded, Captain Nash, Acting Adjutant-General, Barton's brigade, lost a leg, and several others, whose names I have not been able to ascertain, were wounded. We passed Amelia Springs on the morning of Thursday, April 6th, and moved towards Rice's Station. About mid-day, immediately after crossing a little stream, within about two miles of Sailor's Creek, the enemy's cavalry made an attack upon a portion of General Anderson's column about a mile in advance of us, at the point where the wagon-train turned off to the right, causing some delay and confusion in the train. The cavalry were soon driven off, and my division, followed by General Kershaw's, closed upon General Anderson. About this time the enemy attacked our train at the stream we had shortly before crossed, and appeared in heavy force to the left of our line of march between this stream and Sailor's Creek, which, measured on the road we travelled, are about two miles apart. Word was also received from General Gordon that the enemy was pressing him heavily. To cover the wagon-train and prevent General Gordon from being cut off, line of battle was formed along the road, and a strong line of skirmishers was thrown out, which drove back the enemy's skirmishers and held him in check until General Gordon came up in the rear of the wagons, which must have been from one to two hours after the skirmishing commenced. So soon as General Gordon closed up, my division, following General Anderson's rear, and followed by General Kershaw, moved on across Sailor's Creek towards the point where General Pickett was understood to be engaged with the enemy's cavalry, which had cut the line of march in the interval between him and General Mahone. General Gordon having filed off to the right after the wagon-trains,

the enemy's cavalry followed closely upon General Kershaw's rear, driving it across Sailor's Creek, and soon afterwards the enemy's infantry (said to be the Sixth corps) massed rapidly in our rear. To meet this movement General Kershaw's division formed on the right and mine on the left of the road upon which we were moving, our line of battle being across the road, facing Sailor's Creek, which we had not long passed. Before my troops got into position, the enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery upon our lines, which was continued up to the time of our capture. After shelling our lines and skirmishing for some time, an hour or more, the enemy's infantry advanced and were repulsed, and that portion which attacked the artillery brigade was charged by it and driven back across Sailor's Creek. This brigade was then brought back to its original position in line of battle under a heavy fire of artillery. Finding that Kershaw's division, which was on my right, had been obliged to retire in consequence of the enemy having turned his right flank, and that my command was entirely surrounded, to prevent useless sacrifice of life the firing was stopped by some of my officers aided by some of the enemy's, and the officers and men taken as prisoners of war. I cannot too highly praise the conduct of my command, and hope to have an opportunity of doing it full justice when reports are received from the brigade commanders. Among a number of brave men killed or wounded, I regret to have to announce the name of Colonel Crutchfield, who commanded the artillery brigade. He was killed after gallantly leading a successful charge against the enemy. I have also to mourn the loss of Lieutenant Robert Goldsborough, my Aid-de-Camp, who was mortally wounded by a fragment of a shell while efficiently discharging his duty. In the absence of Generals Ewell and Kershaw in a northern prison, I have endeavored to give the principal facts of the march and capture of the former's command, so far as I am acquainted with them, and although for the want of reports, memoranda, or maps, I may be mistaken in some minor matters, I believe, in the main features, this report will be found to be correct, so far as it goes.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. W. C. Lee, *Major-General.*

P. S.—I was told after my capture that the enemy had two corps of infantry and three divisions of cavalry opposed to us at Sailor's Creek ; and was informed by General Ewell that he had sent me an

order to surrender, being convinced of the hopelessness of further resistance.* The order was not received by me.

G. W. C. L.

Memorandum.

On the morning of Thursday, April 6th, when the enemy attacked our wagon-train between Sandy and Sailor's Creeks, General Anderson, in conjunction with General Ewell, formed the line of battle along the road between these two streams (as I have already stated in my report) to protect the train and prevent General Gordon, who was bringing up the rear of the wagon-train, from being cut off. General Anderson seemed anxious to push on, and said to me that he must move on to support General Pickett, who was engaged with the enemy further on towards Rice's Station (and, as I suppose, beyond Sailor's Creek.) As soon as General Gordon closed up on General Ewell's rear (Kershaw), General Anderson moved forward towards Sailor's Creek. My division followed, and while its head was halted on the hill beyond Sailor's Creek to allow the rear to close up, General Ewell told me that the enemy had cut the road in advance of us, and that General Anderson wished us to unite with him to drive the enemy out of the way. To this end my division moved forward a few hundred yards, when the enemy's driving General Kershaw's rear across Sailor's Creek, and his appearance in heavy force of infantry, cavalry and artillery in our rear, stopped the further movement. General Anderson told General Ewell that the latter would have as much as he could do to take care of the rear, and that he (General Anderson) would endeavor to drive the enemy out of the way in front. General Anderson did make the attack, but failed, losing Brigadier-Generals Hunton and Corse, and a number of his other officers and men as prisoners. No other general officers were captured at that time of General Anderson's command, as far as I know. General Ewell and all his general officers, were taken prisoners.

But little of the above came under my personal observation; most

* General G. W. C. Lee speaks of General Ewell's having sent him an *order* to surrender—a slight error. The note, which I wrote by General Ewell's dictation, was nearly this: "General Anderson's attack has failed. General Ewell and all his staff are prisoners. You are surrounded. Being a prisoner, General Ewell gives you no orders, but advises a surrender, as further effusion of blood is useless." The above is about the substance of it, and not far from the very words.—Campbell Brown.

of the statement was gathered from conversations with General Ewell and other officers after the capture.

Respectfully submitted,

G. W. C. Lee, *Major-General.*

Reunion of the Virginia Division Army of Northern Virginia Association.

The annual gathering in the State Capitol of Virginia of "the men who wore the gray" has been for years an occasion of deep interest. The reunion on the 22d of October, 1885, was no exception. The Hall of the House of Delegates was crowded with fair women and brave men, and the occasion was one of deepest interest.

General W. H. F. Lee, President of the Association, called the meeting to order, and called on the Chaplain (Dr. J. William Jones), who led in prayer. General Lee introduced as orator of the evening, General D. H. Hill, in the following graceful words, which were heartily applauded:

I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen, to introduce to you as our orator of the evening one of the famous Captains of the gallant Army of Northern Virginia, whose name and fame is interwoven with its history. It is especially pleasing to Virginians to greet this distinguished soldier, not only on account of his own great merits, being known as among the bravest of its Generals, but also because he comes from our sister State of North Carolina, whose gallant sons poured out their blood so freely on Virginia's soil in defence of constitutional liberty.

General Hill was received with deafening applause, and stood for some minutes before he could proceed.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL D. H. HILL.

Soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia,
Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is meet and proper that the Association of the veterans of the noblest, truest and bravest army that the sun ever shone upon, should assemble in the Capital of the late Confederacy. It is eminently fitting, too, that it should meet in the Capital of Virginia, since its name and fame are inseparably associated with three illustrious Virginians. It was a Virginian who first organized it and sent it upon

its wonderful career of victory; it was a Virginian, who, at its head, held at bay for three years the army recruited from the four quarters of the globe, and who, with ever-decreasing forces, *fought the world in arms;* it was a Virginian, who, with portions of this famous army made those stealthy marches to the rear and struck those terrible blows, which so astonished the world. We remember that it was a Virginian, whose eloquence most fired the hearts of the Colonists against British aggression; that it was a Virginian, who moved in that Continental Congress for a declaration of independence; that it was a Virginian who wrote that declaration; that it was a Virginian, who led the armies of the rebellion against Great Britain; that it was a Virginian, who so expounded the principles of the Constitution as to make that instrument acceptable to the American people; that it was a Virginian who presided over the court established under that Constitution with such ability and impartiality that he is to-day regarded as the wisest, greatest and purest of the Chief Justices of the United States. We remember with great pride that one-half of the life of the nation from Washington to Lincoln—thirty-six of the seventy-two years—was passed under the administration of Virginia Presidents. We remember with reverential awe, the father of his country, the Virginia-born Washington, of whom Wellington said that he was the grandest and sublimest, and yet the plainest and simplest character in history. Concerning whom Byron made the pathetic lament that the earth had no more seed to produce another like unto him.

But, though, from the settlement at Jamestown to the present hour, proud memories and glorious traditions cluster around the beautiful women and illustrious men of Virginia, I honestly believe that the most heroic portion of her history is from 1861 to 1865, when she so grandly bared her bosom to the hostile blow, and bore with such sublime patience the desolation of her soil and the slaughter of the noblest and best of her sons. The Army of Northern Virginia! So let it be! Let the grand old State and the grand old army bear the same name, and may their fame be linked together forever and forever!

Others have spoken before your Association of the great battles and the great leaders of the civil war. Mine be the grateful task to talk of the unknown and unheralded private in the ranks. The picture of him rises before you all—the keen, patient, quizzical, devil-may-care face, the brimless slouch hat, the fragment of a coat, the ragged breeches, the raw-hide shoes, unless some lucky find on

the battlefield had given better foot-gear (and Johnny always was particular about his under-pinning). When he had his trusty rifle and well-filled cartridge box, he considered himself splendidly clad with half a uniform and a whole pair of shoes. He was self-reliant always, obedient when he chose to be, impatient of drill and discipline, critical of great movements and small movements, the conduct of the highest and lowest officers, from Mars Robert down to the new-fledged lieutenant. He was proud of his regiment, scornful of odds, uncomplaining of fatigue, ungrumbling at short rations, full of strange drollery and mockery at suffering.

Such was the Confederate soldier between '61 and '62, before battle and disease had swept away the flower of the Southern youth. He had the *élan* of the Frenchman, the rollicking humor of the Irishman, the steadfastness of the Englishman or German, and the dogged perseverance of the Scotchman. He was ready to charge a battery with the wild Rebel yell or to receive a charge with the imperturbable calmness of Wellington's veterans at Waterloo. He had the best characteristics of the best fighters of the best races of the whole earth. The independence of a country life, hunting, fishing and the mastery of slaves, gave him large individuality and immense trust in himself. Hence he was unsurpassed and unsurpassable as a scout and on the skirmish line. Of the shoulder-to-shoulder courage, born of drill and discipline, he knew nothing, and cared less. Hence, on the battlefield, he was more of a free lance than a machine. Whoever saw a Confederate line advancing that was not crooked as a ram's horn? Each ragged Rebel yelling on his own hook and aligning on himself.

But there is as much need of the machine-soldier as of the self-reliant soldier, and the concentrated blow is always the most effective blow. The erratic effort of the Confederate, grand, brilliant and heroic though it was, yet failed to achieve the maximum result, just because it was erratic. Moreover, two serious evils attended that excessive egotism and individuality, which came to the Confederate through his training, association and habits. He knew when a movement was false and a position was untenable, and he was too little of a machine to give in such cases that whole-hearted service which might have redeemed the blunder. The other evil was an ever-growing one. His disregard of discipline and independence of character made him often a straggler, and the fruit of many a victory was lost by straggling. I believe that with his exalted patriotism, his high sense of honor and his devotion to duty, the Confederate

soldier would have submitted to any just and reasonable discipline imposed by honest and intelligent officers.

But too many of these officers were looking for political preferment after the war to permit a uniform system of government to become practical and possible. We needed, too, what our enemies had, an old army, a body of veterans, as a model of obedience, and as a nucleus for the formation of other troops like unto themselves. We needed the camps of instruction which our enemies had, the drill masters, and the months given to training and discipline of their recruits, while ours had of necessity to be hurried to the front. The South had rushed into the war absolutely destitute of everything, save the courage of its people, which makes a military nation. We had no foundries, no machine shops, no factories, no powder mills, no roller mills, no paper mills, no means of making tents and camp equipage. The paper upon which the ordinances of secession of the respective States were written came from the North; the ink and pens with which they were written came from the North. We had no iron works for casting cannon, no gun factories for small arms, no establishments to manufacture powder, none in which to make caps for muskets and rifles. Even after the battle of Manassas the question of returning to the old flint-lock was seriously discussed. The spinningwheel and the handloom were the chief dependence for furnishing clothing to the troops. The country tanyard and the country cobbler could alone furnish them with shoes. There was not in all the South a factory for making blankets for the soldiers, who had to endure the bitter rigors of the winter in the border States. We had no ships upon the ocean to draw supplies from abroad, while our enemies could recruit their armies and their war material from the continents of the whole globe and from the far off isles of the sea. From first to last, ours was the worst equipped, the worst fed, the worst clothed, and the worst organized army in the world; that of our enemy was the best equipped, the best organized, the best cared for, and the most pampered army of the nineteenth century. It is the grandest tribute that mortal man can pay to our soldiery to say that they knew of the tremendous difference between their condition and that of their foes, and *that they were contemptuous of it.* They believed that their courage, their fortitude, their patience and their devotion to duty, would more than make up for all deficiencies in organization, equipment, material and numbers. I will give some examples of these grand characteristics. On the 31st May, 1862, my division attacked the Federal division of General

Casey, having a pentagonal redoubt in which were ten guns. On each side of the redoubt were rifle-pits, which could only be reached by struggling through an abattis of from twenty to one hundred yards in width. Three Federal batteries in rear had a murderous fire upon the road and upon all the approaches to the works. The recent heavy rains had made the ground almost a quagmire. But on our gallant fellows went floundering through the mud and slush, wading through water three and four feet deep, scarcely able to advance, had there been no foe in front. But they were mown down at every step by cannon shot, shell, grape and canister; they were mown down by the musketry fire of men calmly awaiting them under the protection of earthworks and obstructions. On and on went those nameless heroes of unrecorded graves. The Fourth North Carolina regiment, with bloody loss, captured a section of artillery in the road and made way for Carter's battery, which came up to the relief of our struggling infantry. Now began that awful, that wonderful contest between five guns sinking almost to the axle at every fire against sixteen guns in position. It was a brief artillery duel, for Couch's division was coming up in massive columns to the aid of the sorely pressed Casey, and by my own express order, Carter turned his fire upon the approaching masses of infantry; every shell burst in the right place, every solid shot struck in the right place; the ranks broke and sought shelter in the woods on our right and in the abattis on our left. There was no farther advance by the Federals up the Williamsburg road after Carter turned his guns upon their infantry. All this time the sixteen guns were remorselessly pelting the five guns of the King William artillery, and his hitherto untried men were subjected to an ordeal which few veteran artillerists will stand, that of receiving, without returning, an artillery fire. But there was no flinching with these splendid fellows, and they kept steadily to their work on the infantry until their concealment in the brush enabled the King William boys to give tit for tat to the artillerists in blue. But relief now came to Carter's men for a time at least; the advance of our infantry drove Casey's men from the redoubt and the rifle pits, cut Couch's division in two, turned part of it off to join Sumner and sent the other part streaming to the rear. The fight began at one o'clock, and by three o'clock, my division, *without any assistance whatever*, had captured Casey's camp and earthworks, had taken ten pieces of artillery and two hundred prisoners, and had defeated or checked all the heavy reinforcements sent to Casey, at least two divisions of succoring forces. And now, for

the first time, our exhausted men got help. The Palmetto Sharpshooters, of R. H. Anderson's brigade, Longstreet's division, under Colonel Jenkins, came up. Some twenty minutes later R. H. Anderson reported to me with the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth South Carolina regiments. Jenkins had gone to my extreme left, and there the Twenty-seventh Georgia, of my division, was attached to his regiment. Jenkins and Anderson fought their way through the abattis in front of the second line of intrenchments to which the defeated had retired, captured that line and joining their forces, held a brief consultation. Anderson took the Fourth and Fifth South Carolina regiments with him, and went off to the left to sweep down the railroad, giving Jenkins the Sixth South Carolina with orders to follow up the dirt road. With these three regiments, Palmettos, Sixth South Carolina and Twenty-seventh Georgia (1,800 men in all), Jenkins began that march of victory, which has had but few parallels in history. He had to fight Heintzleman's corps, minus Berry's brigade, and such fragments of Key's corps as could be rallied. The enemy was dazed, bewildered and demoralized by Casey's defeat, so that the reinforcements did not fight as well as Casey's men had done. One of Casey's brigadiers said in his report, that he had seen Heintzleman's men break when they had hardly felt the Rebels.

Everything gave way before the three regiments and the masses of the enemy were steadily driven to the intrenched camp. At one time, Jenkins was confronted by a larger force than his own, while columns of attack were forming on each flank. He rushed at the *pas de charge* upon those in front, broke them, and then facing about, attacked in flank one of the columns flanking him and routed it. The other column disappeared. The pursuit ceased with darkness and Heintzleman boasted in his report that the Rebels got no further than the woods in which he and Keyes had gathered together 1,800 men. All the Federal reports speak of the overwhelming numbers of the Rebels that came upon them and lament that they had but 11,500 men to meet these fearful odds. Those words, "overwhelming numbers," applied by the Federals to every lost field, are most expressive. Johnny had a way of multiplying himself when he was in a good fighting humor and then he appeared very numerous; and when he had anything like a chance he was a very overwhelming sort of fellow.

All day Sunday and Sunday night General J. J. Peck, of the Federal army, had strong working parties strengthening the intrenched

camp and making it more secure for the eleven thousand five hundred men who had sought refuge there. The success of the first day was not followed up on the second day. The wounding of our illustrious commander and other causes prevented an united attack upon Sumner, which must have crushed him. There was no fighting the second day to speak of except by Pickett, who started on his own accord and stopped when he pleased, or after he had driven the enemy to the brush, as he expressed it.

Seven Pines was not altogether a barren victory. It delayed McClellan until Jackson was brought upon his flank. It gave a splendid exhibition of dash and courage, and that had a most inspiriting effect upon the subsequent campaign.

Longstreet's division lost five hundred men; mine, 2,992, out of nine thousand men engaged. The Sixth Alabama and the Fourth North Carolina lost sixty per cent. of the men brought into action. Carter's battery lost fifty-nine per cent.

I was looking at the battery and was within ten yards of it, when a shell exploded just before the muzzle of one of its pieces, and all the men at it and the horses at the limber went down before it. They seemed to me all huddled together "in one red burial blent." An officer ran up and pulled out one live man from the confused pile. Two men were killed, five wounded, and two horses were killed by that one explosion. The wounded appeared, for the time being, to be paralyzed, as only one was pulled out at first. This was the most destructive shot I had ever seen up to that time, but I afterwards saw one worse at Malvern Hill and one worse at Sharpsburg. It was the enemy's artillery in all three cases that was so deadly. This havoc in Carter's battery was in the pentagonal redoubt after its capture.

Two-thirds of the loss in Rodes's brigade was after Casey's works had been taken and his division and Couch's had been driven off. Berry's brigade, of Kearney's division, had been turned off into the slashes when Carter's fire had made a direct advance impracticable. There it was joined by one of Abercrombie's regiments, and possibly by rallied fragments of the defeated divisions, and securely sheltered behind large trees and heavy fallen timber, they kept up a murderous fire upon Rodes's men in the open field, though the advance of Anderson and Jenkins had cut them off from their comrades. These Federals escaped after nightfall by taking a circuitous path through the woods, round by Anderson's saw-mill.

It was said for a time that Casey was surprised and that his divi-

sion was defeated by a sudden rush of mine. His own report and the reports of all his officers show that there was nothing of the kind. He had been waiting for us for hours with his men and guns in position. The sudden rush began at one o'clock, and Casey's works were captured at three o'clock. It is a misnomer to call a deadly struggle for two hours a sudden rush. It is unjust to my division, as well as to that opposing me, to say that Casey's men fought badly. They fought better than the reinforcements sent to help them. Fowler Hamilton, a jolly dragoon officer, was asked in the Mexican war by some of the newly arrived troops, "Are the Mexicans brave?" "They are brave enough for me," replied he. Casey's men were brave enough for me, and he himself was a veteran of approved courage and conduct. He seems to have been one of the very last to abandon his earthworks.

The battle of Seven Pines is a fine illustration of the prowess of untrained, untutored and undisciplined Southern soldiers. The great battles of Europe, in which veterans were engaged, show a loss of from one-tenth to one-fourth of those engaged. At Seven Pines our raw troops lost one-third of their number without flinching, moving steadily on to victory. The true test of the loss in battle is the number of casualties before the shouts of triumph rend the sky; for it has often happened that the chief loss of the defeated has been from the murderous fire upon their disorganized, unresisting, and huddled together masses. This has always been so when the defeat has been the result of a flank movement, or when a brilliant cavalry charge has followed up the rout.

But my theme deals with the individual private in the ranks and I will therefore give some personal anecdotes, which I know to be true, and are not sensational clap-trap for the occasion. After the capture of Casey's camp, one of my staff went with a litter to remove a private in the ranks, whom he had known at school. "No," said the wounded man, "let me alone, Ratchford, I am mortally wounded. Carry off some one who will live to fight for his country another day." Then waving off his comrade with a feeble effort of his poor, dying hand, he said, "Good-bye, Ratchford," while the white lips parted in a farewell smile.

The world has wondered at and has praised for two hundred and ninety-nine years the grand self-denial of the dying Sir Philip Sidney, who gave the cup of water intended for himself to the wounded soldier that was looking longingly at it and said, "Friend, thy wants are greater than mine." The world has done well to preserve this

sublime instance of unselfishness, but it was an unselfishness born of sympathy with present suffering appealing to him. The unselfishness of the Confederate was born of an abstract love of country looking away from the present to the future weal of our dear Southland. Who does not see that the self-denial of Private Addison Jones, of the Fifth North Carolina regiment, was of a higher and nobler type than the self-denial of the chivalric knight, the ideal hero of song and of story?

I will give some illustrations of an authentic character of the coolness and self-possession of the private in the ranks. From Colonel Sweitzer, of McClellan's Staff, I got under a flag of truce an anecdote of one of my couriers at Seven Pines. In carrying an order from me through the woods, he came unexpectedly upon a regiment, whose uniform made him feel blue. However, he kept up a bold front and asked: "What regiment is that?" "Seventh Massachusetts," was the reply. "All right," said the courier," the orders are to hold your position at all hazards." Then he turned off into the woods before the blue-coats recovered their surprise sufficiently to give a harmless volley after him. I may not have right the name of the Federal regiment, but by inquiry I found out that of the courier; for, modest as brave, he had not boasted of his adventure. He was Hector Bowden, of Loudoun county, Virginia. Poor fellow! his was a sad fate, for on a secret visit to his parents, he was murdered by the Tories of Means's gang.

One other incident of the same kind. After the defeat of Porter at Cold Harbor, and while his men were huddled together in a confused mass in the woods after dark, they were told to encourage them, that Richmond had been captured and forthwith began to cheer vociferously. One of my couriers thinking that cheering could only come from victors, rode in among them and was greeted with the question: "Have we got Richmond?" "Yes;" answered he, "*we* have got Richmond," and escaped under cover of their shouts and rejoicing. That courier was John Chamblin and Richmond has got him, if he has not got Richmond.

An anecdote showing the kind of wit, which characterized the rollicking, careless, undisciplined boys of 1861, may not be out of place here. The story has been often told and many regiments have been credited with it. But I know the very time and the very regiment to which the anecdote belongs. At Yorktown, a colonel called out his regiment, formed it in line and began to scold the men savagely for some breach of discipline. In the midst of his vituperation

a donkey began an unmerciful bray, when a unanimous shout came up from the impenitent and sorrowless gray-coats, "Hold on, Colonel, one at a time, one at a time." There is a delicacy of insinuation about this reply, which makes it unsurpassed and unsurpassable. No! I was not that colonel, though I could tell of as grievous a mishap to myself did not modesty forbid. I will tell rather of some other glorious exploits of the ragged Rebels.

At Boonsboro, or South Mountain, my division, reduced to five thousand men by battle, disease, hard marching and want of shoes, was called upon to confront McClellan's army and to hold Turner's Gap against two corps of that army, while two other corps were in supporting distance. The immense wagon-yard and parks of reserve artillery of Lee's whole army were at the foot of the mountain on the west side. General Lee himself, with Longstreet's command, was at Hagerstown, thirteen miles off. A thin curtain of men extending for miles along the crests of the mountains on that bright Sabbath day in September, was all we had to check a vast, perfectly organized and magnificently equipped army. There was nothing else to save our trains and artillery; there was nothing else to prevent McClellan from cutting in between Lee and Jackson; there was nothing else to save Longstreet's corps from irretrievable ruin. That thin curtain once broken, the enemy would have full possession of all our supply trains and supplies—ordnance, commissary and quartermaster stores; worse still, the two wings of Lee's army would have been riven asunder, never to be reunited. But there were giants in those days of 1862, and the haggard, weary, worn-out private in the ranks was a hero in his own right, and capable of multiplying himself into overwhelming numbers. From 9 A. M. till 3½ P. M. two brigades and three regiments held at bay Reno's corps (said officially to be fifteen thousand strong), which attacked on our right, moving on the old Braddock road. Then three very small brigades of Longstreet's command, in an exhausted condition from their hot and hurried march, came to our assistance. With their aid the crests of the mountain and the road were held. Reno was killed at nightfall in Wise's field, where the fight began in the morning, and within fifty yards of where our beloved Garland fell.

But on our left a commanding hill was lost before sundown. All the fighting before five o'clock was on our right, and the first reinforcements from Longstreet were turned off in that direction where the enemy advanced very cautiously, because advancing in the woods and constantly apprehensive of surprise from overwhelming num-

bers. In fact, the whole battle on the right and left was one of self-imposed illusions on the part of the Federals. McClellan had come into possession at Frederick of a copy of Lee's order directing Jackson to attack Harpers Ferry, and Longstreet and myself to proceed to Boonsboro. The copy found was the one directed to me, though I must disclaim here, as ever before, that I was the loser of it. According to this order, Longstreet was at Boonsboro, and not Hagerstown, on the morning of the 14th, and McClellan's people believed that the whole mountain was swarming with Rebels.

It is a curious fact that the map of this battle, prepared by the United States Bureau of Topographical Engineers in 1872, ten years after the battle, represents ten regiments and one battalion under Longstreet at the foot of the mountain, on the north side of turnpike and east side of the mountain. This, on the morning of the 14th September, before the fighting began. Longstreet did not have a man there at any time, and not one any where on the mountain till 3½ P. M. I had forty men at the foot of the mountain on north side of the pike after three o'clock, but not a man before that time. These forty men were under command of Captain R. E. Park, of the Twelfth Alabama, now living in Macon, Georgia. To have produced the impression that there were ten regiments and one battalion here, these forty men must have been uncommonly *frisky*, and they must have multiplied themselves astonishingly, but unfortunately for us, not in overwhelming numbers. Burnside tells us that he sent two peremptory orders to Fighting Joe Hooker before he would move forward his corps. From the foot of the mountain Fighting Joe watched the magnificent advance of the divisions of Meade and Hatch, followed by the division of Ricketts. The previous fighting had drawn all our men, except Rodes's brigade, to the south side of the pike, and it was posted on the commanding point of which I have spoken. Meade took his division, with the true instincts of the soldier, to the peak held by Rodes with 1,200 men. So resolutely was Meade met that he sent for Duryea's brigade, of Ricketts's division. Longstreet's broken down men were still arriving, and four hundred under Colonel Stevens went to the help of Rodes, and were in time to save him from being surrounded, but their combined effort could not save the peak, and the key of our position was lost. The steady advance of the other Federal divisions drove back by nightfall the remainder of Longstreet's forces on the left of the pike to the very crest of the mountain. But the pike itself was still held, and the effort of the Federals to move up it met with a bloody repulse. So the retreat

was effected without difficulty and without pursuit. The trains and artillery were saved, and the two wings of Lee's army were united at Sharpsburg.

There had been much straggling of Longstreet's men on that hot and dusty march from Hagerstown. Garnett estimates that in marching and countermarching, his brigade passed over twenty-two or twenty-three miles. The reports are very meagre as to the numbers that were brought into action at South Mountain. We must judge of the whole from the few authentic estimates that are given. The Seventeenth South Carolina reports 141 men in the fight; the First South Carolina 106 men; the Seventeenth Virginia 55 officers and men; the Nineteenth Virginia 150 men; the Eighteenth Virginia 120 men; the Fiftieth Virginia 80 men; the Eighth Virginia 34 men. Longstreet admits now that his reinforcements did not exceed four thousand men. I think that estimate very high. But admitting this number, and that it was equally divided on the two sides of the pike, then Fighting Joe Hooker was contending with fifteen thousand men against 3,200 men, more than half of them in a broken down condition. However, his powerful field glass gave Fighting Joe a good view of the battle, and he felt proud, as well he might, of the steady and gallant advance of his three divisions. He says in his report: "When the advantages of the enemy's position are considered and his *preponderating* numbers, the forcing of the passage of South Mountain will be classed among the most brilliant and satisfactory achievements of this army, and its principal glory will be awarded to the First Corps." The reader will please remember that the First Corps was "Fighting Joe's" corps. However, I am thankful to Fighting Joe for saying preponderating numbers, and not overwhelming numbers.

The advantages of the position were with the attack, and not the defence, as any practical soldier will say, who will carefully examine the ground.

General McClellan said officially: "The force opposed to me was D. H. Hill's division (15,000 men), and a part, if not the whole of Longstreet's, and, perhaps, a portion of Jackson's. Probably thirty thousand in all." It is always safe to give a divisor of three to any estimate made by General McClellan of the forces of his enemy. The General puts his attacking force in the two corps at thirty thousand. On the 14th September, 1862, I would have given that number a multiplier of two. An attacking column is apt to take on the appearance of overwhelming numbers.

South Mountain was heralded abroad by our antagonists as a great victory. Favors of that sort had been few and far between, and this seemed to call for special gratulation and congratulation. Mr. Lincoln telegraphed the next day to General McClellan: "God bless you and all with you. Destroy the Rebel army, if possible." This is a model dispatch, and is a beautiful illustration of the meaning of St. James in the tenth verse of the third chapter of his epistle, which you can read when you go home.

But Sharpsburg affords, as I think, the best illustration of the pluck, dash and stubborn fighting of the privates in the ranks. Lee's army was never so small. It had fought McClellan from Richmond to Harrison's Landing on James River. It had fought Pope from the Rappahannock to the Potomac. It had given a new experience to this young warrior, who, like Lockinvar had come gaily out of the West and had only seen the backs of his enemies, and had there learned to scorn all thoughts of lines of retreat. I suspect that the young man did not *personally* gain any more knowledge in the East than he had done in the West about the faces of his foes, but the people he had about him did see those faces, and before he vanished amid the storm he left behind him this military maxim "for a line of retreat, the short cut is the safe cut."

The campaigns against McClellan and Pope had greatly reduced Lee's army. The order issued on crossing the Potomac excusing all barefooted men from marching had reduced it still more. So, at Sharpsburg, General Lee had only the hardiest, strongest and bravest of his Rebel boys, The straggling had been enormous. The chaff had been blown off and only the sound, solid wheat had been left.

General McClellan estimates Lee's army at Sharpsburg at 97,445. These numbers, he says, he got from General Banks, who had them from "prisoners, deserters and spies." The precision of this calculation strikes me as most admirable, 97,445, no more, no less. It was not a guess. Oh, no! General Lee's guess of the strength of his own army would have fallen short of this by more than 60,000. No, it was not a guess. It was obtained from "prisoners, deserters and spies." These generally count in round numbers, but on this occasion were minutely accurate. Why not 97,000 dry so? Why not 97,400? Why not 97,440? Who figured out the last five? I surmise that "the intelligent contraband" is responsible for this astonishing precision. The added five helped to swell up "the overwhelming numbers." It could not, would not, *should* not be omitted.

General McClellan puts his own forces at 87,164. He, too, must

have been troubled with enormous straggling. For we find on page 98, Volume XIII, Records of the Rebellion, a statement from Quartermaster-General Rufus Ingalls, that he had furnished transportation for 190,185 officers and men of McClellan's army. This statement was made on the 1st day of October, 1862, fourteen days after the battle of Sharpsburg and the wastage of that battle is not in the estimate. If we put McClellan's casualties at 12,000 in the battle, he must have had 202,185 on his rolls on the morning of Sharpsburg. For the same record shows a complaint from him that he had *not* received any reinforcements after the battle. If then there were but 87,164 at Sharpsburg, there were 105,021 elsewhere.

I have always contended that General Lee had less than 27,000 infantry and artillery in the battle of Sharpsburg. He crossed the Potomac with nine divisions. As mine had not been in the Pope campaign and had therefore suffered less than the other eight from battle, disease and fatigue, I supposed it to be one of the very largest, and yet it had but little over 3,000 men in it at Sharpsburg. As nine times 3,000 gives 27,000, I thought that 27,000 was the maximum number in Lee's army. Dr. Dabney, a very careful statistician, puts Lee's strength at 33,000 including the cavalry. My estimate, which I have had to reduce, was of infantry and artillery alone.

On page 813 of this Volume XIII, I find Lee's losses in killed and wounded in the Maryland campaign to have been 10,291, of which, my division is credited with 2,902 or 28.19 per cent. of the whole. It is not reasonable to suppose that this division should sustain more than one-fourth of the entire loss of the army, if its strength was not greater than one-ninth of the whole. It is true that the loss at South Mountain fell largely upon my division, but the loss there was probably as great in prisoners as in killed and wounded, and the 10,291 loss is in killed and wounded only. So I had two reasons for believing that my division was the largest of the nine at Sharpsburg, and that therefore Lee's infantry and artillery did not come up to 27,000.

But the result can be reached in other ways, for though the reports are most meagre on the Southern side, we still have data enough to make an estimate different from that of the prisoners, deserters and spies, whom General Banks saw.

General Lee crossed the Potomac with nine divisions, forty brigades, one hundred and sixty-six regiments and nine battalions of infantry. Three divisions were made out of two, so that at Sharpsburg, he had

ten divisions without having more brigades and regiments. We have reports from five of these divisions:

Early's division, 4 brigades, 3,500 men; D. R. Jones's division, 6 brigades, 2,430 men; A. P. Hill's division, 6 brigades, 3,524 men; McLaws's division, 5 brigades, 2,832 men; D. H. Hill's division, 5 brigades, 3,008 men; total, 15,294 men.

From this number in twenty-six brigades of the forty in Lee's army, the single rule of three will give us 23,523 men as Lee's strength in infantry and artillery at the battle of Sharpsburg. This is, of course, on the supposition that the ratio in the twenty-six brigades was the same for the other twenty-four. Let us examine this by the light from the reports of the brigades themselves, so far as they are given:

Robert Ransom's, 1,600; Lawton's, 1,150; Wofford's, 854; Rodes's, 800; Barksdale, 800; Walker, 700; Trimble, 700; Hays, 550; Benning, 400; Cobb, 250; Stonewall, 250; Evans, 209; Kemper, 350; Garnett, 200; total, 8,813.

The single rule of three gives the strength of the forty brigades on the ratio of these fourteen, to be 25,180. So the approximate results reached from the reports of division and brigade commanders differ only by 1,557 men.

Now let us see what estimate we can get from the reports of regimental commanders, so far as given in this same Volume XIII. We have:

Eleventh Georgia regiment, 140; Eighteenth Georgia regiment, 176; Fifty-third Georgia regiment, 276; Fiftieth Georgia regiment, 100; Tenth Georgia regiment, 134; Second and Twentieth Georgia regiments, 400; First Texas regiment, 226; Sixteenth Mississippi regiment, 228; First South Carolina regiment, 106; Seventh South Carolina regiment, 268; Seventeenth South Carolina regiment, 59; Hampton Legion, 77; Nineteenth Virginia regiment, 150; Eighteenth Virginia regiment, 120; Fifty-sixth Virginia regiment, 80; Seventeenth Virginia regiment, 55; Eighth Virginia regiment, 34—total, 2,629.

General Lee had one hundred and sixty-six regiments, and nine battalions of infantry at Sharpsburg, say in round numbers, one hundred and seventy regiments of infantry. From the ratio of the eighteen regiments just given, we have for the whole one hundred and seventy regiments, 24,829. This differs from the estimate by brigades only by two hundred and fifty-one men. If we put our artillery at two thousand, we will have Lee's strength at Sharpsburg about 27,000. This estimate has been arrived at by four independent

calculations—1st. The strength and loss in my own division; 2d. The strength of the five divisions reported; 3d. The strength of fourteen brigades, including largest and smallest; 4th. The strength of eighteen regiments, including largest and smallest. Taking General McClellan's own estimate of his forces, 87,164, the boys in gray were outnumbered by sixty thousand. Not one of you who were on that terrible field will think even now, when calmly reviewing the awful scenes of that bloody day, that the odds against us was less than three to one. Who did not see again and again a thin Rebel line, scarcely a skirmish line, attack three heavy lines of battle with the utmost confidence, and come back again looking puzzled because the other fellows did not run? I will attempt no description of the wonderful deeds of valor performed by the hungry, ragged and broken down Rebels. Your own Patrick Henry could not do justice to it; my poor, stammering tongue would fall infinitely short of it. I have seen a plucky little bee-martin hover over, swoop down upon and peck at the ferocious hawk, and I have seen the grotesque movements of the great hulking bird to avoid the tiny beak of its tormentor. These old eyes of mine have watched that battle in the air, and these old eyes of mine looked upon the battle by the Antietam.

It is to the glory of Virginia that more than one-fourth of the infantry regiments, and about one-fourth of batteries actually engaged at Sharpsburg belonged to the Old Dominion. The best handling of artillery which I saw during the war was there, always excepting the King William battery at Seven Pines. That irrepressible and ubiquitous battery was at Sharpsburg also. I said in my official report, and I have said hundreds of time since, that this battery contributed largely to the defeat of Burnside's attack on our right and rear.

What shall I say of that wonderful campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg, in which Lee's army killed and wounded more of their enemies than they had men in their own ranks? What shall I say of the ten months in the trenches, under a constant rain of shot and shell, endured by these privates in the ranks half fed, half clothed, destitute of all the usual appliances for a defensive siege; stifled at one time with heat and at another frozen with cold; fighting against ever-increasing odds—three times, five times, ten times, twenty times their own number—confronting in their want and misery the sleek soldiers of the most pampered army on the globe, luxurious in its comforts, magnificent in its appointments, and invincible in its serried masses? But

those, our Confederates in the ranks fought on, suffered on, endured on, with no expectation of promotion or preferment; with no hope of ultimate success, each knowing surely that the end must be, at best, life and unrecognized prowess; at worst, death and an unknown grave. We talk of the sufferings at Valley Forge, and the American people should hold them in everlasting remembrance. But what were the sufferings of Washington's men in comparison with the sufferings of Lee's men? Yes, I feel that it is presumptuous in me to try to eulogize with words these martyrs without hope of reward or success—the Confederate soldiers in the ranks; but I yield to no man in my love, respect, and reverence for them.

And what shall be said of those unselfish patriots who were true to their colors to the last, when the ravages of armies had desolated their country, and the torches of bummers had left blackened chimneys as monuments over the buried treasures of a husband's and father's love? How can we sufficiently honor these men, who, knowing that their families, without food and without shelter, were starving to death or were living on the offal of the enemy's camps, who, knowing *even this*, yet still answered to roll-call, yet still filled their places in the ranks, yet still faced death again and again, putting duty to country above duty to wife and children? Aye, how many of these poured out their heart's blood in that last despairing struggle, leaving those they loved more than life to the cold charities of a forgetful world? Hard must be the heart of that foeman which does not warm with a generous glow at this simple tale of sublime devotion to principle. And how should this story affect us, their comrades in danger and their partners in the same buoyant hopes and the same deep despair? May my arm be palsied by my side when it ceases to hold up the banner inscribed all over with their glorious deeds. May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth when it ceases to pronounce the praises of such matchless courage, unrivalled fortitude, and unselfish patriotism.

God bless the privates in the ranks now and forevermore!

Having an unwavering faith in the wisdom, justice, and mercy of God, I bow with adoring reverence to his decree which destroyed our hopes of Southern independence. I would not reverse His decree if I could do so. That would be wicked and presumptuous. All honorable Confederates render the truest allegiance to the obligations imposed upom them by the surrender. I believe that the most uncompromising rebels, yea, the bitterest rebels, if you choose to call them so, would be the *very* first to rally round the old flag in any just and hon-

orable war. They have expressed the sincerest sympathy with the sufferings and misfortunes of illustrious foemen. They have rejoiced at the brilliant successes of many of their late antagonists, and they have contributed to those successes. But no generous conqueror wishes the conquered to forget their old ties and their old loves. No generous conqueror wishes us to disparage the grand heroism and the unparalleled constancy of the Confederates in the ranks. No generous conqueror expects us to underrate the ability of our great leaders because they were defeated, and unfairly fail to take into consideration that their defeat was due to overwhelming numbers. Every schoolboy knows of Thermopylæ, and of Leonidas, defeated and slain; but who of you can tell the name of the victorious Persian commander of the Dori-Phori, who attacked him in front? Who of you remembers the name of the commander of the so-called Immortal Band which, having gone through a secret defile, attacked him successfully in rear?

The historian of the present looks only at victory and defeat. The historian of the past looks at all the surroundings. But even now we of the present, who have seen the great movements of our wonderful leaders, can look at those surroundings. Every one with Southern blood in his veins places in the front rank of the world's great commanders, the two modest men who sleep so quietly and so unostentatiously at Lexington, Virginia. Every one with Southern blood in his veins cherishes in his inmost soul the memory of their great deeds as a precious legacy to the land they loved so well.

General Hill was vociferously applauded as he took his seat, and was warmly congratulated on his speech.

General Early was loudly called for, but excused himself from responding, except to remind his friend, General Hill, that the Federal estimate of the Confederate strength at Sharpsburg was made by General Banks, who always saw the "rebels" through a powerful magnifying glass whenever "Stonewall" Jackson was about.

In response to calls, General W. B. Taliaferro made a brief and stirring speech, which was loudly applauded.

The officers of last year insisted upon a change, and a committee consisting of Captain C. A. Bohannon, General William McComb, and N. V. Randolph reported the following who were unanimously elected:

For President: Major-General William B. Taliaferro.

Vice-Presidents: Major-General William Smith, Colonel Charles

Marshall, Colonel James H. Skinner, Captain P. W. McKinney, Brigadier-General Thomas T. Munford.

Executive Committee: Colonel William H. Palmer, Colonel Archer Anderson, Sergeant George L. Christian, Major T. A. Brander, Sergeant John S. Ellett.

Treasurer: Private R. S. Bosher.

Secretary: Private Carlton McCarthy.

General W. H. F. Lee, the retiring president, was heartily thanked for the ability with which he had presided and the energy he had displayed in the management of the affairs of the Association.

On motion of General Early, Misses Mary and Mildred Lee, Mrs. Thomas J. Jackson and her daughter, and Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart and her daughter were unanimously and enthusiastically elected honorary members of the Association, and the Secretary was directed to send them badges.

THE BANQUET.

After the exercises in the hall the Association and the invited guests repaired to Sænger Hall, where an elegant banquet was spread and the good things heartily enjoyed.

General Taliaferro presided, and Judge George L. Christian acted as toast-master and read the toasts. The regular toasts and the respondents were as follows:

The Infantry:

> If ever a band of warriors won
> A pæan for deeds of valor done,
> They deserve, indeed, the glorious meed
> And the proud triumphal hymn.

General William McComb.

The Cavalry:

> As went the knight with sword and shield
> To tournay or to battle-field,
> They offered at their country's call
> Their lives, their fortunes, and their all.

General T. T. Munford.

The Artillery: The voice from the mouths of their pieces sent dismay into the ranks of the enemy.

Judge William I. Clopton.

The Staff of Our Armies: The nerves which contributed to the genius of our great commanders, and through which their inspiration was conducted to their troops.

Colonel Archer Anderson.

The Armies of the West: The heroes of Corinth, Chickamauga, and Mobile are worthy comrades of those of Manassas, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, and will ever greet each other as brethren.

General D. H. Maury.

The Women of the South:

"Land of heroes, your endurance through the strife transcendent shines;
Born of sunlight, 'mid the tempest stood ye firm as mountain pines."

Dr. Thomas J. Moore.

The Dead:

"Their dust sleeps well in the land of their choice,
Their names in song and story;
And fame shall shout with immortal voice,
Dead on the field of glory."

Hon. D. B. Lucas, of Jefferson county, West Virginia, whose exquisite poem, "The Land Where we were Dreaming," has touched so many hearts, responded to the last toast in a speech which elicited loud applause. There has been so strong a demand for its publication that we are glad to give it in full.

SPEECH OF HON. D. B. LUCAS.

In responding to the sentiment now proposed to the memory of the dead of the Army of Northern Virginia, I feel and appreciate both the difficulty and the sacred character of the melancholy duty which has been assigned me.

What can I say which shall exaggerate the debt of gratitude or lighten the burden of regret which we owe to the brave soldiers who, by their courage, illumined the most brilliant page of military history, and by their unselfish devotion sanctified the sternest lessons of civil and institutional disaster?

The formation of this Association was but the outgrowth of a sense of duty to the sentiments which cluster around our dead.

To preserve in some permanent form the original and authentic evidence of what these men achieved was a high and sacred duty which we owed not to them only, but to ourselves and to our children.

For no more melancholy sight can meet the eye of the patriot than to see a teacher in our public schools engaged in teaching the children of these dumb and silent martyrs that their fathers died under some manner of cloud, or that they needed some sort of pardon, other than the free grace of the everlasting God whom they served. Neither can there be any moral or national necessity that the first axiom of mathematics, which is that the sum of all the parts is only equal to, and cannot exceed, the whole, should be untaught in the vain effort to prove that when an aggregate of twenty-seven hundred thousand Federal soldiers engaged six hundred thousand Confederates, the latter in every *separate* engagement, from Manassas to the Wilderness, *outnumbered* their Federal antagonists.

No; thank God, the first duty which we owe to these dead heroes is the same which we owe to truth. The simplest form of annals, unadorned by political disquisition, as unwarped as mathematics and impartial as a sun-dial, would embody all that we should need to excite our just pride in their almost superhuman achievements; all that our children need to keep alive the flame of patriotism or the love of glory. They do not need any depreciation of their adversaries, nor, as Chief-Justice Chase expressed it, any detraction from "the heroism of our countrymen who fell upon the other side." This unreasonable, not to say unholy sentiment, that to do justice to one side implies detraction from the other, should be given over to the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals with which we amuse ourselves in political harangues or popular assemblies. But here, as it were in the presence of our dead, we can do most honor to them, while at the same time we do full justice to the motives and courage of those who confronted them.

We can divest ourselves of every suspicion of clap-trap, and, standing face to face with our dead, say, in all clearness of conscience, that having accepted the umpirage of the sword we have also accepted its award, and mean to abide by it. This much for the outcome or actual result.

But may God do so to us and more, if ever we fail when occasion demands the expression of conviction, to assert the simple truth, that these dear, darling dead were right; that on the plane of clear rea-

son, they were most sternly logical; that as patriots, they had no superiors; and as soldiers, they have had no equals.

This is our conviction, that these men ventured all for self-government and died in a righteous and holy cause.

Now, as for their achievements. They were matched against as brave soldiers as the world had produced, in love with a sentiment—the Union. They were outnumbered in the aggregate as six to twenty-seven, or more than four to one. In population, their section (excluding slaves) was as seven to twenty-two, or less than one to three. And yet they carried on the points of their bayonets their cause for four long years, and in the end yielded to famine and an exhausted treasury, rather than to military necessity.

We cannot evade history. We may for a time startle her from her propriety, but she will in the end regain her equipoise.

I have already remarked upon the absurd paradox presented in our school histories, namely, that while in the aggregate the Federal army numbered over twenty-seven hundred thousand and the Confederate but a little over six hundred thousand, yet, in the *separate* decisive battles of the war, the forces engaged were nearly equal. What surpassing generalship! What matchless strategic skill, which, with an average disparity of more than four to one, yet, on every critical plain, could oppose an equal number to their adversaries! But we can not suffer the prowess of these private soldiers, so justly extolled to-night by one of their most brilliant captains, to be disparaged, even to increase the fame of their immortal leaders. Let the plain story be told, though our Peter Parley histories and Mother Goose biographies should have to be relegated to the regions of romance where they rightfully belong. Let us frankly acknowledge that from first to last, on every important field from Manassas to Appomattox, the Army of the Potomac, composed of brave, enthusiastic, and well-equipped soldiers, outnumbered the Army of Northern Virginia by an average of more than two to one; that for the first two years, the latter were mainly armed and clothed by captures from the opposing forces; that they never hesitated when ordered to attack a superior force and seldom failed to gain the advantage; that they took more prisoners than they lost by capture; that they killed more than they lost in battle, and that in one important campaign they destroyed more of the enemy by ten thousand than the actual count of their own whole army.

I have compiled a table founded on the most reliable authorities

exhibiting the comparative numbers and losses of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia in the more important engagements of the last two years of the war :

	Federals.		Confederates.	
	Nos.	Loss.	Nos.	Loss.
Richmond—Seven Days.....	105,000	30,000	80,000	19,543
Second Manassas.....	60,000	30,000	49,000	9,112
Sharpsburg.....	87,000	12,649	33,000	8,790
Fredericksburg.....	120,000	12 321	75,000	4,301
Chancellorsville.....	133,000	17,197	57,000	10,280
Gettysburg.....	101,000	24,000	59,000	19,000
Wilderness.....	140,000	60,000	64,000	18,000
Surrender.....	155,000	.....	7,800	.....

These figures are monumental. They constitute a monument to the Army of Northern Virginia as much superior to brass or stone as spirit is to matter or reason is to sense.

Yet, while these figures are conceded, their significance is met and their force evaded by an assumption that these soldiers lacked endurance and fortitude and a contrast is attempted to be drawn between their brilliant dash and the more steady and enduring valor of the Northern troops.

If this charge—a lack of fortitude—could be sustained, it would detract much from the character of the Southern soldier, for, as Napoleon said: "The first qualification of a soldier is fortitude under fatigue and privation ; courage is only the second."

Let us submit this question to the test of admitted facts, and see if the charge be just. Let us take the matter of equipment. Let us compare that of General McClellan before Richmond with that of General Johnston in the Summer of 1862. The Prince de Joinville, who accompanied McClellan, says that "But for the lack of women, their army might have been mistaken for an *armed emigration*, rather than a march of soldiers," so thorough and elaborate was the equipment. The Confederates, on the other hand, had soiled and

ragged uniforms, worn-out shoes, dilapidated tents, old-fashioned arms, and scanty fare. Yet this same ragged, illy-equipped army, without any new sources of supply or recruitment held on for two years longer, defeating Pope at Cedar Mountain and Second Manassas, driving back Burnside at Fredericksburg, routing Hooker at Chancellorsville, and, finally, when reduced to fifty-nine thousand, hurling themselves with incredible valor against a newly equipped army of one hundred and one thousand on the heights of Gettysburg. If these achievements did not require and avouch the power to bear fatigue and privation, then must we acknowledge that the Army of Northern Virginia lacked fortitude and was not equal to the Napoleonic test already quoted. If, on the other hand, these undisputed facts are to be given their full force and significance, let us do the Great Army justice and say that they lacked nothing which is requisite to the true soldier : discipline, enthusiasm, love of country, courage, and fortitude under privation in the highest degree were all theirs.

Take again the career of Stonewall Jackson's command in the same summer of 1862, as an illustration of the endurance of the Army of Northern Virginia in encountering fatigue. Let us commence at Kernstown. At this point Jackson attacked seven thousand with twenty-seven hundred, and desired to court-martial General Garnett, who held the center, for retreating before four times his number, after his ammunition was exhausted.

Afterwards, in the next forty days, with an average force of fifteen thousand men, he amused himself (as the Prince de Joinville expresses it) by baffling and in four pitched battles, defeating as many successive generals; he marched his troops four hundred miles, captured thirty-five hundred prisoners of war, together with vast military stores and supplies, and kept employed against him, paralyzing in and around Washington, eighty thousand men.

In advance and retreat he double-quicked the soldiers of the Shenandoah Valley through their native villages, amid waving of handkerchiefs and salutations of wives, children, sisters, and sweethearts *without breaking ranks.*

These men were called "Jackson's foot-cavalry" because one soldier covered as much ground and bore as much fatigue as is ordinarily demanded of a soldier and a horse. They were the Centaurs of modern warfare.

After the campaign in the Valley these same men left Mount Meridian, which is not far from Staunton, on the 17th of June, 1862,

and marched direct to Richmond, engaging in the battle at Mechanicsville on the 26th, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, and without taking time to rest or recruit, except on the intervening Sabbath, which was spent in rest and worship.

But why do I recount these instances of fortitude and endurance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia before men, many of whom were participants in these heroic struggles, and all of whom are familiar with their history?

Not only did the Army of Northern Virginia excel in that highest attribute of a soldier, fortitude, but their love of country was unsurpassed. For the last two years of the war they served, practically, without pay. Nominally the private soldier received thirteen dollars per month, but it was paid in Confederate currency. I have made a careful estimate of the value of these wages, reduced to the gold standard for the forty-eight months of the war, and I find that the average pay of the Confederate soldier, reduced to gold, was less than thirty-five cents per month.

No hirelings these, but patriots, whose services were inspired only by a sense of duty, and rewarded only by the gratitude of their countrymen.

Of the military leaders, our dead officers who commanded these men, I cannot consume your time to speak. They came from every Southern State, and now sleep in the bosom of Virginia—Lee and Jackson, and Bee, and Pelham, and Winder, and Whiting, and Wheat, and many others now imperishably linked in fame with the story of the Great Struggle.

Napoleon, though great in victory, did not bear irredeemable defeat with the fortitude which the world had a right to expect; while Washington, being victorious, left his composure in final disaster only to be conjectured from his magnanimity in ultimate success. But General Lee demonstrated by the reluctance with which he took up arms, and the brilliancy with which he bore them; by his moderation in victory and the unsurpassed nobility of his bearing in defeat; by his great achievements in war and his dignified devotion to the most ennobling arts of peace, that he possessed all the rare elements of moral and intellectual greatness, which, by their combination, conspire to form the noblest specimens of our race—

> "A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man!"

When General Lee announced to the Army of Northern Virginia the death of General Jackson, he hit upon the two great qualities of the soldier which distinguished, with most peculiar emphasis, the dead captain—courage and confidence in God. "We feel," said General Lee, "that his spirit still lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God, as our hope and strength."

"A great captain," said Napoleon, "supplies all deficiencies by his courage." It was this courageous self-confidence, inspired by a higher confidence in God, which distinguished General Jackson.

But he was not more self-confident than modest. It is related that when General Lee's note of condolence, telling him that for the good of the country he had preferred being wounded himself was read to him, he exclaimed, "Better ten Jacksons than one Lee!"

Thus did these two great compeers vie in modesty, and unselfish admiration, each of the other. Two twin giants, to whom Virginia, a second Ilia, pregnant by Mars, had given birth; and who, though they failed to found an Empire, as did Romulus and Remus, will yet shine like Castor and Pollux as bright constellations in the firmament of history; but with this difference, that while the Sons of Ledd illumine the sky but one at a time, our Twins, sons of Virginia, transfixed, shining together, shall cosparkle in one equal splendor throughout all coming ages. These dead—these darling dead—they have not died in vain!

Not in vain, my countrymen, their courage and achievement; not in vain their highest virtue of fatigue-enduring fortitude; not in vain their unbought and unpaid services in the field; not in vain did the fathers die unbountied, as their children live unpensioned; not in vain did they walk through the tragedy of war, or do they now lie down in the dull pantomine of death; their deeds were not in vain, because we who survive shall teach them to our children, and thus preserve a heroic race of men capable of such self sacrifices as these men made, and equal to such heroism as may serve, when lapsed from virtue, "to recall us to ourselves, and join us to the eternal gods!"

The speeches were enthusiastically received, and the occasion one of great interest and pleasure.

Recollections of Campaign against Grant in North Mississippi in 1862-63.

By General DABNEY H. MAURY.

[The following paper was written for the Society in the early part of 1872, and published in the *Southern Magazine*. Its republication has been frequently called for, and we take pleasure in complying with this demand and putting in our published records this interesting and valuable narrative of the gallant soldier who was an eye-witness, and an important "part," of what he tells:]

I am the senior surviving General of those who took part in the whole campaign in North Mississippi in 1862 against the forces of General Grant, and it is proper I should place on record my knowledge of those operations. In doing this I must rely upon my own recollections and memoranda, and upon those of such comrades as I may be able to confer with.

There are no official records open to us now, which may, perhaps, be regretted less on this occasion, because the campaign under discussion was outside the grand movements of the war, but it was of deep concern to important communities in the South, and to the soldiers who bore an active part in it, and to the Southern widows and orphans whose nearest and dearest died on those battlefields, as bloody and as honorable as any that were ever illustrated by Confederate valor; therefore I write about it. Of the general officers of our army who took part in those operations, Van Dorn, Price, Martin, Green, Rust, Little, Villipigue, and Bowen, have all gone to their rest, leaving but three or four of us to toil on until our summons comes, and we shall go to join them again; I shall, therefore, tell my story in no spirit of detraction. Indeed, I have neither inclination nor occasion to detract from any of them; their honors in those fights were hard-earned, nor can I blame any of them for the disasters which came upon our army. They were brave men, who devoted all to their country, and among them were commanders of a high order of ability.

On the 30th of May, 1862, General Beauregard evacuated Corinth in the presence of Halleck's army, and in June, 1862, his army was lying around Tupelo, cantoned on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. Late in June Van Dorn was detached from command of his corps, known as the "Army of the West," and sent to take command at Vicksburg, which was then threatened with attack. You will remember how well he acquitted himself in that command. He

repulsed the enemy from Vicksburg and occupied and defended Port Hudson, thus securing to the Confederacy for nearly a year free access to the Trans-Mississippi Department and the unobstructed navigation of Red River, by which vast supplies of meat and grain were contributed to the maintenance of our armies east of the great river, which already began to feel the want of good provisions.

General Beauregard having fallen into ill health, the supreme command of our army at Tupelo devolved upon General Bragg. In August, 1862, Bragg threw his main army by rail *via* Mobile, to Chattanooga, leaving Price in command of the "Army of the West," with orders to observe the Federal army at Corinth under Grant, with a view to oppose him in any movement down into Mississippi; or, in case Grant should move up into Tennessee to join Buell, then Price was to hinder him in that movement, and was also to move up into Tennessee and unite his forces with the army of Bragg. Van Dorn and Price were thus left independent of each other. Each commanded a corps of two strong divisions, both were in the State of Mississippi, and, as events proved, it might have been for the good of all had one of them been in supreme command over the whole military forces of that State.

Van Dorn, after placing Vicksburg and Port Hudson in satisfactory condition of defence, attacked the Federal forces in Baton Rouge. He sent General Breckenridge to conduct the expedition. It seems altogether probable that he would have captured the place and the enemy's army in it, but for the accidental loss of the iron-clad *Arkansas*, and the extraordinary epidemic of cholera, which reduced his force to one half its original numbers.

As soon as Van Dorn had refitted his forces after this attack, his ever-restless, aggressive spirit drew him up toward the northern line of the State, where Grant commanded a considerable force, occupying Corinth, Bolivar, and other points in West Tennessee, North Mississippi, and Alabama. Van Dorn having superior rank, but not having command over Price, sent Colonel Lindsey Lunsford Lomax early in September to urge upon Price that they should combine their forces and drive the Federals out of Mississippi and West Tennessee. At the time he made the proposition their combined forces would have amounted to about 25,000 infantry, with about 3,000 cavalry. Price replied that he could not comply with this request without departing from his instructions and the objects for which General Bragg had left him where he was. And just here were developed the bad consequences of having these two commanders

present in the field without a common superior; for had Price been justified in placing his forces under Van Dorn's command at this time, there is scarcely a doubt that the enemy would have been driven in a few days entirely beyond the Tennessee river. Then would have followed the reinforcement of Bragg's army by the corps of Van Dorn and Price, and without extraordinary misconduct or misfortunes, the Confederate Army of Tennessee might have crossed the Ohio. But such speculations are vain and sad enough now; my present business is to tell the sorrowful story as it was, not to dream about what it might have been.

Within a few days after Price declined Van Dorn's invitation, he learned from spies in Corinth that Grant had commenced his evacuation of that line, was then actually throwing his supplies across the Tennessee, and would soon be on his way to reinforce Buell. Therefore to intercept him, or that failing, to join Bragg, Price marched from Tupelo to Iuka. Tupelo is on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, fifty miles south of Corinth. Iuka is on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, seventeen miles east of Corinth. Our army consisted of Maury's First Division, and Little's Second Division of Infantry, and Armstrong's Cavalry brigade. We numbered in all near 16,000 effectives, viz: about 14,000 infantry and near 2,000 cavalry.

On the 19th of September we entered Iuka. Armstrong's cavalry advanced, found the place occupied by a force of the enemy, who retreated toward Corinth, abandoning to us a considerable amount of stores. On the 21st of September I placed the First division on the march, intending to move close up to Burnsville, the station on the Memphis and Charleston railroad between Iuka and Corinth, where we now ascertained the enemy was in strong force. At about 3 P. M. the enemy advanced upon me from Burnsville with so much boldness that I believed it to be an attack in force; but deploying three battalions of sharpshooters, forced him back by them alone, and proved him to be merely a reconnoissance in force. It was handsomely conducted, and was pushed with a boldness not usual in my experience with the Federal troops, so that I formed line of battle and awaited with confident expectation the attack of Grant's whole army.

From this time we began to receive such information about Grant's position as indicated that he had moved none of his forces over the Tennessee, but that he still held the line of Corinth; and this conviction was much strengthened in the mind of General Price, when, on the 24th of September, he received by flag of truce a summons from

General Ord to surrender. General Ord stated in his letter that recent information showed that McClellan had destroyed Lee's army at Antietam; that, therefore, the rebellion must soon terminate, and that in order to spare the useless effusion of blood, he gave Price this opportunity to lay down his arms. Price replied to Ord that he was glad to be able to inform him that we had late and reliable information which justified the belief that the results of the battle of Sharpsburg had been highly satisfactory to us; that the Army of Northern Virginia was still in the field, and that as for himself, while duly sensible of the kindness of feeling which had inspired General Ord's invitation, he would lay down his arms whenever Mr. Lincoln should acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy, and not sooner. On the same day Price received another urgent request from Van Dorn to come with all his forces, meet him at Ripley, and move their combined forces against Grant in Corinth.

On this same day, Little and I were occupying with both our divisions a line of battle about two miles west of Iuka. We faced Burnsville, our left resting on the Memphis and Charleston road. About 10 A. M. we were called by General Price to a council of war. He then disclosed to us Ord's and Van Dorn's letters, with other important information, and it was evident to us all that the enemy was not moving over the Tennessee at all, but still lay in heavy force on our immediate left, and in position to cut us off entirely from our line and base of supplies on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. He decided to march back next morning toward Baldwin, and thence to unite with Van Dorn in a combined attack on Corinth. Orders were at once issued for the trains to be packed and the whole army to move at dawn in the morning on the road back to Baldwin. Since an early hour on this day our cavalry pickets had been sending reports of a heavy force moving on us by the Jacinto road.

Little moved soon after midday away from the line facing Burnsville, and took position to command the approach by the Jacinto road. And he was just in good time, for about four o'clock P. M. Rosecrantz came upon him with a sudden and heavy attack, striking our advanced line, which was composed of new troops, most of whom were now in their first battle; he forced them back and came triumphantly onward without a check. He had advanced almost within sight of Iuka when Little met him with his glorious Missouri brigade; the Third Louisiana Infantry and Whitfield's Texas Legion were there too. And then they rolled back the victorious tide of battle. The Federals were driven before them, our first line of bat-

tle was restored, and when night fell the Confederates held the field. Nine cannon had been captured from the enemy, and every man in Little's division was confident of victory, should Rosecrantz resume his attack on the morrow. But one reflection saddened every heart that night. General Henry Little had fallen dead, in the very execution of the advance which had won that bloody field. He was conversing with General Price when he was shot through the head, and fell from his horse without a word. He was buried that night by torchlight in Iuka. No more efficient soldier than Henry Little ever fought for a good cause. The magnificent Missouri brigade, the finest body of troops I had ever then seen, or have ever seen since, was the creation of his untiring devotion to duty and his remarkable qualities as a commander. In camp he was diligent in instructing his officers in their duty and providing for the comfort and efficiency of his men, and on the battlefield he was as steady and cool and able a commander as I have ever seen. His eyes closed forever upon the happiest spectacle they could behold, and the last throbs of his heart were amidst the victorious shouts of his charging brigade.

The night had fallen dark when the battle closed. It had been brief, but was one of the fiercest and bloodiest combats of the war. The Third Louisiana regiment lost half its men; Whitfield's Legion also suffered very heavily. These two regiments and a little Arkansas battalion of about one hundred men had charged and captured the enemy's guns.

While Rosecrantz advanced by this Jacinto road, which enters Iuka from the south, Grant was to attack by the Burnsville road from the west. As generally happens in combined movements, there was want of concert of action. Rosecrantz had been beaten and forced back by Little, when, at about sunset, Grant deployed in front of me. It was then too late to attack me that night.

At dark General Price withdrew me from before Grant, and intended to attack Rosecrantz at dawn with all his forces. At ten o'clock that night Rosecrantz dispatched Grant to the following effect: "I have met with such obstinate resistance that I cannot advance further by the Jacinto road; but there are some heights on my right which command the town, and at dawn I shall occupy them." *L'homme propose, Dieu dispose*, is often true in war. At dawn *I* held those heights. Before midnight I had received from pickets, prisoners and others, satisfactory information that Grant had deployed a heavy force, estimated at 10,000 men, in front of my skirmish

line, across the Burnsville road. I had, at dark, withdrawn my division, except the cavalry under General Wirt Adams, and the skirmish line under Colonel William P. Rogers; and now we lay in the town, with purpose to take part in the attack on Rosecrantz in the morning.

Rosecrantz's force on the Jacinto road was estimated at over 17,000 men. Our army lay between Grant and Rosecrantz, and if the battle were renewed in the morning, placed as we were, our total destruction seemed inevitable. About two hours after midnight, accompanied by General Armstrong, who commanded our cavalry forces, and who was one of the cleverest of our cavalry commanders, and by Colonel Thomas Snead, General Price's clever Chief of-Staff, I went to the old General's quarters, aroused him from a sound sleep, laid before him the information I had received, and urged upon him the necessity for our carrying out, without delay, the decision we had formed at 10 A. M. that morning, to return to our base on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. The old man was hard to move. He had taken an active personal part in the battle that evening; his Missourians had behaved beautifully under his own direction, the enemy had been so freely driven back, that he could think of nothing but the complete victory he would gain over Rosecrantz in the morning. He seemed to take no account of Grant at all. His only reply to our facts and our arguments, as he sat on the side of his bed in appropriate sleeping costume, was: "We'll wade through him, sir, in the morning; General, you ought to have seen how my boys fought this evening; we drove them a mile, sir." "But," said I, "Grant has come up since then, and since dark you have drawn me from before him; my brigades are lying in the streets, with their backs to Grant, and the whole wagon train is mixed up with us, so that we can't get into position promptly in the morning. As sure as we resume battle, placed as we are, we shall be beaten, and we shall lose every wagon. You can't procure another wagon train like this, not if you were to drain the State of Mississippi of all its teams. We have won the fight this evening. We decided on going back anyhow in the morning to Baldwin, and I don't see that anything that has happened since we published that decision should detain us here any longer." Armstrong and Snead both sustained my views. I think Governor Polk, of Missouri, was occupying the same chamber and was present during our interview. After decided opposition General Price admitted the prudence of our executing our return to the railroad, instead of assuming the aggressive in the morning.

Orders were issued accordingly for the wagon train to move at 3 A. M. I was instructed to send one of my brigades to escort the wagon train, and to remain with the other two brigades as rear-guard of the army. Accordingly, before dawn I had occupied the commanding heights, referred to by Rosecrantz in his last night's dispatch to Grant, with the brigades of Moore and Cabell. Phiffer's brigade had gone on with the train.

I think Rosecrantz must have thought our army was changing front to offer battle from those heights, and the concerted plans of Grant and himself were so disconcerted that before they could rearrange any, the wagon train was safe on the road toward the Gulf of Mexico. The army, too, disappeared over the hill and into the forest-screened road, while the commanding heights were occupied by my line of battle with colors flying and guns unlimbered, offering battle to all their combined forces.

Soon after 8 A. M. Colonel Snead galloped up to me and said: "General, I am ordered by General Price to say that the train and army are now well on the road, and you will please follow at once with the rear-guard." We moved at once; Armstrong covered my rear with his cavalry, and it was about 2 P. M., at a point eight miles from Iuka, that the last collision occurred between us and Grant's army during the Iuka affair. I held the Second Texas Sharpshooters, Rodgers commanding, and Bledsoe's battery in rear of the rear-guard. Armstrong had been followed all day by the enemy's pursuing force, who were very cautious in their pressure upon him, but kept close up to his cavalry constantly.

About 2 P. M. the movement of our army had become quite slow. The teamsters, having no longer the fear of the enemy before them, had relaxed their energies, and the rear-guard halted. Just at this moment the enemy was coming confidently on; Armstrong moved on with his cavalry past the rear of the rear-guard of infantry, Rodgers and Bledsoe were lying in ambuscade at a good point in the road, and Colonel "Bob McCulloch's" cavalry regiment was formed ready to charge. On came the confident Federals—I think a General Hatch was commanding them—until they were within short range, when the Second Texas Rifles and Bledsoe's canister and old McCulloch's cavalry all broke upon them at once. We laid many of them low, and then pursued our march to Baldwin without a shot.

In my narrative of the battle of Iuka I have related how General Price, acting on information received from General Bragg and from our own scouts, had moved as far as Iuka on his way to prevent

Grant's forces in Mississippi from a junction with Buell's in Tennessee; how at Iuka we had been attacked by Rosecrantz; how we had repulsed him, capturing nine cannon and many prisoners, and had next morning returned to our proper base upon the railroad with the purpose to join our forces to Van Dorn's and make a combined attack on Corinth.

This attack had for some time occupied Van Dorn's mind. Several weeks before General Price moved upon Iuka, General Van Dorn had sent a staff officer, Colonel Lomax of Virginia (since Major-General Lomax), to invite and urge General Price that they should combine their forces in an attack upon Corinth. The plan was wise while it was bold, and characteristic of Van Dorn's aggressive temper. The enemy occupied West Tennessee and the Memphis and Charleston railroad at Memphis, Bolivar, Jackson, Corinth, Rienzi, Jacinto, Iuka and Bethel with garrisons aggregating 42,000 men, and was preparing with extraordinary energy to reduce Vicksburg by a combined attack of land and naval forces. To prevent this, his expulsion from West Tennessee was a military necessity, while it was our obvious defensive policy to force him across the Ohio, occupy Columbus, and fortify the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. This policy induced General Bragg to move his army into Kentucky, and Van Dorn felt that he could force the enemy out of West Tennessee and contribute to its success. Corinth was the enemy's strongest and most salient point. Its capture would decide the fate of West Tennessee; and the combined forces of Price and Van Dorn in the month of August could have captured Corinth, and have cleared West Tennessee of all hostile forces.

When Van Dorn first invited General Price's co-operation in this enterprise, his command embraced two large divisions under Breckenridge and Lovell, numbering about 12,000 infantry, with over 1,000 cavalry under Jackson; and he expected to receive about 5,000 veteran infantry, just exchanged from the Fort Donelson prisoners, in time for the movement. This force, added to General Price's army, would have given an effective active force of over 30,000 veteran troops; and it is most unfortunate that General Price could not then have consented to unite with General Van Dorn in a movement so auspicious of great results. But as I have told you, Price was constrained to decline all part in that enterprise until he had made his movement to Iuka, after which Price's forces were greatly reduced by the results of the battle, while Van Dorn's were diminished by the detachment of Breckenridge with 6,000 men, and by

the unexpected delays in fitting out the "Donelson prisoners" for the field; so that when on the 30th of September we marched from Ripley against Corinth, our combined forces were but little over half of what Van Dorn had justly calculated upon when he first proposed the enterprise. The disastrous results which ensued brought censure upon Van Dorn, and have left a cloud upon his military reputation which I hope the publication of this narrative will aid to dispel.

There are few of those who criticised his conduct who knew the great objects he sought to accomplish, or the means with which he proposed to march to a certain and brilliant victory by which the State of Mississippi would have been freed from invasion and the war would have been transferred beyond the Ohio. Such results justified unusual hazard of battle; and after Van Dorn's forces were reduced by near one-half, he still felt he ought to strike a bold and manly blow for his native State, and did not hesitate to attack the enemy with all the energy and force he could bring to bear upon him. We marched from Baldwin to join Van Dorn at Ripley on the morning of the 27th, and our whole effective force was made up of—

Maury's division	4,800 muskets.
Hebert's division	5,000 muskets.
Armstrong's cavalry	2,000 men.
Light artillery	42 guns.

We reached Ripley on the evening of the 29th. General Van Dorn with his staff was already there. He had sent his cavalry forward to cover our front, and his infantry and artillery, under General Lovell, were close at hand and marched into Ripley in fine order the day after our arrival. On the morning of October 1st our combined forces moved from Ripley to attack the enemy in Corinth. We marched with a total force of nearly 19,000 effectives, viz.—

Maury's division	about 4,800 men.
Hebert's division	" 5,000 "
Lovell's division	" 6,000 "
Armstrong's cavalry, including Jackson's brigade,	2,800 "

Van Dorn threw his cavalry forward so as to mask his movements, and marched directly with his infantry by way of Davis's bridge upon the enemy in Corinth. On the evening of October 2d we bivouacked at Chewella on the railroad, eight miles west of Corinth. At dawn on the 3d of October we moved from Chewella to attack the enemy in Corinth.

Jackson's brigade had been sent towards Bolivar, where he captured a large regiment of cavalry, and our advance was covered by Armstrong's brigade alone, Wirt Adams's brigade having been detached towards Davis's bridge.

General Van Dorn was assured that the whole force of the enemy in the works at Corinth numbered about 12,000 men, and he resolved to assault with all of his forces. His purpose was to dismount his cavalry and attack with his whole army, and had he executed this intention in the spirit in which he conceived it, there is not ground for a reasonable doubt of his success.

Soon after daylight our cavalry became engaged with the enemy's advanced pickets, and forced them back until just after crossing to the north side of the railroad we formed in line of battle. We were then more than three miles from Corinth. Our line was perpendicular to the Memphis and Charleston railroad. Lovell's division was formed on the right (south) of the railroad; Maury's division was formed on the left (north) of the railroad, Moore's brigade touching the left of Lovell's division on the railroad; Cabell's brigade was formed as a reserve behind the left of Maury's division; the Missouri division touched Maury's left; and in this order we moved forward at 10 A. M., and soon found ourselves confronted by the enemy's line of battle, which occupied the defences constructed by General Beauregard during the previous spring against the army of Halleck. All the timber covering the slopes which led up to the works had been felled, and formed an obstructing abattis to our advancing line; but at the signal to advance, our whole line moved forward under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry across the space which divided us from the enemy without any check or hesitation, and drove him at every point from his position. We captured five cannon and put the whole force to rout.

Our loss was not heavy in men, but we had to mourn the death of Colonel Martin, a young officer commanding the Mississippi brigade, who was killed while gallantly leading his men. The divisions of Maury and Hebert, composing the "Army of the West," as Price's corps was designated, continued to advance towards Corinth, preserving an alignment perpendicular to the Memphis and Charleston railroad. We were repeatedly and obstinately encountered by the opposing lines of the enemy, and during the day several fierce combats took place, which necessarily delayed our arrival before the place, but did not cause our troops to lose one foot of the ground we had won.

During the advance of Price's corps on this day, the right brigade of Maury's division was commanded by General John C. Moore, an officer of fine ability and courage. Close on the railroad, but on the south side of it, was an entrenched camp of the enemy. Moore, advancing with his right on the railroad, would have soon been enfiladed by this force, but instantly perceiving his situation, he threw his brigade across the railroad, and attacking the camp, drove the Federals who were occupying it back into their heavy works about College Hill; he then recrossed to the north of the railroad, resumed his position in the line of Maury's division, and soon encountered a Federal brigade, which after a fierce conflict he drove before him into the works of Corinth. The Missourians and Phiffer's brigade of Maury's division were also hotly engaged during this advance, and Cabell's brigade, acting as reserve, was repeatedly detached to reinforce such portions of the line north of the railroad as seemed in need of support.

At sunset the enemy in front of Price's corps had been driven into the town at every point along our whole front, and the troops of Price's corps had established their line close up to Corinth. After a hot day of incessant action and constant victory, we felt that our prize was just before us, and one more vigorous effort would crown our arms with complete success. Van Dorn felt all this, and wished to storm the town at once, but General Price thought the troops were too much exhausted. They had been marching and fighting since dawn; the day had been one of the hottest of the year; our men had been without water since morning, and were almost famished; while we were pursuing the enemy from his outer works that morning several of our men fell from sunstroke, and it was with good reason that General Price opposed further action that evening. He said: "I think we have done enough for to-day, General, and the men should rest." Van Dorn acquiesced in this and gave his orders for a general assault in the morning. They were of the simplest nature. At an early hour before dawn all of the artillery of his army was ordered to open upon the town and works, and at daylight the whole line was to advance and storm them. During the night the enemy was actively moving his trains and baggage out on the roads to the Tennessee river, and all night reinforcements were pouring into Corinth.

Under the direction of Colonel William E. Burnett, all of the artillery of Maury's division, and two of the pieces captured from the enemy added to it, opened upon the enemy in Corinth, and at short

range and with good effect cannonaded the place for near two hours before light. The guns of the other divisions did not open. At daylight I withdrew my guns and prepared to assault the town. My line, Moore's and Phiffer's brigade, with Cabell's in reserve, was formed close up to the Mobile and Ohio railroad, just on the outskirts of Corinth, and concealed from view of the enemy by the timber which then covered the bottom along the creek. The orders given me were to charge the town as soon as I should observe the fire of the Missourians, who were on my left, change from picket-firing to rolling fire of musketry. For hours we listened and awaited our signal. Half-past ten o'clock had come before the signal to advance was given. I have never understood the reason for so much delay; but as soon as we began to hear the rolling fire of musketry on the left, Maury's division broke through the screen of timber and into the town, and into the enemy's works. We broke his centre; the Missourians moved in line with us. Gates's brigade of Missourians took all of the enemy's artillery to our left, and all along in front of Price's corps the enemy was driven from his guns, and his guns were captured by us. Within about twenty minutes from the time we began our movement our colors were planted in triumph upon the ramparts of Corinth. But it was a brief triumph, and won at a bloody cost. No charge in the history of the war was more daring or more bloody. From the first moment after leaving the timber the troops were exposed to a most deadly cross-fire; they fell by hundreds, but the line moved on—never faltered for one moment until our colors were placed upon the works. Every State of the Confederacy had representatives in this charge, and well did they illustrate the valor of Confederate troops. From General to drummer-boy no one faltered. A color-bearer of an Arkansas regiment was shot down; young Robert Sloan, a boy of the same regiment, scarce eighteen years old, seized the colors and sprang upon the ramparts, waving them over it, and fell pierced with balls while cheering on his comrades. Field-officers fell by scores; more than 3,000 of the rank and file were killed, wounded and captured during this fierce assault.

The whole of Price's corps penetrated to the centre of the town of Corinth, and was in position to swing around and take the enemy's left wing in flank and rear, for we were twelve hundred yards in rear of the lines on College Hill, which formed the enemy's left wing, and against which our right wing south of the Memphis and Charleston railroad had been arrayed. But since 10 A. M. of the previous morn-

ing our right wing had made no decided advance or attack upon the enemy in its front, and when Rosencrantz found his centre broken by our charge, believing the demonstration of our right wing merely a "feint," he withdrew General Stanley with a heavy force from his left and threw him against us.

Disarrayed and torn as our lines were, with more than one-third of our men down, and with many of our best regimental officers killed and wounded, the troops were not ready to meet and repel the fresh troops that, now in fine array, came upon our right flank from the left of the enemy's works on College Hill and swept us out of the place. Our men fell back in disorder, but sullenly. I saw no man running, but all attempts to rally and reform them under the heavy fire of the enemy, now in possession again of their artillery, were vain. They marched on towards the timber in a walk, each man taking his own route and obstinately refusing to make any effort to renew the attack; and it was only after we had fallen back beyond the range of the enemy's fire that any of our organizations were reformed.

When we returned from the town we found General Van Dorn had ordered Villipigue's brigade from his right, south of the railroad, to cover our retreat from the town, and it was drawn up in line nearly three thousand strong, facing the enemy and about one thousand yards from his works. These troops were in fine order; they had done no fighting. We moved on towards Chewella again, reorganizing our forces as best we could while we marched along.

Our right wing had borne no great part in the fighting, and it was in good order and served now to present a good front towards the enemy. I do not think the enemy was in condition to pursue and attack us. He had suffered heavily, and had been greatly impressed by the assault of Price's corps; and it was not until next day he moved in force to follow us. By sunset we were again bivouacked at Chewella, and busily occupied in reforming our organizations.

The flower of our men and officers lay in the environs of Corinth, never more to rejoin their comrades. We had been bloodily repulsed; but Price's corps had made an honest fight and lost no honor in the battle. General Van Dorn seemed to feel he had deserved the victory. In a manly spirit he assumed all responsibility for his failure; like General Lee at Gettysburg, he reproached nobody. During the whole battle he was close to his troops about the centre

of his lines, where the fighting was most active and constant; and not a movement was made without his knowledge and direction, except the capture by General Moore of the entrenched camp of the enemy south of the railroad, which was one of those events of battle which give no time for reference to higher authority, and which illustrate the true genius for war of the executive commander who, as Moore did, seizes the opportunity they offer.

It is generally believed that the battle was lost by the inaction of our right wing, which, after the first advance on the morning of the third, made no decided attempt upon the lines in its front. So notable was this inertness that the enemy seems to have considered the attack of that wing merely a feint, which justified him in detaching a large force from his left to reinforce his centre, which had been broken and was in great peril. It is altogether probable that had the attack with the right wing been pressed as it was pressed by the centre and left, Van Dorn would have captured Corinth and the enemy's army. The troops which made the assault were chiefly Missourians, Arkansians, Texans, Mississippians, Alabamians and Louisianians.

Soon after daylight on the 4th a battery on the railroad, known as Battery Robinet, which was immediately on my right flank, opened an enfilading fire upon my line, then drawn up near and parallel to the Mobile and Ohio Railroad and ready to begin the assault. I ordered General Moore to place the Second Texas Sharpshooters, one of the finest regiments I have ever seen, under the brow of a ridge which ran perpendicular to my line and about two hundred yards from that battery. They reduced its fire very much in a few minutes, and when the order was given to charge they naturally charged that battery, which was right in their front though upon our right flank. Colonel W. P. Rodgers and Major Mullen of this regiment fell in this work.

The commanders of divisions and brigades who went into Corinth with the troops were General Dabney H. Maury of Virginia, commanding First division; General Martin Green of Virginia, commanding Second division; General John C. Moore of Tennessee, commanding First brigade of Maury's division; General William S. Cabell of Virginia, commanding Second brigade of Maury's division; General Charles Phiffer of Mississippi, commanding Third brigade of Maury's division; Colonel E. Gates of Missouri, Colonel First Missouri Cavalry, commanding First Missouri brigade, Green's division; Colonel Cockrell, commanding Second brigade, Green's

division; Colonel Moore of Mississippi, commanding Third brigade, Green's division.

When after all was over and the whole of the Army of the West, now reduced to about 6,000 men, came out of the town and into the woods through which we had so confidently charged an hour before, generals, colonels and staff-officers in vain endeavored to rally the men. They plodded doggedly along toward the road by which we had marched on the day before, and it was not in any man's power then to form them into line. We found Generals Van Dorn and Price within a few hundred yards of the place, sitting on their horses near each other. Van Dorn looked upon the thousands of men streaming past him with a mingled expression of sorrow and pity. Old General Price looked on the disorder of his darling troops with unmitigated anguish. The big tears coursed down the old man's bronzed face, and I have never witnessed such a picture of mute despair and grief as his countenance wore when he looked upon the utter defeat of those magnificent troops. He had never before known them to fail, and they never had failed to carry the lines of any enemy in their front; nor did they ever, to the close of their noble career at Blakely on the 9th of April, 1865, fail to defeat the troops before them. I mean no disparagement to any troops of the Southern Confederacy when I say the Missouri troops of the Army of the West were not surpassed by any troops in the world.

In the month of November, 1862, a court of inquiry was convened at Abbeville, Mississippi, to examine into certain allegations made by General John S. Bowen about the conduct of General Van Dorn during the expedition against Corinth. General Van Dorn was fully acquitted. A very intelligent battery commander, Captain Thomas F. Tobin, now the proprietor of a cotton-press in Memphis, was an important witness on this trial, and we quote from his testimony to show how complete was the first success of the assault on Corinth, and had it been supported, how great and complete would have been the victory.

"*Question by the defendant.*—1st. After you were taken prisoner state if you know if any portion of our army carried the interior works around Corinth; 2d, and what troops, if you know them; 3d, and also state whether they entered the town; 4th, and how far they penetrated into it.

"*Answer.*—1st. Yes. 2d. General Maury's division, nearly all of it, I think, and the First brigade of General Green's division, commanded by Colonel Gates, carried everything before them; 3d, and

came into Corinth driving everything before them across the high bridge over the Memphis and Charleston railroad and beyond General Polk's old headquarters, which was outside the town. The artillery of the enemy went out as far as General Price's old headquarters. 4th. Our troops penetrated to the Corinth House and the Tishomingo Hotel, and to the square in front of General Bragg's old headquarters, and into the yard of General Rosecrantz's headquarters.

"*Question by defendant.*—State, if you know, any fact tending to show that the enemy anticipated a defeat on the morning of the 4th.

"*Answer.*—I judge that they expected a defeat from their having sent all of their wagons to the rear, some of which did not get back until Wednesday. They had no ordnance whatever except what they had in the limbers and caissons of their pieces, so I was told; and I was ordered to report at the Tennessee river. I was taken prisoner on Saturday, October 4th, about 4 A. M., on the road that leads between Forts Williams and Robinet. I was ordered by General Stanley to report at some landing on the Tennessee river —I think it was Hemiling Landing—to General Rosecrantz at sunset that evening."

Colonel William E. Barry, Thirty-fifth Mississippi regiment, of Columbus, was detailed by me to report to General Van Dorn as commander of the burial party which was detailed and left by General Van Dorn to discharge this solemn duty. General Rosecrantz declined to receive Colonel Barry's command within his lines, but with a rare courtesy explained to General Van Dorn that he was forced to do this by considerations of a proper character, and assured General Van Dorn that "every becoming respect should be shown his dead and wounded." It is due to General Rosecrantz to say that he made good his promise as to the dead and the wounded, of whom we left many hundreds on the field.

Colonel Barry remained near Chewella, and had an opportunity of counting the force with which Rosecrantz pursued us, and he reported it to me at 22,000 men, from which I concluded the force in Corinth must have been about 30,000 men when we attacked the place on the 4th of October. The combined effective forces of Van Dorn and Price, including all arms, numbered on the morning of the 2d October, about 18,600 men, Jackson's cavalry was detached towards Bolivar; it numbered about 1,000 effectives. Whitfield's (Texas) Legion was left to guard Davis's bridge, and numbered

about 500 effectives. Wirt Adams's brigade, 1,000 effectives, was also detached to guard the approaches from Bolivar. Bledsoe's battery was detached with six guns and about 120 men. So that the total effective force with which we began the fight on the morning of the 3d did not exceed 16,080 men. The force which actually assaulted Corinth on October 4th (Price's corps only) did not exceed 9,000 effectives. I think this battle illustrated the superior *élan* of Confederate troops. The outer defences of Corinth had in the spring of 1862 held Halleck's great army before them for six weeks; and although the Confederate army holding those works was not half so strong as the Federal army under Halleck, he never dared to attack us. In October, 1862, we found these conditions all reversed. Those same works were then held by a Federal army which we believed to equal or exceed ours in numbers; yet we did not hesitate to attack them, and with no more delay than was necessary to form our line of battle. We marched upon those entrenchments without check or hesitation, and carried them in just the time necessary for us to traverse at quick time the space which divided our opposing lines.

I have been careful to state correctly the force with which we made this attack, because of the gross misrepresentations which have so often been made of the opposing Confederate and Federal armies during the late war. The school-histories of the United States, prepared by Northern authors for the use of our own children, are replete with this sort of disparagement of the Confederate armies. In one of their histories I have recently seen a statement of Van Dorn's army at Corinth, at the exaggerated number of 40,000 effectives. As you know, it very rarely happened to any Confederate General to lead so many of our troops against the enemy; and had Van Dorn led half so many against the inner works of Corinth, and made them all fight as Price's corps did, we would have captured Rosecrantz's army.

No commander of the Federal armies evinced more tenacity and skill than did General Rosecrantz during this battle. He was one of the ablest of the Union Generals, and his moderation and humanity in the conduct of war kept pace with his courage and skill. Our dead received from him all of the care due brave men who fell in manly warfare, and our wounded and prisoners who fell into his hands attest his soldierly courtesy.

After the repulse of Van Dorn from Corinth on the morning of October 4th, he fell back to Chewalla, eight miles from Corinth,

with his shattered forces, and bivouacked there. The division of Lovell having taken no part in the assault upon the works of Corinth, was the only portion of our army in good order, and now served a good purpose by marching in the rear and presenting a good front to the enemy, should he pursue us. On the march to Chewella and during the night Maury's and Greene's divisions were continually receiving accessions of stragglers, and by daylight of the 5th our companies and battalions were reorganized, and, as the result proved, we were again in good fighting order.

Our ranks had been fearfully thinned by the combats of the two previous days. Maury's division had marched from Chewalla to the attack of Corinth on the morning of the 3d with forty-eight hundred muskets in ranks; on the morning of the 5th our roll-call showed eighteen hundred men present for duty. Greene's division had suffered almost as severely; and worst of all, as we looked upon our thinned ranks and noted the loss of our bravest and best men, then lying upon the slopes of Corinth, we felt how bootless had been their sacrifice, and how different the result would have been had our charge upon the works been supported. The utmost depression prevailed throughout the army, and it was with no elation we heard our dauntless leader, Van Dorn, had determined to make another attack that day on the enemy at Rienzi. The pioneers, preceded by an advance-guard of cavalry, had already, before daylight of the 5th, been sent forward on the road to Rienzi, when Van Dorn was induced by the representations of some of his principal generals as to the condition of their troops to countermand the orders for the Rienzi movement, and to take the route for Ripley *via* the Tuscumbia and Davis's bridge over the Hatchie. Our wagon train was parked at the Tuscumbia bridge. Wirt Adams's cavalry brigade, with Whitfield's Texas Legion, had been thrown forward across the Hatchie, and guarded the approaches from Bolivar to Davis's bridge. No serious apprehension was entertained of being opposed on our return route, but we had every expectation of being pursued by Rosecrantz from Corinth. Therefore, Maury's division having suffered most severely, was placed in front of the army, and Lovell's not having suffered at all, marched as rear-guard of the army.

By sunrise we were on the march. At the Tuscumbia we found our wagons, and hundreds of our stragglers who had passed the night with the train, where rations and water were so plentiful, and where the presence of the cheerful retinues of the quartermasters and commissaries gave assurance of safety, were induced to resume their

proper places in our ranks. It was about 10 A. M., and we had arrived with the head of our column to within one mile of the bridge over the Hatchie, when a courier from Wirt Adams galloped up and reported to General Van Dorn that "the enemy in heavy force is moving from Bolivar to oppose the crossing of the Hatchie." Van Dorn turned to General Maury, who was riding by his side, and said with the cheerful manner which the near prospect of a fight always gave him, "Maury, you are in for it again to day. Push forward as rapidly as you can and occupy the heights beyond the river before the enemy can get them." Moore's brigade, about eight hundred strong, moved forward at the double-quick promptly at the word, crossed the bridge, and had reached the foot of the high ground south of the river when the enemy's line was discovered already forming on the crest, and a six-gun battery opened an enfilading fire with canister and grape upon us. At this moment the brigade, in column of fours, was marching along a narrow lane which led straight towards the enemy's battery. General Maury and General Moore, with their staff officers, were at the head of this column and within five hundred yards of the battery when it opened fire upon us. The aim seemed good, for the shot spattered in the sand all around us, and the sabots bounded with their humming sound close about us; yet not a man in the brigade was touched. In the next second the lane was cleared, and the brigade was forming into line of battle to the right of it, and prepared to storm the heights. These were already occupied by the forces under General Ord, which had been rapidly pushed down from Bolivar by that officer, and now to the number of eight or ten thousand held the ground which covered the only practicable crossing of the Hatchie river. Ord did not wait for Moore to assault him, but forming his troops into two lines of battle, swept down the slope towards the river, forcing Moore back and breaking up his whole brigade. Some were captured, some were driven into the river, and scarce an organized company came out of the conflict.

By this time the Texas brigade, Russ's dismounted cavalry, had come up. General Maury rapidly formed them on the little ridge which commands the bridge from the north side. Colonel Burnett, Chief of Artillery of Maury's division, one of the bravest and ablest artillery officers of our army, now saw his opportunity, and rapidly massed all the batteries of the division on this eminence. About two hundred yards before them lay Davis's bridge, over which Ord's forces must pass to attack us. Burnett charged his guns with double

canister, and swept that bridge until near five hundred of the enemy were laid on or about it. Ord was wounded and his army held in check. Cabell's brigade (Arkansians) rapidly formed up on the right of Russ's, and though the two combined did not exceed twelve hundred men, they checked every attempt of the enemy to cross, and steadily held their ground, until after several hours they were ordered to retire. It is only just to these gallant troops to say that *they* saved Van Dorn's army that day.

The whole of our train, about five hundred wagons, and our army now lay in the forks of the Hatchie. The Tuscumbia river, crossed only by a bridge, was in our rear, and the Hatchie river and bridge in our front. On our left flank, six miles distant, was another bridge crossing the Hatchie by what is called the "Boneyard road" to Ripley. Early in the day Armstrong had been sent with his cavalry brigade to guard this road and destroy the bridge. He had begun the destruction of the bridge when he heard the sounds of battle at the Davis's bridge, and with a soldier's instinct understood at once the condition of affairs. He sent a courier to Van Dorn to say that he might turn the train and army into the Boneyard road, and he would have the bridge repaired by the time they would reach it. This was promptly done, and when all were fairly on the new route, Maury was ordered to withdraw from his position and follow the train. By 10 P. M. we were all safely over the Hatchie and without the loss of a wagon. The night was clear, the moon was full, and we, relieved from the danger of capture which had seemed inevitable, marched so lightly along our road that by daylight we were bivouacked eighteen miles beyond the Hatchie river, while Ord with eight thousand men guarded Davis's bridge, and Rosecrantz with twenty thousand men watched the Tuscumbia bridge, neither of them doubting that in the morning we would surrender without another shot on the appearance of the summons they would send us.

Never did an army more narrowly escape than did Van Dorn's from the forks of the Hatchie. Before Ord's guns had ceased firing on our advance Rosecrantz had attacked our rear at the Tuscumbia. They could each hear the other's artillery; and ignorant of the existence of the Boneyard road, they seemed to have felt secure of their prey and indisposed to press an enemy at bay, whose prowess they had such good reason to respect. After this they made no energetic pursuit, and we continued on our march towards Holly Springs without further molestation.

At Holly Springs five thousand exchanged prisoners taken at Fort

Donelson joined us, and many absentees and stragglers came in. The enemy remained supine, and for more than a month we were encamped about Holly Springs, and actively engaged in reorganizing, refitting and reinforcing our army. A vigorous pursuit immediately after our defeat at Corinth would have prevented all this and effectually destroyed our whole command.

It was late in October before Grant moved upon us at Holly Springs. We retired before him without offering battle, and occupied a strong line we had fortified behind the Tallehatchie, about twenty-five miles south of Holly Springs. Here again Grant delayed in an unaccountable manner his further advance upon us, and it was late in November before he moved from Holly Springs. His army had been largely reinforced, and was now estimated at sixty thousand men; ours numbered about sixteen thousand infantry and artillery, with less than three thousand cavalry.

Sending a strong column around our left flank, Grant came along the main direct road from Holly Springs, which crosses the Tallehatchie by a bridge half a mile below the railroad bridge. Maury's division held these crossings from November 29th to December 2d, and checked the advance of Grant's army until all our trains and troops were well on the march for Grenada, where we would make our next stand. December 2d we fell back to Oxford, where we halted for the night. Next day we marched eight miles beyond Oxford and bivouacked. Next day we crossed the Youghoney, or Yocone, bivouacking near Springdale. On the 4th and 5th December we halted near Coffeeville, where we rested one day. The enemy's cavalry pressed upon us here until it was handsomely repulsed by Tilghman's brigade, after which we marched unmolested to Grenada, and took position behind the Yallobusha to receive battle on December 6th.

But again Grant remained inactive in our front. Pemberton had now taken command of our department, and Van Dorn was in immediate command of our army. Chafing under this deposition from the chief command, which followed his defeat at Corinth, Van Dorn's ardent temper burned for some brilliant achievement which would vindicate his soldiership and restore the prestige of his former high reputation. He ascertained from his outlying pickets that Grant had accumulated vast depots of supplies at Holly Springs, which were guarded by no very large force, and resolved to destroy these depots and thereby compel the retreat of Grant's army, which depended on them. Just before Christmas, therefore, Van Dorn organized a

cavalry force of two thousand men, and taking command in person, passed around Grant's army, and dashed into Holly Springs about dawn one winter's morning, surprising and capturing the garrison, and gaining complete possession of the great depots of supplies which filled the place. These he destroyed, and made good his return to Grenada without having sustained any serious loss. This brilliant blow ended Grant's campaign in North Mississippi, caused the immediate retirement of his army, and enabled Pemberton to detach reinforcements to Vicksburg, where General Sherman had landed a formidable expedition, intended to carry the place by *coup-de main.*

It has always seemed inexplicable that General Grant retained the confidence of his Government after the failures of this campaign. His mistakes were palpable and their consequences disastrous. At Iuka Grant's combined movement, concerted with Rosecrantz, failed through Grant's delay. Rosecrantz made his circuitous march of near twenty miles by the Jacinto road around Price's left flank and attacked before 4 P. M. Grant on the same day moved from Burnsville, eight miles distant, to attack us in front, but so tardy were his movements that Rosecrantz had fought his battle and been repulsed, and night had fallen before Grant deployed his line of battle, and he actually remained all night two miles from the battlefield, with no enemy in his immediate front, except the picket line of Maury's division. This unexplained slowness enabled Price to extricate his army and train from between Grant and Rosecrantz, and escape what would have been certain capture, had Grant been as prompt as Rosecrantz.

Again, two weeks later, after the defeat of Van Dorn at Corinth, Grant failed to press his beaten enemy, but permitted him to lie unmolested at Holly Springs for one month, and until his (our) army was refitted, reinforced and reorganized. Grant then moved most slowly and cautiously to Holly Springs, and remained there one month, while we lay behind the Tallehatchie, twenty-five miles off. Late in November he moved from Holly Springs with sixty thousand men, sending a column around our left flank, so that we abandoned our defences on that line and retired towards Grenada.

Here we remained until near Christmas, when Van Dorn seized the opportunity which Grant's crowning blunder afforded, swooped upon his unguarded depots, and terminated his campaign in North Mississippi. What was the mysterious influence of this man over his Government that he was treated with unabated confidence after such flagrant *lachesse* and incapacity?

We must now go back a little to relate the more clearly the sequel of these operations of General Grant, which ensued only a few days after his Holly Springs' disaster, terminated in Sherman's defeat at Chickasaw Bluff, and was the last act of the Grant campaign in Mississippi in 1862.

In December, while Grant was so leisurely moving down the Central railroad and bearing our little army back towards Grenada. Sherman was sent with a force, estimated at twenty thousand men, to seize Vicksburg.* He would then move to Jackson, and thus Van Dorn would be placed with his little army of just sixteen thousand men between the armies of Grant and Sherman, and would have been forced to evacuate Mississippi. Sherman disembarked his army on the Yazoo river, above Vicksburg, about December 20th. The place was then defended by an insufficient force, and must have fallen an easy prey to an energetic attack by such an army as General Sherman now brought against it. But Sherman delayed his attack several days, thus losing precious time and opportunity, and it was not until December 27th that he moved in battle array to fight the battle of Chickasaw Bluff, which, so far as we know, is the only battle General Sherman ever did fight.

On that day General Stephen D. Lee commanded five regiments of infantry and two light batteries, twenty-five hundred men and twelve guns, which confronted Sherman's army on the Chickasaw and Willow bayous. Lee arrayed his little force along the road which leads under the Chickasaw Bluff. His centre fronted the opening between the bayous through which Sherman would debouch to the attack. An open cotton field six hundred yards across lay between the hostile lines. The centre of Lee's line, Louisiana troops, lay in the road, with the bluff at their backs. There was no ditch or embankment, or cover of any sort along this part of Lee's line; nor was there any obstacle to the approach of the Federal forces, except the steady rifles of the brave men who that day achieved the most signal victory of the war.

The troops of Lee's wings were much better posted than his centre; they were on more elevated ground. Their front was, in great part, securely covered by deep and impassable fissures or gullies, which the enemy could not discover until within point-blank range, and their fire could sweep the whole front of attack. About

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*Sherman, in his "Narrative," puts his force at a much greater number.

four o'clock P. M., the enemy, in a heavy column, marched out of the timber beyond the bayou, crossed the narrow neck between the bayous, and marched straight against Lee's centre. The column of attack was commanded by General Frank Blair, and moved up in fine and formidable array; but so deadly was the fire of Lee's line, and so steady were his men, that before the foremost enemy could come within one hundred yards, their lines were broken, the attack was repulsed, the Federals were retreating in disorder to the cover of the woods, leaving one thousand dead, wounded and prisoners on the field, and General Sherman was defeated, and from that moment abandoned all further efforts at an attack, and turned all his energies and attention to effect a safe retreat.

In no battle of the war was the disparity of numbers greater, or was the disparity in losses so great. Lee captured on the ground two hundred and fifty prisoners, officers and men, who, in their fright, had fallen down; our men thought them dead, until examination proved them to be entirely unhurt. Several hundred wounded were removed by Lee to his own hospitals, and more than one hundred were killed upon the field. Captain Hamilton, of Lee's staff, killed by the explosion of a caisson, was the only Confederate officer killed, ten others, privates, were killed, and this was Lee's whole loss, except thirty-eight wounded.

It was about the 22d of December when our little army at Grenada heard of the landing of Sherman's large force before Vicksburg, in our rear. Van Dorn had just gone off on his expedition, and those of us who knew his destination were in the deepest anxiety as to its result. This was relieved by the news of his complete success which reached us next day, the 23d, and on Christmas eve our hearts were gladdened by rumors of Grant's retirement from our front. Christmas day was brightened by the certain intelligence that Grant had fallen back with his whole army, and next day Maury's division marched to reinforce Vicksburg. Our advance entered the town as the last cannon-shots were booming on the battlefield, and we found troops and people in great exultation over Lee's victory, though still anxious for the results of the battle, which would be renewed, as we all believed, at dawn in the morning.

The night closed in stormy and very dark, but the troops found their suppers already cooked for them, and by 9 P. M. we were on the march for the battle-ground, six miles above the city. We were only four hundred, but we were veterans of many battles, and we knew the whole of our division would be up in time for the fight.

We felt confident of the result, and our arrival imparted renewed confidence to Lee's little army.

When daylight came it revealed to us Sherman's lines formed as if for defence, in the timber beyond the bayou. All day long they held their places in rifle-pits they had dug during the night. All day long, and for the next two days, our forces were increasing, until the whole of Maury's division was up, immediately followed by Stevenson's, and by the 30th we were prepared to assume the offensive, when, on that day, about midday, a flag of truce came from Sherman's lines requesting a truce to bury their dead. Three days before, on the 27th, Lee had sent out burial parties to bury Sherman's dead, but they were fired on and driven in by the enemy's pickets, and his dead had, therefore, remained on the field in view of both armies, swelling and festering in the rains and the sun until the evening of the 30th. The letter requesting truce was signed by General Morgan. It contained a vague apology for the delay which had occurred in attending to this requirement of civilized war. It was brought to General Maury, commanding on that part of the line, and General Lee was instructed to reply to it and to grant a truce of four hours. Ninety-six dead bodies were removed and buried during the truce, which lasted until near dark. Next morning Sherman had disappeared from our front, and the smoke of many steamers on the Yazoo told us he was making his escape from the scene of his disaster and disgrace. Lee, with the Second Texas and five or six other regiments, got some flying shots at his rear-guard, and as we afterwards ascertained, inflicted a heavy loss on some of the steamers which were late in getting off.

Thus terminated Sherman's first independent expedition. From Vicksburg he went up to Arkansas Post, and took part in the capture of that place by Porter's fleet. And here it was that Grant came down to meet him and turned him back, saying: "Vicksburg must be taken if it requires my whole army."

The conduct of Sherman during this, his first independent expedition, is open to criticism. The grandeur of his intentions and preparations is in strong contrast with the impotent conclusion. His delay and hesitation in making his attack, the feebleness of that attack, and his unjustifiable readiness to abandon the whole enterprise, evinced incapacity for command. His attempt to evade admitting that the battlefield was Lee's in not applying at once for a truce to bury his dead, and his petty assumption of dignity in causing a subordinate officer to sign the letter which he finally sent request-

ing a truce, and the gross neglect of his gallant dead consequent upon this unsoldier-like course, were characteristic of the man who has proclaimed that Wade Hampton's troops burned Columbia, and that his did not, and who announces that "*the honor of military men is very different from the honor of politicians.*"

In pleasing contrast with Sherman's conduct of this battle was that of his antagonist, Brigadier General Stephen D. Lee. Twenty years younger than Sherman, he was yet a soldier of tried experience, and was fresh from the Army of Northern Virginia, that school of war commanded by the great master of the art, and had borne a conspicuous part in all of its great battles. Like Sherman, Lee was now commanding for the first time on a field where all was committed to the hazard of battle. The odds against him were fearful—near ten to one—and it was not possible to perceive that the advantages of position were so strongly in his favor as to compensate for his unequal numbers. A commander of less experience and nerve than Lee might have posted the centre of his army *on* the bluff instead of in the road at its base. But Lee perceived that if his line were on the bluff, there would be a dead angle along its front of such extent that the enemy would be safe from fire a long way off, and could carry his position by escalade. Therefore he resolved to receive the attack at the base of the bluff, and to depend on the markmanship of his troops and their tried courage, animated by his example, for his sole defence. While Sherman never, during the battle, showed himself in its front, but remained with his reserves, which he never brought up, Lee's presence was constantly seen and felt along his whole line. Never did commander show himself in battle more freely to friend and foe, and never was such exposure justified by richer results.

The remarkable brevity of General Sherman's references (in his report to the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War) to operations extending over a campaign of three months, is explained by the failure to accomplish results and by the necessity for *suppressio veri.*

"From December 25th, 1862, to January 1st, 1863, made repeated attacks on the bluffs between Vicksburg and Haines's Bluff, but failed."

The above paragraph contains one statement of fact only, viz: in the last two words. The rest of it is full of the author's characteristic mistakes. It should have read "made an attack on the bluff, etc., but failed." If any other attack besides that I have above described

was made on the bluffs between Vicksburg and Haines's Bluff by General Sherman's army in the winter of 1862 and 1863, we, who were defending those bluffs, *were not aware of it.*

It is well to append here the following report of General W. T. Sherman on his operations during the campaign of 1862–63:

"On September 24th, 1862, by Major-General Grant's order, took command of the first district of West Tennessee.

"November 25th, pursuant to orders of General Grant, moved out of Memphis for Tchulahoma (?) to report to him at Holly Springs, to attack and drive the enemy, then in force along the line of the Tallehatchie river. December 3d crossed the Tallehatchie at Wyatt's, and December 5th met General Grant at Oxford, Mississippi. By his order returned to Memphis December 12th, leaving all my command but one division. Organized out of the new troops there and at Helena, Arkansas, a special command to move by water, and by a sudden *coup-de-main*, carry Vicksburg. Embarked December 20th, and from December 25th to January 1st, 1863, made repeated attacks on the bluffs between Vicksburg and Haines's Bluff, but failed."

DABNEY H. MAURY.

Orations at the Unveiling of the Statue of Stonewall Jackson, Richmond, Va., October 26th, 1875.

[We have had frequent calls for the address of Governor James L. Kemper and the oration of Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Stonewall Jackson, presented by English admirers, and we have only delayed their publication because of the constant pressure upon our pages. But we are sure that our members will thank us for now giving them, in permanent form, these splendid tributes to our great chieftain.]

GOVERNOR KEMPER'S ADDRESS.

My Countrymen,—The oldest of the States has called together this great concourse of her sons and her daughters, with honored representatives of both the late contending sections of our common country. On this day, abounding with stern memories of the past and great auguries of the future, I come to greet you; and, in the name and by authority of Virginia, I bid you all and each welcome, a heart-warm welcome, to her Capitol.

With a mother's tears and love, with ceremonies to be chronicled in her archives and transmitted to the latest posterity, the Commonwealth this day emblazons the virtues, and consecrates in enduring bronze the image of her mighty dead. Not for herself alone, but for the sister States whose sons he led in war, Virginia accepts, and she will proudly preserve, the sacred trust now consigned to her perpetual custody. Not for the Southern people only, but for every citizen of whatever section of the American Republic, this tribute to illustrious virtue and genius is transmitted to the coming ages, to be cherished, as it will be, with national pride as one of the noblest memorials of a common heritage of glory. Nay, in every country and for all mankind Stonewall Jackson's career of unconscious heroism will go down as an inspiration, teaching the power of courage, and conscience, and faith, directed to the glory of God.

As this tribute has sprung from the admiration and sympathy of kindred hearts in another continent; as the eyes of Christendom have been turned to behold the achievements of the man, so will the heroic life here enshrined radiate back, to the remotest bounds of the world, the lessons its example has taught.

It speaks to our fellow-citizens of the North, and, reviving no animosities of the bloody past, it commands their respect for the valor, the manhood, the integrity, and honor of the people of whom this Christian warrior was a representative type and champion.

It speaks to our stricken brethren of the South, bringing back HIS sublime simplicity and faith, HIS knightly and incorruptible fidelity to each engagement of duty; and it stands an enduring admonition and guarantee, that sooner shall the sun reverse its course in the heavens than HIS comrades and HIS compatriot people shall prove recreant to the parole and contract of honor which binds them, in the fealty of freedom, to the Constitution and Union of the States. It speaks with equal voice to every portion of the reunited common country, warning all that impartial justice and impartial right, to the North and to the South, are the only pillars on which the arch of the Federal Union can securely rest.

It represents that unbought spirit of honor which prefers death to degradation, and more feels a stain than a wound, which is the stern nurse of freemen, the avenging genius of liberty, and which teaches and proclaims that the free consent of the governed is at once the strength and the glory of the government.

It stands forth a mute protest before the world against that rule of tyrants which, wanting faith in the instincts of honor, would distrust

and degrade a brave and proud but unfortunate people, which would bid them repent, in order to be forgiven, of such deeds and achievements as heroes rejoice to perform, and such as the admiration of mankind in every age has covered with glory.

Let the spirit and design with which we erect this memorial to-day, admonish our whole country that the actual reconciliation of the States must come, and, so far as honorably in us lies, shall come; but that its work will never be complete until the equal honor and equal liberties of each section shall be acknowledged, vindicated, and maintained by both. We have buried the strifes and passions of the past; we now perpetuate impartial honor to whom honor is due, and, stooping to resent no criticism, we stand with composure and trust, ready to greet every token of just and constitutional pacification.

Then let this statue endure, attesting to the world for us and our children, honor, homage, reverence for the heroism of our past, and at the same time the knightliest fidelity to our obligations of the present and the future.

Let it endure as a symbol of the respect which both the sections will accord to the illustrious dead of each, signifying, not that either will ever be prepared to apologize to the other, but that, while calmly differing as to the past, neither will defile its record, each will assert its manhood, its rectitude and honor, and both will equally and jointly strive to consolidate the liberty and the peace, the strength and the glory, of a common and indissoluble country.

Let it endure as a perpetual expression of that world-wide sympathy with true greatness which prompted so noble a gift from Great Britain to Virginia, and let its preservation attest the gratitude of the Commonwealth to those great-hearted gentlemen of England who originated and procured it as a tribute to the memory of her son.

Let this statue stand, with its mute eloquence to inspire our children with patriotic fervor, and to maintain the prolific power of the Commonwealth in bringing forth men as of old. Let Virginia, beholding her past in the light of this event, take heart and rejoice in her future. Mother of States and sages and heroes! bowed in sorrow, with bosom bruised and wounded, with garments rent and rolled in blood, arise and dash away all tears! No stain dims your glittering escutcheon! Let your brow be lifted up with the glad consciousness of unbroken pride and unsullied honor! Demand and resume complete possession of your ancient place in the sisterhood of States,

and go forward to the great destiny which, in virtue of the older and the later days, belongs to the co-sovereign Commonwealth of Virginia.

It is in no spirit of mourning, it is with the stern joy and pride befitting this day of heroic memories, that I inaugurate these ceremonies in the name of the people.

The eulogist of the dead, the orator of the day, now claims your attention. He needs no encomium from me. I present him, the companion and friend of Jackson, the reverend man of God—MOSES D. HOGE.

ORATION BY REV. MOSES D. HOGE, D. D.

Were I permitted at this moment to consult my own wishes, I would bid the thunder of the cannon and the acclamations of the people announce the unveiling of the statue; and then, when with hearts beating with commingled emotions of love and grief and admiration, we had contemplated this last and noblest creation of the great sculptor, the ceremonies of this august hour should end.

In attempting to commence my oration, I am forcibly reminded of the faltering words with which Bossuet began his splendid eulogy on the Prince of Condé. Said he: "At the moment I open my lips to celebrate the immortal glory of the Prince of Condé I find myself equally overwhelmed by the greatness of the theme and the needlessness of the task. What part of the habitable world has not heard of his victories and the wonders of his life? Everywhere they are rehearsed. His own countrymen in extolling them can give no information even to the stranger. And although I may remind you of them, yet everything I could say would be anticipated by your thoughts, and I should suffer the reproach of falling far below them."

How true is all this to-day! Not only is every important event in the life of our illustrious chieftain familiar to you all, but what lesson to be derived from his example has not already been impressively enforced by those whose genius, patriotism and piety have qualified them to speak in terms worthy of their noble theme? And now that the statesman and soldier, who well represents the honor of Virginia as its chief magistrate, has given his warm and earnest welcome to our distinguished guests from other States and from other lands who honor this occasion by their presence, I would not venture to proceed, had not the Commonwealth laid on me its command to utter

some words of greeting to my fellow-countrymen, who this day do honor to themselves in rendering homage to the memory of Virginia's illustrious son.

I cannot repress an emotion of awe as I vainly attempt to overlook the mighty throng, extending as it does beyond the limits of these Capitol grounds, and covering spaces which cannot even be reached by the eye of the speaker. More impressive is this assemblage of citizens and representatives from all parts of our own and of foreign lands, than ever gathered on the banks of the ancient Alpheus at one of the solemnities which united the men of all the Grecian states and attracted strangers from the most distant countries. There was indeed one pleasing feature in the old Hellenic festivals. The entire territory around Olmypia was consecrated to peace during their celebration, and there even enemies might meet as friends and brothers and in harmony rejoice in their ancestral glories and national renown. It is so with us to-day. But how deficient in moral interest was the old Olympiad, and how wanting in one feature which gives grace to our solemnity. No citizen, no stranger, however honored, was permitted to bring with him either mother, wife, or daughter; but here to-day how many of the noble women of the land, of whom the fabled Alcestis, Antigone, and Iphigenia were but the imperfect types, lend the charm of their presence to the scene—Christian women of a nobler civilization than Pagan antiquity even knew.

We have come from the seashore, the mountains and the valleys of our South-land, not only to inaugurate a statue, but a new era in our history. Here on this Capitoline Hill, on this 26th day of October, 1875, and in the one hundredth year of the Commonwealth of Virginia, in sight of that historic river that more than two centuries and a half ago bore on its bosom the bark freighted with the civilization of the North American Continent, on whose banks Powhatan wielded his sceptre and Pocahontas launched her skiff, under the shadow of that Capitol whose foundations were laid before the present Federal Constitution was framed, and from which the edicts of Virginia went forth over her realm that stretched from the Atlantic to the Mississippi—edicts framed by some of the patriots whose manly forms on yonder monument still gather around him whose name is the purest in human history—we have met to inaugurate a new Pantheon to the glory of our common mother.

In the story of the empires of the earth some crisis often occurs which develops the genius of the era, and impresses the imperishable stamp on the character of a whole people.

Such a crisis was the Revolution of 1776, when thirteen thinly-settled and widely-separated colonies dared to offer the gage of battle to the greatest military and naval power on the globe.

The story of that struggle is the most familiar in American annals. After innumerable reverses, and incredible sufferings and sacrifices, our fathers came forth from the ordeal victorious. And though during the progress of the strife, before calm reflection had quieted the violence of inflamed passion, they were branded by opprobrious names and their revolt denounced as rebellion and treason, the justice of their cause, and the wisdom, the valor and the determination with which they vindicated it, were quickly recognized and generously acknowledged by the bravest and purest of British soldiers and statesmen; so that now, when we seek the noblest eulogies of the founders of American republicanism, we find them in the writings of the essayists and historians of the mother-country. We honor ourselves and do homage to virtue, when we hallow the names of those who in the council and in the field achieved such victories. We bequeath an influence which will bless coming generations, when with the brush and the chisel we perpetuate the images of our fathers and the founders of the State. Already has the noble office been begun. Here on this hill the forms of Washington, and Henry, and Lewis, and Mason, and Nelson, and Jefferson, and Marshall, arrest our eyes and make their silent but salutary and stirring appeals to our hearts. Nor are these all who merit eternal commemoration. As I look on that monument, I miss James Madison and others of venerable and illustrious name. Let us not cease our patriotic work until we have reared a Pantheon worthy of the undying glory of the past.

But this day we inaugurate a new era. We lay the corner-stone of a new Pantheon in commemoration of our country's fame. We come to honor the memory of one who was the impersonation of our Confederate cause, and whose genius illumined the great contest which has recently ended, and which made an epoch not only in our own history, but in that of the age.

We assert no monopoly in the glory of that leader. It was his happy lot to command, even while he lived, the respect and admiration of right-minded and right-hearted men in every part of this land, and in all lands. It is now his rare distinction to receive the homage of those who most differed with him on the questions which lately rent this republic in twain from ocean to ocean. From the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, men have gathered on these grounds to-day, widely divergent in their

views on social, political and religious topics; and yet they find in the attraction which concentrates their regard upon one name, a place where their hearts unexpectedly touch each other and beat in strange unison.

It was this attractive moral excellence which, winning the love and admiration of the brave and pure on the other side of the sea, prompted them to enlist the genius of one of the greatest of modern sculptors in fashioning the statue we have met to inaugurate this day.

It is a singular and striking illustration of the world-wide appreciation of his character that the first statue of Jackson comes from abroad, and that while the monument to our own Washington, and the effigies of those who surround him, were erected by order of the Commonwealth, this memorial is the tribute of the admiration and love of those who never saw his face, and who were bound to him by no ties save those which a common sympathy for exalted worth establishes between the souls of magnanimous and heroic men. We accept this noble gift all the more gratefully because it comes from men of kindred race and kindred heart, as the expression of their good-will and sympathy for our people as well as of their admiration for the genius and character of our illustrious hero.

We accept it as the visible symbol of the ancient friendship which existed in colonial times between Virginia and the mother country. We accept it as a prophecy of the incoming of British settlers to our sparsely populated territory, and hail it as a pleasing omen for the future that the rebuilding of our shattered fortunes should be aided by the descendants of the men who laid the foundations of this Commonwealth. We accept it as a pledge of the peaceful relations which we trust will ever exist between Great Britain and the confederated empire formed by the United States of America.

In the first memorial discourse that was delivered after his lamented death, the question was asked, "How did it happen that a man who so recently was known to but a small circle, and to them only as a laborious, punctilious, humble-minded Professor in a Military Institute, in so brief a space of time gathered around his name so much of the glory which encircles the name of Napoleon, and so much of the love that enshrines the memory of Washington?" And soon after, in the memoir which will go down to coming generations as the most faithful portraiture of its subject and an enduring monument of the genius of its author, the inquiry was resumed, "How is it that this man, of all others least accustomed to exercise his own fancy or address that of others, has stimulated the imagination not only of his

own countrymen, but that of the civilized world? How has he, the most unromantic of great men, become the hero of a living romance, the ideal of an inflamed fancy, even before his life has been invested with the mystery of distance?" From that day to this these inquiries have been propounded in every variety of form, and with an ever-increasing interest.

To answer these questions will be one object of this discourse; and yet the public will not expect me, in so doing, to furnish a new delineation of the life of Jackson, or a rehearsal of the story of his campaigns. Time does not permit this, neither does the occasion demand it. By a brief series of ascending propositions do I seek to furnish the solution. I find an explanation of the regard in which the memory of Jackson is cherished—

1st. In the fact that he was the incarnation of those heroic qualities which fit their possessor to lead and command men, and which, therefore, always attract the admiration, kindle the imagination and arouse the enthusiasm of the people.

There is a natural element in humanity which constrains it to honor that which is strong, and adventurous, and indomitable. Decision, fortitude, inflexibility, intrepidity, determination, when consecrated to noble ends, and especially when associated with a gentleness which throws a softened charm over these sterner attributes, ever win and lead captive the popular heart.

The masses who compose the commonalty, consciously weak and irresolute, instinctively gather around the men of loftier stature in whom they find the great forces wanting in themselves, and spontaneously follow the call of those whom they think competent to redress their wrongs and vindicate their rights.

These are the leaders who are welcomed by the people with open arms, and elevated to the high places of the earth, to become the regents of society—to develop the history of the age in which they live, and to impress upon it the noble image of their own personality.

As discoverers love to trace great rivers to their sources, so in our studies of the characters of those who have filled large spaces in the public eye, it interests us to go backward in search of the rudimentary germs which afterwards developed into the great qualities which commanded the admiration of the world.

Never was the adage, "the child is the father of the man," more strikingly illustrated than in the early history of the orphan boy whose name subsequently became a tower of strength to the armies

he commanded, and to the eleven sovereign States banded and battling together for a separate national life.

There is no more graphic picture in the pages of Macauly than that of Warren Hastings, at the age of seven lying on the bank of a rivulet which flowed through the broad lands which were once the property of his ancestors, and there forming the resolve that all that domain should one day be his, and never abandoning his purpose through all the vicissitudes of his stormy life, until, as the "Hastings of Daylesford," he tasted a joy which his heart never knew in the command of the millions over whom he ruled in the Indian empire.

But stranger still was it to see a pensive, delicate orphan-child of the same age, the inheritor of a feeble constitution, yet with a will even more indomitable than that of Warren Hastings, renouncing his home with a relative, who, mistaking his disposition, had attempted to govern him by force, and alone and on foot performing a journey of eighteen miles to the house of another kinsman, where he suddenly presented himself, announcing his unalterable resolve never to return to his former home—a decision which no remonstrances or persuasions could induce him to revoke; and stranger still to see him, the year after, on a lonely island of the Mississippi river, in company with another child a few years his senior, maintaining himself by his own labor, until driven by malaria from the desolate spot where beneath the dreary forests and beside the angry floods of the father of waters he had displayed the self-reliance and hardihood of a man, at a period of life when children are ordinarily scarcely out of the nursery. This inflexibility of purpose and defiance of hardship and danger in the determination to succeed, was displayed in all his subsequent career—whether we see him at West Point, overcoming the disadvantages of a deficient preliminary education by a severity of application almost unparalleled, in accordance with the motto he inscribed in bold characters on a page in his commonplace book, "You may be whatever you resolve to be"—or whether we follow him through the Mexican campaign, winning his first laurels at Churubusco, and at Chapultepec, where he received his second promotion—or whether we accompany him to his quiet retreat in Lexington, where, after the termination of the Mexican war, he filled the post of Professor in the Military Institute, and there affording a new exhibition of his determination in overcoming obstacles more formidable than those encountered in the field, in the persistent discharge of every duty in spite of feeble health and threatened loss of sight.

I know of no picture in his life more impressive than that which presents him as he sat in his study during the still hours of the night, unable to use book or lamp—with only a mental view of diagrams and models, and the artificial signs required in abstruse calculations, holding long and intricate processes of mathematical reasoning with the steady grasp of thought, his face turned to the blank, dark wall, until he mastered every difficulty and made complete preparations for the instructions of the succeeding day.

These years of self-discipline and self-enforced severity of regimen, maintained with rigid austerity, through years of seclusion from public life, constituted the propitious season for the full maturing of those faculties whose energy was so soon to be displayed on a field which attracted the attention of the world.

When his native State, which had long stood in the attitude of magnanimous mediation between the hostile sections, in the hope of preserving the Union which she had assisted in forming, and to whose glory she had made such contributions, was menaced by the rod of coercion, and compelled to decide between submission or separation, then Jackson, who would have cheerfully laid down his life to avert the disruption, in accordance with the principles of the political school in which he had been trained, and which commanded his conscientious assent, hesitated no longer, but went straight to his decision as the beam of light goes from its God to the object it illumines. Simultaneously with the striking of the clock which announced the hour of his departure with his cadets for the Camp of Instruction in this city, the command to march was given. Never was there a home dearer than his own; but he left it, never again to cross its threshold. From that time as we are told, he never asked nor received a furlough—was never absent from duty for a day, whether sick or well, and never slept one night outside the lines of his own command. And passing over a thousand occasions which the war afforded for the exercise of his unconquerable will, there is something impressive in the fact that in the very last order which ever fell from his lips, was a revelation of its unabated force. After he had received his fatal wound, while pale with anguish, and faint with loss of blood, he was informed by one of his generals that the men under his command had been thrown into such confusion that he feared he could not hold his ground, the voice which was growing tremulous and low, thrilled the heart of that officer with the old authoritative tone, as he uttered his final order, "General, you *must* keep your men together and hold your ground."

These were the elements which shaped Jackson's distinctive characteristics as a soldier and commander which may be most concisely stated: a natural genius for the art of war, without which no professional training will ever develop the highest order of military talent; a power of abstraction and self-concentration which enabled him to determine every proper combination and disposition of his forces, without the slightest mental confusion—even in those supreme moments when his face and form underwent a sort of transfiguration amid the flame and thunder of battle; a conviction of the moral superiority of aggressive over defensive warfare in elevating the courage of his own men and in depressing that of the enemy; an almost intuitive insight into the plans of the enemy, and an immediate perception of the time to strike the most stunning blow, from the most unlooked-for quarter; a conviction of the necessity of following every such blow with another, and more terrible, so as to make every success a victory, and every victory so complete as to compel the speedy termination of the war.

In the county where all that is mortal of this great hero sleeps, there is a natural bridge of rock whose massive arch, fashioned with grace by the hand of God, springs lightly toward the sky, spanning a chasm into whose awful depth the beholder looks down bewildered and awe-struck. That bridge is among the cliffs what Niagara is among the waters—a visible expression of sublimity, a glimpse of God's great strength and power.

But its grandeur is not diminished because tender vines clamber over its gigantic piers, or because sweet scented flowers nestle in its crevices and warmly color its cold gray columns. Nor is the granite strength of our dead chieftain's character weakened because in every throb of his heart there was a pulsation so ineffably and exquisitely tender, as to liken him, even amidst the horrors of war, to the altar of pity which ancient mythology reared among the shrines of strong and avenging deities.

This admirable commingling of strength and tenderness in his nature is touchingly illustrated by a letter, now for the first time made public.

An officer under his command had obtained leave of absence to visit a stricken household. A beloved member of his family had just died, another was seriously ill, and he applied for an extension of his furlough. This is the reply:

"*My Dear Major,*—I have received your sad letter, and wish I

could relieve your sorrowing heart, but human aid cannot heal the wound.

"From me you have a friend's sympathy, and I wish the suffering condition of our country permitted me to show it. But we must think of the living and of those who are to come after us, and see that, with God's blessing, we transmit to them the freedom we have enjoyed. What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. It is necessary that you should be at your post immediately. Join me to-morrow morning.

"Your sympathizing friend,

"THOMAS J. JACKSON."

Not only was he sensitive to every touch of human sorrow, but no man was ever more susceptible to impressions from the physical world. The hum of bees, the fragrance of clover fields, the tender streaks of dawn, the dewy brightness of the early spring, the mellow glories of matured autumn, all by turns charmed and tranquillized him. The eye that so often sent its lightning through the smoke of battle, grew soft in contemplating the beauty of a flower. The ear that thrilled with the thunder of the cannonade, drank in with innocent delight the song of birds and the prattle of children's voices. The hand which guided the rush of battle on the plains of Manassas and the Malvern hills, was equally ready to adjust the covering around the tender frame of a motherless babe, when at midnight he rose to see if it was comfortable and warm, though its own father was a guest under his roof. The voice whose sharp and ringing tones had so often uttered the command, "Give them the bayonet!" culled even from foreign tongues terms of endearment for those he loved, which his own language did not adequately supply; and the man who filled two hemispheres with the story of his fame, was never so happy as when he was telling the colored children of his Sabbath-school the story of the Cross.

2. Another explanation of the universal regard with which his memory is hallowed, conducts to a higher plane, and enables us to contemplate a still nobler phase of his character. His was the greatness which comes without being sought for its own sake—the unconscious greatness which results from self-sacrifice and supreme devotion to duty. Duty is an altar from which a vestal flame is ever ascending to the skies, and he who stands nearest that flame catches

most of its radiance, and in that light is himself made luminous forever.

The day after the first battle of Manassas, and before the history of that victory had reached Lexington in authentic form, rumor, preceding any accurate account of that event, had gathered a crowd around the postoffice awaiting with intensest interest the opening of the mail. In its distribution, the first letter was handed to the Rev. Dr. White. It was from General Jackson. Recognizing at a glance the well-known superscription, the Doctor exclaimed to those around him, "Now we shall know all the facts!"

This was the bulletin:

"*My Dear Pastor,*—In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday-school. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience and oblige

"Yours, faithfully,

"THOS. J. JACKSON."

Not a word about a conflict which electrified a nation! Not an allusion to the splendid part he had taken in it; not a reference to himself, beyond the fact that it had been a fatiguing day's service. And yet that was the day ever memorable in his history—memorable in all history—when he received the name which is destined to supplant the name his parents gave him—STONEWALL JACKSON. When his brigade of twenty-six hundred men had for hours withstood the iron tempest which broke upon it without causing a waver in its line, and when, on his right, the forces under the command of the gallant General Bee had been overwhelmed in the rush of resistless numbers, then was it that the event occurred which cannot be more graphically described than in the burning words of his biographer:

"It was then that Bee rode up to Jackson, and with despairing bitterness exclaimed, 'General, they are beating us back.' 'Then,' said Jackson, calm and curt, 'we will give them the bayonet.' Bee seemed to catch the inspiration of his determined will, and, galloping back to the broken fragments of his overtaxed command, exclaimed, 'There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians!' At this trumpet-call a few score of his men reformed their ranks. Placing himself at the head, he charged the dense mass of the enemy, and in a moment fell dead with his face to the foe.

From that time, Jackson's was known as the *Stonewall Brigade*—a name henceforth immortal, and belonging to all the ages; for the christening was baptized in the blood of its author; and that wall of brave hearts was on every battlefield, a steadfast bulwark of their country."

The letter written to his pastor in Lexington on the day following that battle gives the key-note to his character. Nor on any occasion was he the herald of his own fame; never save by the conscientious discharge of duty, did he aid in the dissemination of that fame. Never did he perform an act for the sake of what men might say of it; and while he felt all the respect for public opinion to which it is justly entitled, he was not thinking of what the public verdict might be, but of what it was right to do. The attainment of no personal ends could satisfy aspirations like his. To ascertain what was true, to do what was best, to fill up the narrow measure of life with the largest posssible usefulness, was his single-hearted purpose. In such a career, if enjoyment should come, or well-earned fame, or augmented influence, or the power which accompanies promotion, they must all come as incidents by the way, as satellites which gather around a central orb, and not as the consummation toward which he ever tended. This singleness of aim was inseparable from a soul so sincere. A nature like his was incapable of employing the meretricious aids by which some men seek to heighten or advance their reputation.

Hence he never affected mystery. His reticence was not the assumption of impenetrability of purpose. His reserve was not the artifice of one who seeks to awe by making himself unapproachable. He hedged himself about with no barrier of exclusiveness. He assumed no airs of portentous dignity. He studied no dramatic effects. On the field, so far from condescending to those histrionic displays of person, or theatrical arts of speech, by which some commanders have sought to excite the enthusiasm of their armies, when his troops caught the sight of his faded uniform and sun-burnt cap, and shook the air with their shouts as he rode along the lines, he quickened his gallop and escaped from view. When among the mountain pyramids, older than those to which the first Napoleon pointed, he did not remind his men that the centuries were looking down on them. When on the plain, he drilled no eagles to perch on his banners, as the third Napoleon was said to have done. But one thing he did, he impressed his men with such an intense conviction of his unselfish and supreme consecration to the cause for which he

had perilled all, and so kindled them with his own magnetic fire, as to fuse them into one articulated body—one heart throbbing through all the members, one spirit animating the entire frame—that heart, that spirit, his own. It was his sublime indifference to personal danger, to personal comfort and personal aggrandizement, that gave him such power over the armies he commanded, and such a place in the hearts of the people of the Confederate States.

The true test of attachment to any cause is what one is willing to suffer for its advancement, and it is the spectacle of disinterested devotion to the right and true at the cost of toil, and travail, and blood, if need be, that captivates the popular heart and calls forth its admiration and sweetest affection. He who exhibits most of this spirit is the man who unconsciously wins for himself enduring fame. When he passes from earth to a higher and diviner sphere his influence does not perish. It is not the transient brilliance of the meteor, but the calm radiance of a star, whose light, undimmed and undiminished, comes down to kindle all true and brave souls through immeasurable time. Exalted by the disinterested works he has wrought, by his example he elevates others, and thus becomes the trellis, strong and high, on which other souls may stretch themselves in the pursuit of whatsoever is excellent in human character and achievement.

Such a man was Jackson. Such is the recognition of him beyond the sea of which this statue is a token. Such is our appreciation of his claim upon our gratitude, upon our undying love, in testimony of which we gather around this statue to-day, and crown it with the laurel, first moistened by our tears.

3. But this universal sentiment of regard for his memory rests upon foundations which lie still deeper in the human heart. At the mention of his name, another idea inseparably associated with it invariably asserts its place in the mental portraiture which all men acquainted with his history have formed of him; and so I announce as the third and last explanation of the homage awarded him, the sincerity, the purity, and the elevation of his character as a servant of the Most High God.

No one acquainted with the moral history of the world can for a moment doubt that religious veneration is at once the profoundest and most universal of human instincts; and however individual men may chafe at the restraints which piety imposes, or be indifferent to its obligations, yet there is a sentiment in the popular heart which compels its homage for those whose character and lives most faithfully reflect the beauty of the Divine Image.

When a man already eminent by great virtues and services, attains great eminence in piety and wears the coronal of Heaven on his brow, because the spirit of Heaven has found its home in his heart, then the world, involuntarily, or with hearty readiness, places him on a higher pedestal, because with their love and admiration for the attractive qualities of the man, there is mingled a veneration for the ennobling graces of the Christian.

I do not agree with those who ascribe all that was admirable in the character of Jackson and all that was splendid in his career, to his religious faith. He was distinguished before faith became an element in his life; and even after his faith attained its fullest development, it did not secure the triumph of the cause to which his life was a sacrifice.

But this I say, that his piety heightened every virtue, gave direction and force to every blow it struck for that cause, and then consecration to the sacrifice when he laid down his life on the altar of his country's liberties. He was purer, stronger, more courageous, more efficient because of his piety ; purer, because penitence strains the soul of the corruptions which defile it ; stronger, because faith nerves the arm that takes hold on omnipotence; more courageous, because hope gives exaltation to the heroism of one who fights with the crown of life ever in view; more efficient, because religion, which is but another name for the right use of one's own faculties, preserves them all in harmonious balance, develops all in symmetrical proportion, and by freeing them from the warping power of prejudice, the blinding power of passion, and the debasing slavery of evil habits, gives them all wholesome exercise, trains them all to keep step to the music of duty, and inspires them with an energy which is both intense and rightly directed.

It was thus that he gave to the world an illustration of the power which results from the union of the loftiest human attributes and unfaltering faith in God.

To attempt, therefore, to portray the life of Jackson while leaving out the religious element, would be like undertaking "to describe Switzerland without making mention of the Alps," or to explain the fertility of the land of the Pharaohs without taking into account the enriching Nile.

If what comes from the speaker to-day on this subject loses aught of its force because it is regarded as professional, he will deeply regret it. The same testimony might have more weight from the lips of many a statesman or soldier on these grounds to-day, but it would

not be a whit more true. Sturdy old Thomas Carlyle, at all events, was not speaking professionally when he said: "A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him." "The thing a man does practically lay to heart concerning his vital relation to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there, *that* is in all cases the primary thing for him, and determines all the rest."

It was surely the primary fact, the supreme fact in the history of General Jackson, and I cannot leave the subject without adding that those who confound his faith in Providence with fatalism, mistake both the spiritual history of the man and the meaning of the very words they employ.

Those who imagine that his faith savored of bigotry do not know that one characteristic of his religion was its generous catholicity, as might well be inferred from the fact that the first spiritual guides whose instructions he sought were members of communions widely different in doctrine and polity; that when he connected himself with the church of his choice, it was with doubts of the truth of some of its articles of doctrine—doubts ultimately and utterly removed, indeed, but openly avowed while they possessed him; that nothing so rejoiced his heart, during the progress of the war, as the harmony existing between the various denominations represented in the army; that in selecting his personal staff, and in recommending men for promotion, merit was the sole ground, and their ecclesiastical relations were never even considered; that with a charity which embraced all who held the cardinal truths of revelation, he ardently desired such a unity of feeling and concert of action among all the followers of the same Divine Leader as would constitute one spiritual army glorious and invincible.

It is refreshing, too, to note, that at this day, when political economists abandon the weaker races to the law of natural selection, and contemplate with complacency the process by which the dominant races extirpate the less capable, he sought to place the gentle but strong and sustaining hand of Christianity beneath the African population of the South, and so arrest the operation of that law by developing them, if possible, into a self-sustaining people.

It is still more refreshing to note, that at this day, when scientific men assert such an unvarying uniformity in the operations of the laws of nature as to discredit prophecy, and deny miracle and silence prayer, that he whose studies had lain almost exclusively in the realm of the exact sciences, was a firm believer in the supernatural. Well did this humble pupil in the school of the Great Teacher—this dili-

gent student in the school of physical science—know that true progress was not mere advance in inventions and in arts, or in subsidizing the forces of nature to human uses, but that true progress was the progress of man himself—man, as distinct from anything external to himself. Well did he know that there is a celestial as well as a terrestrial side to man's nature, and that although the temple of the body has its foundation in the dust, it is a temple covered by a dome which opens upward to the air and the sunlight of heaven, through which the Creator discloses Himself as the goal of the soul's aspirations, as the ultimate and imperishable good which satisfies its infinite desires. Those were true and brave words of the British Premier when he said, "Society has a soul as well as a body; the traditions of a nation are a part of its existence; its valor and its discipline, its religious faith, its venerable laws, its science and its erudition, its poetry, its art, its eloquence and its scholarship, are as much a portion of its existence as its agriculture, its commerce, and its engineering skill."

The death of every soldier who fell in our Confederate war is a protest against that base philosophy "which would make physical good man's highest good, and which would attempt to rear a noble commonwealth on mere material foundations." Every soldier who offers his life to his country demonstrates the superiority of the moral to the physical, and proclaims that truth, and right, and honor, and liberty are nobler than animal existence, and worth the sacrifice even when blood is the offering.

And now we recognize the Providence of God in giving to this faithful servant the illustrious name and fame as a leader of armies, which brought the very highest development of his character to the notice of the world. It was his renown as a soldier of the country which made him known to men as a soldier of the Cross. And since nothing so captivates the popular heart or so kindles its enthusiasm as military glory, Providence has made even that subservient to a higher purpose. Men cannot now think of Jackson without associating the prowess of the soldier with the piety of the man. Thus his great military renown is the golden candlestick holding high the celestial light which is seen from afar and cannot be hid.

Such was the man who was second in command in our Confederate armies, and whose success as a leader during the bright, brief career allotted to him was second to that of no one of his illustrious comrades-in-arms.

And yet the cause to which all this valor was consecrated, and for

which all these sacrifices were made, was not destined to triumph. And here, perhaps, we learn one of the most salutary lessons of this wonderful history.

Doubtless all men who have ever given their labors and affection to any cause fervently hope to be the witnesses of its assured triumph. Nor do I deny that success makes the pulses of enterprise beat faster and fuller. Like the touch of the goddess, it transforms the still marble into breathing life. But yet all history, sacred and profane, is filled with illustrations of the truth, that success, and especially contemporary success, is not the test of merit. Our own observation in the world in which we move proves the same truth. Has not popular applause ascended like incense before tyrants who surrendered their lives to the basest and most degrading passions? Have not reproach and persecution, and poverty and defeat, been the companions of noble men in all ages, who have given their toil and blood to great causes? Are they less noble because they were the victims of arbitrary power, or because an untoward generation would not appreciate the grand problems which they solved, or because they lived in a generation which was not worthy of them?

If we now call the roll of the worthies who have given to the world its valued treasures of thought or faith, or who have subdued nature or developed art, it will be found that nearly all of them were in a life-long grapple with defeat and disaster. Some, and amongst them those whose names shine the brightest, would have welcomed neglect as a boon, but instead, endured shame and martyrdom.

Other things being equal, the tribute of our admiration is more due to him who, in spite of disaster, pursues the cause which he has espoused, than to one who requires the stimulus of the applause of an admiring public. We are sure of a worthy object when we give our plaudits to the earnest soul who has followed his convictions in the midst of peril and disaster because of his faith in them.

It is well that even every honest effort in the cause of right and truth is not always crowned with success. Defeat is the discipline which trains the truly heroic soul to further and better endeavors. And if these last should fail, and he can do battle no more, he can lay down his armor with the assurance that others will put it on, and in God's good time vindicate the truth in whose behalf he had not vainly spent his life.

Our people since the termination of the war have illustrated the lessons learned in the school of adversity. Having vindicated their

valor and endurance during the conflict, they have since exhibited their patience and self-control under the most trying circumstances. Their dignity in the midst of poverty and reverses, their heroic resignation to what they could not avert, have shown that subjugation itself could not conquer true greatness of soul. And by none have these virtues been illustrated more impressively than by the veterans of the long conflict, who laid down their arms at its close and mingled again with their fellow-citizens, distinguished from the rest only by their superior reverence for law, their patient industry, their avoidance of all that might cause needless irritation and provoke new humiliations, and their readiness to regard as friends in peace those whom they had so recently resisted as enemies in war.

The tree is known by its fruits. Your Excellency has reminded us that our civilization should be judged by the character of the men it has produced. If our recent revolution had been irradiated by the lustre of but the two names—LEE and JACKSON—it would still have illumined one of the brightest pages in history.

I have not spoken of the former to-day; not because my heart was not full of him, but because the occasion required me to speak of another, and because the day is not distant when one more competent to do justice to his great theme than I have been to mine, will address another assembly of the men of the South, and North, and West, upon these Capitol grounds, when our new Pantheon will be completed by the erection of another monument, and the inauguration of the statue of Lee, with his generals around him, amid the tears and gratulations of a countless multitude.

It was with matchless magnanimity that these two great chieftains delighted each to contribute to the glory of the other. Let us not dishonor ourselves by robbing either of one leaf in the chaplet which adorns their brows; but, catching the inspiration of their lofty example, let us thank God that he gave us two such names to shine as binary stars in the firmament above us.

It was in the noontide of Jackson's glory that he fell; but what a pall of darkness suddenly shrouded all the land in that hour! If any illustration were needed of the hold he had acquired on the hearts of our people, on the hearts of the good and brave and true throughout all the civilized world, it would be found in the universal lament which went up everywhere when it was announced that Jackson was dead—from the little girl at the Chandler House, who "wished that God would let her die in his stead, because then only her mother would cry; but if Jackson died, all the people of the

country would cry''—from this humble child up to the Commander-in-chief, who wept as only the strong and brave can weep, at the tidings of his fall; from the weather-beaten sea-captain, who had never seen his face, but who burst into loud uncontrollable grief, standing on the deck of his vessel, with his rugged sailors around him wondering what had happened to break that heart of oak, up to the English earl, honored on both sides of the Atlantic, who exclaimed, when the sad news came to him, "Jackson was in some respects the greatest man America ever produced."

The impressive ceremonies of the hour will bring back to some here present the memories of that day of sorrow, when, at the firing of a gun at the base of yonder monument, a procession began to move to the solemn strains of the Dead March in Saul—the hearse on which the dead hero lay preceded by a portion of the command of General Pickett, whose funeral obsequies you have just celebrated, and followed by a mighty throng of weeping citizens, until, having made a detour of the city, it paused at the door of the Capitol, when the body was borne within by reverent hands and laid on an altar erected beneath the dome.

The Congress of the Confederate States had adopted a device for their flag, and one emblazoned with it had just been completed, which was intended to be unfurled from the roof of the Capitol. It never fluttered from the height it was intended to grace. It became Jackson's winding-sheet. Oh! mournful prophecy of the fate of the Confederacy itself!

The military authorities shrouded him in the white, red, and blue flag of the Confederacy. The citizens decked his bier with the white, red, and blue flowers of spring until they rose high above it, a soft floral pyramid; but the people everywhere embalmed him in their hearts with a love sweeter than all the fragrance of spring, and immortal as the verdure of the trees under which he now rests by the river of life.

And where, in all the annals of the world's sorrow for departed worth, was there such a pathetic impersonation of a nation's grief, as was embodied in the old mutilated veteran of Jackson's division, who, as the shades of evening fell, and when the hour for the closing of the doors of the Capitol came, and when the lingering throng was warned to retire, was seen anxiously pressing through the crowd to take his last look at the face of his beloved leader. "They told him he was too late; that they were closing up the coffin for the last time; that the order had been given to clear the hall. He still struggled

forward, refusing to take a denial, until one of the marshals of the day was about to exercise his authority to force him back; upon this the old soldier lifted the stump of his right arm toward the heavens, and with tears running down his bearded face, exclaimed, 'By this arm, which I lost for my country, I demand the privilege of seeing my general once more!' Such an appeal was irresistible, and at the instance of the Governor of the Commonwealth, the pomp was arrested until this humble comrade had also dropped his tear upon the face of his dead leader."

Your Excellency did well to make the path broad which leads through these Capitol grounds to this statue, for it will be trodden by the feet of all who visit this city, whether they come from the banks of the Hudson, the Mississippi, or the Sacramento; whether from the Tiber, the Rhine, or the Danube.

Tender though they be, cold and sad are the closing lines of Collins in his ode to the memory of the brave whose rest is hallowed by their country's benedictions, depicting as they do, Honor coming as "a pilgrim gray," and Freedom as a "weeping hermit" repairing to the graves of departed heroes.

Not so will Honor come to this shrine; not as a worn and weary pilgrim, but as a generous youth with burnished shield and stainless sword, and heart beating high in sympathy for the right and true, to lay his mail-clad hand on this altar and swear eternal fealty to duty and to God.

Nor will Freedom for a time only repair to this hallowed spot, but here she will linger long and hopefully, not as a weeping hermit, but as a radiant divinity conscious of immortality.

It is true that memories unutterably sad have at times swept through this mighty throng to-day, but we are not here to indulge in reminiscences only, much less in vain regrets. We have a future to face, and in that future lies not only duty, and trials perhaps, but also *hope*.

For when we ask what has become of the principles in the defence of which Jackson imperilled and lost his life, then I answer: A form of government may change, a policy may perish, but a principle can never die. Circumstances may so change as to make the application of the principle no longer possible, but its innate vitality is not affected thereby. The conditions of society may be so altered as to make it idle to contend for a principle which no longer has any practical force, but these changed conditions of society have not annihilated one original truth.

The application of these postulates to the present situation of our country is obvious. The people of the South maintained, as their fathers maintained before them, that certain principles were essential to the perpetuation of the Union according to its original constitution. Rather than surrender their convictions, they took up arms to defend them. The appeal was vain. Defeat came, and they accepted it, with its consequences, just as they would have accepted victory with its fruits. They have sworn to maintain the government as it is now constituted. They will not attempt again to assert their views of State sovereignty by an appeal to the sword. None feel this obligation to be more binding than the soldiers of the late Confederate armies. A soldier's parole is a sacred thing, and the men who are willing to die for a principle in time of war, are the men of all others most likely to maintain their personal honor in time of peace.

But it is idle to shut our eyes to the fact that this consolidated empire of States is not the Union established by our fathers. No intelligent European student of American institutions is deceived by any such assumption. We gain nothing by deceiving ourselves.

And if history teaches any lesson, it is this, that a nation cannot long survive when the fundamental principles which gave it life, originally, are subverted. It is true, republics have often degenerated into despotisms. It is also true that after such transformation they have for a time been characterized by a force, a prosperity, and a glory never known in their earlier annals, but it has always been a force which absorbed and obliterated the rights of the citizen, a prosperity which was gained by the sacrifice of individual independence, a glory which was ever the precursor of inevitable anarchy, disintegration, and ultimate extinction.

If then it be asked how are we to escape the catastrophe, I answer by a voluntary return to the fundamental principles upon which our republic was originally founded. And if it be objected that we have already entered upon one of those political revolutions which never go backward, then I ask, who gave to any one the authority to say so? or whence comes the infallibility which entitles any one to pronounce a judgment so overwhelming? Why may there not be a comprehension of what is truly politic, and what is grandly right, slumbering in the hearts of our American people—a people at once so practical and emotional, so capable of great enterprise and greater magnanimity—a patriotism which is yet to awake and announce

itself in a repudiation of all unconstitutional invasion of the liberties of the citizens of any portion of this broad Union? When we remember the awful strain to which the principles of other constitutional governments have been subjected in the excitement of revolutionary epochs, and how, when seemingly submerged by the tempest, they have risen again and reasserted themselves in their original integrity, why should we despair of seeing the ark of our liberties again resting on the summit of the mount, and hallowed by the benediction of Him who said, "Behold, I do set my bow in the cloud?"

And now standing before this statue, and as in the living presence of the man it represents, cordially endorsing, as I do, the principles of the political school in which he was trained and in defence of which he died, and unable yet even to think of our dead Confederacy without memories unutterably tender, I speak not for myself, but for the South, when I say it is our interest, our duty and determination, to maintain the Union, and to make every possible contribution to its prosperity and glory, if all the States which compose it will unite in making it such a Union as our fathers framed, and in enthroning above it, not a Cæsar, but the Constitution in its old supremacy.

If ever these States are welded together in one great fraternal, enduring Union, with one heart pulsating through the entire frame as the tides throb through the bosom of the sea, it will be when they all stand on the same level, with such a jealous regard for each other's rights that when the interests or honor of one is assailed, all the rest feeling the wound, even as the body feels the pain inflicted on one of its members, will kindle with just resentment at the outrage, because an injury done to a part is not only a wrong but an indignity offered to the whole. But if that cannot be, then I trust the day will never dawn when the Southern people will add degradation to defeat and hypocrisy to subjugation, by professing a love for the Union which denies to one of their States a single right accorded to Massachusetts or New York—to such a Union we will never be heartily loyal while that bronze hand grasps its sword—while yonder river chants the requiem of the sixteen thousand Confederate dead who, with Stuart among them, sleep on the hills of Hollywood.

But I will not end my oration with an anticipation so disheartening. I cannot so end it because I look forward to the future with more of hope than of despondency. I believe in the perpetuity of republican institutions, so far as any work of man may be said to

possess that attribute. The complete emancipation of our constitutional liberty must come from other quarters, but we have our part to perform, one requiring patience, prudence, fortitude, faith.

A cloud of witnesses encompass us. The bronze figures on these monuments seem for the moment to be replaced by the spirits of the immortal men whose names they bear.

As if an angel spoke their tones thrill our hearts.

First, it is the calm voice of Washington that we hear: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens."

Then, Henry's clarion notes arouse us: "Liberty, the greatest of all earthly blessings: give us that precious jewel, and you may take all the rest!"

Then Jefferson speaks: "Fellow-citizens, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of government. Equal and exact justice to all men of whatsoever state or persuasion, religious or political. The support of State governments in all their rights, as the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; the supremacy of the civil over military authority; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith. And should we wander from these principles in moments of error and alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety."

And last it is Jackson's clear ringing tone to which we listen:

"What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. We must think of the living and of those who are to come after us, and see that by God's blessing we transmit to them the freedom we have enjoyed."

Heaven, hear the prayer of our dead, immortal hero!

Refutation of Several Romances About the Execution of John Brown.

[From the Christian Intelligencer of October 15th, 1884.]

LETTER FROM REV. WILLIAM ELLIOTT GRIFFIS.

To the Editor of the Christian Intelligencer:

Having been for years desirous of testing the truth of the traditions concerning the death of John Brown, of Harpers Ferry fame, as expressed in poetry, painting, song, and so-called "history," I spent a portion of my summer vacation of this year in a trip through the Shenandoah valley. There I met, conversed with, and cross questioned living witnesses of Brown's trial and execution, both white and colored. Among these were the now venerable lawyer who conducted the prosecution, members of the sheriff's family, the present owner of the gallows on which the hanging was done, and the owner of Brown's Bible. Besides their testimony, I found in talking with old residents of Charlestown and Harpers Ferry, that both among eye-witnesses and those whose knowledge came by hearing, as well as studying every spot made memorable by the "raid," that the local traditions were not only singularly in harmony, but diverged at certain points very widely from those received as undoubted truth north of the Potomac, and especially in New England.

Believing that historic truth should be as sacred as religious truth, I ask you to give space to the publication of two documents, which I herewith enclose, each of which explains itself. Furthermore, I have more than once been shocked to find, in print and on platform, comparisons drawn between the scenes of Calvary and Charlestown, and the central figure in each scene. Believing that violence to veracity and religion is done thereby—since fiction has no place beside fact, much less falsehood near truth—I believe that you will do good to publish this letter of the Rev. Abner Hopkins, and the sworn testimony of Captain Avis. Since the Hon. Thomas Hughes, to whom the letter was addressed, took no notice of it, I requested a copy for publication in the interest of common honesty and simple truth. What is said about Brown's Bible I can corroborate from careful scrutiny of its pages. I examined the original of the jailor's affidavit, as well as the true copy of Brown's will. Furthermore, the details of the report of Captain Avis accord with what was told by the prosecuting lawyer, who was with Brown almost continuously

from the second day of the Harpers Ferry events until the body of the executed man was delivered to his friends.

Without expressing any political or theological opinion as to the merits or demerits of Brown's action, I submit the evidence.

Respectfully,

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS,
Pastor of First Reformed Church, Schenectady, N. Y.

COPY OF LETTER ADDRESSED TO HON. THOMAS HUGHES, BY REV. A. C. HOPKINS, D. D.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., W. VA.,
July 24th, 1882.

Hon. THOMAS HUGHES,
London, England:

DEAR SIR,—I am pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Charlestown, Jefferson county, West Virginia (formerly Virginia). I read, years ago, with much pleasure your "Tom Brown's School Days," and recently your "Manliness of Christ." My attention was arrested by what you said in the eighth chapter of the last-named book respecting Captain John Brown and his treatment while in jail in this place, in the autumn of 1859. Not having been personally familiar with the scenes you represent there, I took the book to parties who were, and conversed with others still, and their testimony is concurrent to the effect that nearly every particular statement you make respecting Brown is incorrect, and that the necessary inference printed, viz: that Brown was maltreated while in legal custody, is unjust and injurious. I thought it right, and also sufficient, to ask Captain John Avis, the jailer and executioner of John Brown, to give me his affidavit touching the points made by you, which he has done voluntarily and without any sort of consideration but love of the truth. I send you herewith his sworn testimony on these points, which I hope will emancipate your mind from some of the errors into which you have been led by our Northern press, especially by Redpath's "Life of Captain John Brown," (which lies before me). Captain Avis holds the honorable and responsible office of Justice of the Peace in this county.

I ask now that you will avail yourself of the facilities offered by the public press of this country (especially the Northern press), and

in England, to remove from an injured Christian and humane community the unjust aspersions you have cast upon it in this matter. It is useless for *us* to seek through the Northern press to overtake and correct the errors, owing to the prejudice in that section against us. I ask it of *you*, however, in assurance that the high character and love of truth which have marked "Tom Brown's School Days" and the "Manliness of Christ" will not withhold the truth, and willingly offend the innocent.

It seems strange that one accustomed to weighing evidence should be misled by Redpath's book, whose extravagance classes it among works of romance and fiction, and awakens the suspicion of pure sensationalism. Lying before me is another volume, "Reminiscences of Old John Brown," by G. W. Brown, M. D., Rockford, Illinois, 1880. The author of this book was a co-worker with John Brown in Kansas, in full sympathy in politics and with him, but not in his wicked policy of violence, murder and massacre. He asserts and proves that John Brown was the responsible and guilty author of the "Pottawattomie massacre" of five families in Kansas, with torments and cruelties worthy of savagery. The Hon. Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, an abolitionist, in review of Dr. Brown's book, says: "The writer's confidence has been many times abused, but never in any other instance so grossly and wickedly abused as by John Brown. * * * But whether sane or insane, he acted well the part of *heavy villain* in the Kansas drama." (Italics his). *We know*, and *records prove*, that John Brown, after full and fair trial before the proper civil tribunal was duly convicted of murders, including a negro slave's.

You will hardly feel surprised, therefore, if people of the South gaze in amazement at finding that you introduce such a man's character and behaviour into your book on the "Manliness of Christ," or that Christian readers, familiar with the facts of his imprisonment and death, feel offended in seeing him brought into comparison with Christ! The very copy of the Bible, owned and used by him in jail here, lies before me. Its passages touching "oppression," etc., etc., are heavily and frequently pencilled, but no pencil mark distinguishes or emphasizes a single passage that is *distinctively Christian*. He was *religious*, but not *Christian:* religion was the crutch on which his fanaticism walked. It was the "higher law" religion, under whose baleful influence many tears have been wrung from the innocent, and the buttresses of governments have fairly crumbled, and the order and stability of society have been made to tremble on your con-

tinent and ours. It has found further development in assassinations, of the Czar in Russia, of the Emperor in Germany, of your own Lord Lieutenant and Secretary in Ireland, and of our own President. There are *many* points of resemblance between the behavior of John Brown and Guiteau; both claimed to be "God's Man," to be doing God's work, to be receiving strength from God; and Guiteau exceeded Brown in the resolution with which he met death. I cannot imagine that any man will use Guiteau's death as the analogue of Christ's; no more should John Brown's be so used.

But truth and brotherly kindness have required me to write this letter to you privately, to give you the opportunity of making the proper correction and *amende.*

Yours very truly,

ABNER C. HOPKINS.

P. S. I take the liberty of referring you to Rev. Frank Aglionby, of the Church of England, whose charge is near Oxford. This I do, however, without his knowledge or consent. A. C. H.

[NOTE.—We feel constrained to say that, while it was very proper for Dr. Hopkins to give Mr. Hughes a reference in England, those of us who knew his record as the chaplain of the Second Virginia regiment, and after the capture of most of those gallant men at Spotsylvania Courthouse, an efficient member of the staff of General John B. Gordon, and as conspicuous for gallantry as for the irreproachable character of a minister of the Gospel which he has ever maintained, need no confirmation of *any* statement which Dr. A. C. Hopkins may make.

J. WM. JONES, *Sec'y S. H. S.*]

Exact Copy of Affidavit made by Captain John Avis, the Jailer and Executioner of Captain John Brown.

AFFIDAVIT.

I, John Avis, a Justice of the Peace of the County of Jefferson, State of West Virginia, under oath do solemnly declare that I was Deputy Sheriff and Jailer of Jefferson county, Virginia, in 1859, during the whole time that Captain John Brown was in prison and

on trial for his conduct in what is familiarly known as the Harper's Ferry Raid; that I was with him daily during this whole period; that the personal relations between him and me were of the most pleasant character; that Sheriff James W. Campbell and I escorted him from his cell the morning of his execution, one on either side of him; that Sheriff Campbell and I rode with Captain Brown in a wagon from the jail door to the scaffold, one on either side; that I heard every word that Captain Brown spoke from the time he left the jail till his death; that Sheriff Campbell (now deceased) and I were the only persons with him on the scaffold.

I have this day read, in the early part of Chapter VIII, of a book styled the "Manliness of Christ," by Thomas Hughes, Q. C.—New York: American Book Exchange. *Tribune* Building. 1880—the following paragraph, to-wit:

"Now, I freely admit that there is no recorded end of a life that I know of more entirely brave and manly than this one of Captain John Brown, of which we know every minutest detail, as it happened in the full glare of our modern life not twenty years ago. About that, I think, there would scarcely be disagreement anywhere. The very men who allowed him to lie in his bloody clothes till the day of his execution, and then hanged him, recognized this. 'You are a game man, Captain Brown, the Southern sheriff said in the wagon. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I was so brought up. It was one of my mother's lessons. From infancy I have not suffered from physical fear. I have suffered a thousand times more from bashfulness;' and then he kissed a negro child in its mother's arms and walked cheerfully on to the scaffold, thankful that he was 'allowed to die for a cause, and not merely to pay the debt of nature as all must.'"

Respecting the statements contained in the above paragraph, quoted from the book above mentioned, I solemnly declare:

1. That Captain John Brown was *not* "allowed to lie in his bloody clothes till the day of his execution," but that he was furnished with a change of clothing as promptly as prisoners in such condition usually are; that he was allowed all the clothing he desired; and that his washing was done at his will, without cost to himself. As an officer, charged with his custody, I saw that he was at all times and by all persons treated kindly, properly and respectfully. I have no recollection that there ever was any attempt made to humiliate or maltreat him. Captain Brown took many occasions to thank me for my kindness to him, and spoke of it to many persons, including his wife. In further proof of the kindness he received at my hands, I will state that

Captain Brown, in his last written will and testament, bequeathed to me his Sharpe's rifle and a pistol. Furthermore, on the night before his execution, Captain Brown and his wife, upon my invitation, took supper with me and my family at our table in our residence, which was a part of the jail building.

2. I have no recollection that the Sheriff said to Captain Brown "you are a game man," and received the reply quoted in the above paragraph, or that any similar remarks were made by either of the parties. I am sure that neither these remarks nor any like them were made at the time. The only remarks made by Captain Brown between his cell and the scaffold were commonplace remarks about the beauty of the country and the weather.

3. The statement that "he kissed a negro child in its mother's arms," is wholly incorrect. Nothing of this sort occurred. Nothing of the sort could have occurred, for his hands, as usual in such cases, were confined behind him before he left the jail. He was between Sheriff Campbell and me, and a guard of soldiers surrounded him and allowed no person to come between them and the prisoner, from the jail to the scaffold, except his escorts.

4. Respecting the statement that he "walked cheerfully to the scaffold," I will say that I did not think his bearing on the scaffold was conspicuous for its heroism—yet not cowardly.

5. Whether he was "thankful that he was allowed to die for a cause, and not merely to pay the debt of nature as all must" or not, I cannot say what was in his heart; but if this clause means, as the quotation marks would seem to indicate, that Captain Brown used any such language or said anything on this subject, it is entirely incorrect. Captain Brown said nothing like it. The only thing that he did say, at or on the scaffold was to take leave of us, and then, just about the time the noose was adjusted, he said, "Be quick."

(Signed) JOHN AVIS.

Charlestown, W. Va., April 25th, 1882.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA, }
County of Jefferson, } *ss:*

I, Cleon Moore, a Notary Public in and for the county of Jefferson, State aforesaid, hereby certify that John Avis, whose name is signed to the foregoing affidavit, this day personally appeared before me, in my county aforesaid, and made oath that the statements contained in said affidavit are true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Given under my hand and notarial seal, at Charlestown, West Virginia, this 25th day of April, 1882.

(Signed) CLEON MOORE,
Notary Public.

NOTE.—Mr. Cleon Moore's certificate above is stamped with his public official seal.

A. C. HOPKINS.

"The Republic of Republics."

By Honorable R. M. T. HUNTER.

We think few impartial readers will dispute the assertion that this is the most remarkable book which has been written and published in this country for the last twenty years. It is, perhaps, not extravagant to say that if it had been written in 1833, about the time of the celebrated contest between Webster and Hayne, the civil war, which subsequently rended the American people into hostile factions and drenched the land in fraternal blood, could hardly have occurred. And yet, it is hard to believe that it was not a predestined event. The abolition of slavery, the concentration of power into fewer hands and in a more powerful form, would appear to have been predetermined, when we consider the number who made no effort to correct the evil. Their earnest desire for far more potent political machinery than they had been accustomed to handle, and the zeal of those who openly pursued the path to abolition without regard to the considerations of justice, of good faith, or even of kindly feeling, seem to have inspired a settled design. Paper restrictions upon power rarely seem to operate as restraints when the opportunity for gratification occurs. Arguments in favor of the title of Austria to Silesia would have proved a small obstacle to Frederick the Great, when he stretched forth his arm to seize it from the feeble and the failing grasp of a puny neighbor. Nor would the North and the East have been persuaded to forbear, by consideration of good faith or of fraternal obligation, when they were once shown that the abolition of negro slavery, and a political revolution favorable to their sectional power and to the increase of their share of Federal wealth, in its distribution amongst the people, were at last within their grasp. The Athenian people are said once to have rejected a proposition of Themistocles because Aristides, to whom it was submitted, said of it,

that it was most advantageous, but most unjust. Is it recorded of any other people that they have rejected such a suggestion, for such a reason, unaided by considerations of policy? If there be a parallel case in history we cannot just now recall it. And yet, if this book had been written at the time of which we speak, it must have changed to some extent the course of events. Daniel Webster himself had some veneration for the truth of history and much respect for vested rights. He had, too, a consciousness of the vast sin of falsifying history, and the infinite mischief of perverting the landmarks of title. In the face of the demonstrations of this book, he could not have uttered before the American people the monstrous perversions of history and prevarications of right, which, after the publication of this history, will be considered to disfigure the speech upon which his fame so largely rests. These mistakes could hardly have been repeated by Story, nor dwelt upon by Curtis as law and history. Indeed, the truth seemed to be breaking in upon Webster even before his death. In reply to Calhoun he answered, not to the points taken by that master intellect, but addressed himself feebly, for him, to his resolutions. *The Northern Quarterly Review*, edited at Boston, admitted that Calhoun made good his positions, despite its partisan feelings and surroundings. The propositions which he exerted so much ability to make good in his contest with Hayne, he seemed even to press, or certainly maintained, with no vigor in his after life, until he finally retracted them in his speech at Capon Springs, which admitted all that the South ever claimed. When Mr. Webster, in the closing years of his life, witnessed the growing bitterness of the contest between the sections on the negro question, when he perceived that Massachusetts was gradually substituting such a man as Sumner in his place of lead and precedence, willing to put in his hands the bow which he himself had hardly wielded, without knowing whether he could even bend or draw it; when, having Webster on hand, she was willing to trump up Sumner; when, indeed, Boston could refuse to allow his sentiments a place of utterance, or to listen to his voice, which she ever before honored when it spoke in words of peace and forbearance, he must have felt that the day of retribution had come, and, in bitterness of spirit, declared that, "a bargain broken on one side, was broken on all sides," and virtually absolved the South, if she should burst loose her hands from the wythes of a one sided treaty, with which it was vainly sought to bind them. Unhonored and almost forgotten lie his ashes at Marshfield, and neglected there repose his remains, whilst those of Sumner are

sheltered by monuments of elegant and costly marble. Will posterity absolve Massachusetts from the shame of the comparative treatment of the two? Is it quite certain that they will forbear to indicate it? Peace to the ashes of Daniel Webster! Honor, but not all honor, to his shade! He was a great, but, in our opinion, an erring, though a repentant man. We believe he was repentant. Because, when he retracted his positions in the speech of 1833, in his declarations at Capon, he must have been conscious of his errors, and no man could have appreciated more thoroughly than Daniel Webster the sin of mutilating the landmarks of national rights and liberties, and tampering with the contracts which regulate the obligations between sections. But, has Massachusetts shown any such delicacy of forbearance or equity of conscience in her dealings with her sister States under the Constitution for the destruction of their rights in regard to slavery? And yet, her own son, *Lunt*, in his "Origin of the Late War," page 27, says, after a train of circumstantial truths, which it would be difficult to dispute: "No one can doubt that if they (the South) had deemed the guaranty (that is for slavery) insufficient, they could have obtained pledges of a still more precise character, either then or at a later period, since the object of the Union was one of paramount interest to all. But, neither they nor their Northern compatriots entertained any question of the fidelity of their successors to engagements so solemnly undertaken, both express and implied." But, regardless of all this and of the sacred nature of her obligations, she chose rather to commit herself to the guidance of those who denounced the charter, solemnly conceived and recorded by an assemblage of sovereignties, of which she was one, "as a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Can Massachusetts hope to escape, at some time or other, a trial at the bar of nations for the violation of sacred obligations and of plighted faith, entered into voluntarily by herself, and wantonly violated also by herself, after she had grown and prospered under it? If she does not, then let her look at once to a history of the origin of the late war, by her own son, Lunt, and this book, "The Republic of Republics," which we are now reviewing. How can she expect to escape a consuming verdict, if the verity of either be admitted? How she can evade the admissibility of such evidence is beyond the range of our imagination, especially of the last—the Republic of Republics. Any charge of treason on the South or its sons after this is simply puerile. The man who makes it is ridiculous, be he Conger or be he Blaine, and that is

all it is necessary to say of him. To alter and interpolate, without the consent of a nation, its title deed to its rights and liberties, to alter which is the same as to forge the contract which establishes the obligations of a people to its confederates, is undoubtedly a sin of a deep dye. Has not Massachusetts done both recently in the late contest? For proof we offer Lunt and the incomparable book which we are now reviewing. Lunt says the South undoubtedly supposed that slavery was guaranteed to it by the Constitution, and would not have entered into the Union but for the supposition. Massachusetts was anxious for the Union on account of the threats of Shay's rebellion. The Union was formed, Massachusetts was secured, and if the South was not guaranteed, it was inveigled into that belief. When the non-slaveholding States had grown and become strong, was it honorable or clever in them to trample out of existence the institutions which they had guaranteed, and, above all, with what face could they threaten the punishment of treason and confiscation to those who endeavored to defend their chartered rights, of which it was sought to despoil them, even if that were done by force? If any man wishes to see how false, nay, how puerile, was such a pretence on the part of the winning side, let him study this book and see how universally the old fathers of the Republic acknowledged this Union to be one of sovereign States, and referred to secession as a remedy for intolerable breaches of the contract. In opposition to all these, what are the voices even of Webster and Story and Curtis? In themselves not impotent and puny, we by no means thus characterize them, except in contrast with the mighty array of those wise men whose words are brought in contrast with the teachings of these lesser lights. Indeed, we might rely on the changed opinion of Webster himself, the greatest, by far, of the three in opposition, to these not very well digested theories. In relation to this very Constitution, he said towards the close of his life, that "a bargain broken on one side was broken on all sides." And yet, to an array of nations acting upon this principle, generally acknowledged by the men who wrote the Constitution and formed the Union, as proved by this book, the punishments of treason were denounced by those who had so plainly committed the first and most palpable sin. Are the non-slaveholding States, and especially is New England, which benefitted so largely by the Union, in its escape from the penalties of Shay's rebellion and in the profits of the slave trade, ready and willing to meet the impeachment, when dragged before the bar of nations to answer for these manifold crimes and imper-

tinencies? Or do they, indeed, expect to escape the grand impeachment? Let them lay no such flattering unction to their souls. With the progress of light the retributive justice of history becomes more certain and severe. When they seized upon Jefferson Davis and threw him into irons, and into a felon's cell, but not to meet a felon's punishment, they insulted a whole people, whom they assumed to punish thus vicariously. The iron which then entered into their souls, generally and particularly, will nerve them to stand by the contest until they have shown where the charge of fraud and falsehood rests. If vows, sacred vows, were broken, they will invoke this book to show by whom it was done. The brutal and vulgar denunciations of Chandler and Conger, or the scarcely more respectable, but smoother and subtler, chicaneries of Blaine, will not serve to distract public attention, or call off public pursuit, from those who were once willing to make a false promise to secure a benefit, and not ashamed afterwards to break it for a profit. The efforts which certain Northern speakers have made to sow and keep alive the spirit of hate in the hearts of the people of the different sections, seems to us to scarcely keep it alive, but what effect it may have hereafter we undertake not to decide. We only say, that such efforts will make it impossible for those who held the guaranteed interest which was trampled on and crushed out, by the very guarantors, in defiance of those pledges to forget the fraud and the breaches of faith under which they suffered. It will then be for those who have thus sinned to decide what they owe to those who have kept those terrible memories alive

But, let us return to our book. See what it has proved in regard to the elements of which our government is formed, and of the forces by which our Union was drawn together, and by which it may be cast asunder, in the event of disagreement between the parts.

In an extract from a letter of the editor of one of the leading journals of the time, it is well and truthfully said of the book: "It is my belief that it is the ablest work ever written in support of the right of self-government, as well as the best of all treatises on our American federal system." Charles O'Connor, the great New York lawyer, in a letter to the author, said: "If, upon the numerous points that any lawyer can see in the case, I had so admirably prepared an overwhelmingly conclusive brief as the protest, my task (in defending Davis) would be slight indeed." What sort of brief Mr. O'Connor would have prepared, we know not, but, to an impartial mind, nothing more conclusive than the demonstration in this book

would seem to be possible, even to the great intellect of Mr. O'Connor. But, it has done something more than demonstrate the legal innocence of the Confederate States and of Davis and Lee. It, together with Lunt's history of "The Origin of the Late War," place Massachusetts, and the New England States, in a position such as no enlightened and honorable, to say nothing of Christian communities occupy anywhere in human history.

Says the author, page 43: "We are necessarily dealing with facts, or inferences therefrom, when we attempt to ascertain from the Constitution and history what the Constitution and government under it are. When the States (or people) acted, what, in point of fact, did they make? Was it a federation of States or was it a single State, divided into counties or provinces? I shall duly prove herein the following facts: 1st. That the States existed as separate and independent sovereign States before the Federal Constitution. 2d. That they, as commonwealths, alone aided in establishing that Constitution and the government under it. 3d. That the entire existence and powers of the said government are from and under them. 4th. That each and every federal functionary is a citizen and subject of a State, elected by and acting for such State. 5th. That our United States, or 'Union of States,' as these phrases indicate, is a federation of sovereignties. Now, these are facts or falsehoods. I shall prove them to be facts beyond controversy, and show that the Federal Constitution, the history of its formation, and all the acts and records of the States concur in proving them. This chapter is devoted to showing that the fathers unqualifiedly asserted the Union to be *a federation of sovereign States;* and that they considered the Federal government to be alike the creation, the agency and the subject of the States." In proof of this he quotes the testimony of the writers of the Federalist, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, and many others, viz: of Washington and Franklin, John Dickenson, Gouveneur Morris, James Nelson, of Pennsylvania, Tench Coxe and Samuel Adams, of Roger Sherman, of Oliver Ellsworth, of Chancellor Pendleton, John Marshall, James Iredale, Fisher Ames, Theophilas Parsons, Christopher Gove, Governor James Bowdoin and George Cabot, to corroborate his assertions; and the pledges he gave to prove certain things, he has amply redeemed, in proof of which we refer to the book, and submit the question to any impartial mind. Well does he say that: "Many more such extracts might be presented, but these will suffice; for, among the leading fathers there was no dissent. Indeed, there could be on this subject no difference of opinion,

since the States were equal; no authority was above them; sovereignty belonged to each Commonwealth as an essential part of her nature; every organic law expressed or implied it, and the solemn league between the States declared that each retained her sovereignty. This all-comprehensive right must have remained in her until she completed the work, and, of course, afterwards. The established States of these commonwealths, and the law of their beings, absolutely controlled the action of the fathers''—page 50. Not a mole hill can be built up opposite to this mountain of testimony, says the author elsewhere. He says, page 54, that: "The Massachusetts school grew, under the auspices of Nathan Dane, Joseph Story, and Daniel Webster, who were the chief expounders.'' Dane was an original enemy of the Constitution, and he probably wished his strictures to pass as expositions; Story, broad-minded, thought a grand nation, and power among nations, might, could, would and should grow from construction, and he was in the potential mood; and, moreover, his construction meant fabrication; while Webster, as the advocate, aimed at the triumph and pecuniary advantage of his State and section, and directed his great intellect and luminous logic to the sophistical disproof of his own principle, viz: that "the original parties to the Constitution were the thirteen Confederated States,'' and "that their constitutional obligations rests on compact and plighted faith. These are his very words, which, when he approached his final account, he substantially reiterated; but, alas, too late; for he had then produced those 'public convictions,' as Mr. Curtis calls them, which brought war and woe! As to Mr. Curtis, he seems merely to repeat and amplify what the others have written or said,'' page 54. After stating Webster's ideas, he says Story's teachings were similar. Lincoln substantially repeated these ideas in 1861, as did the Philadelphia Convention of 1866. He was of the Massachusetts school, page 55. "It is not entitled to be called a school of interpretation. It asserts as a fact, that our federal instrument constitutes a State or nation, when the truth is it constitutes *a union of States or federation.* Should we not call it a school of fiction or perversion?'' To prove the truth of these assertions, he heaps up testimony, piling Pelion upon Ossa, until one would think that doubt or denial had become impossible. To strengthen the almost unanimous assertion of nearly all the leading fathers, most of whom he quotes, he calls up the concurring opinions of the great statesmen from abroad, who are most commonly consulted in this country. Lord Brougham, it seems, declared that, "It is plainly

impossible to consider the Constitution as anything other than a treaty, forming a federacy of States," page 366. De Tocqueville says: "The Union is a voluntary agreement of the States, which have respectively not forfeited their nationality and become one and the same people."—*Ibid.* Outraged by the perversions, and sometimes misrepresentations, of truth, in which he has detected the Massachusetts founder, he says, with a truth which we must all acknowledge: "Unless we wish plain facts of history, and the sacred records of our country, to be the subjects of contention forever, we must make up distinct issues and charge either the sons or the sires with delibrate falsehood," page 385. He then quotes from Hamilton, Chancellor Livingston, John Jay, James Madison, General Washinton, Dr. Franklin, James Nelson, John Dickerson, Gouveneur Morris, Roger Sherman, Tench Coxe, Chancellor Pendleton, John Marshal, Samuel Adams, General Bowdoin, James Iredell, Theophilas Parsons, Christopher Gore, George Cabot, to show that their views of the Constitution concurred with his. In sharp contrast with these he places the ideas of the perverters, Webster, Dane, Story, Curtis," and of the "Acre of Wiseacres," who, at Philadelphia in 1866, declared "that the States were unified in a nation or commonwealth of people, and were degraded into counties, and were subordinated and made allegient to the government, which was possessed of absolute supremacy," page 386. He somewhere expresses the wish that professors of constitutional facts in our colleges could be appointed as well as of laws. With his view of the stupendous mischiefs which have been effected by the perverters of the constitutional history, indeed there should be. With his view of Lincoln's opinions, derived, as he seems to think, from this perverted school, we stand aghast at the mischief which may be done by those in authority, if ignorant or mistaught. Mr. Lincoln, it seems, in a speech in Indiana, and in his inaugural address, declared that the States are but counties, without sovereignty, and that the government is sovereign and can rightfully coerce the States to obey it." In his extra session message he said: "The Union is older than any of the States, and, in fact, it created them as States," page 223. When some of the States seceded, on account of Lincoln's election to the Presidency, they were thought by many as premature, but, if he had been known to have entertained such opinions, perhaps it would have been thought time to go when such a man was placed at the head of the Union. The author of the "Republic of Republics" says: "It seems proper to say, that after his nomination, he had no

time—even if he had been competent—to investigate for himself, and deduct proper conclusions. Moreover, the doctrines of Dane, Story, Webster and Jackson, were the platform, nay, the very soul of his party. Confiding in the honor of these expounders, he unqualifiedly accepted their treasonable perversions, and they, more than he, are responsible for the bloody consequences. From their premises and arguments he concluded that coercion of States was constitutional and proper. It is evident that he was more sinned against than sinning. He was a person of fair intellect, slight education, limited knowledge, no research, kind heart, jocular disposition, and credulous and confiding nature—just the man, with his inexperience in statesmanship, and his vague and hazy notions of political ethics and constitutional history and law, to be misled by the sophists of his party, and to be the instrument of crafty political Jesuits. He was not a man to contrive wickedness, to wilfully subvert the Constitution, and to build his greatness on his country's ruin, but he could be moved by various pleasurable and delusive pleas and pretexts to do what he would have shrunk from with horror, had he understood the designs and seen the hearts of the movers.

At any rate, upon the ground indicated by the above extracts, the Southern States were coerced, *vi et armis*, for four years, and at last brought to writhe under the heel of Federal military power. At first, Lincoln's above-quoted dicta sounded like a huge joke, which was laughed at, until army after army from the "Northern Hive" marched down, to perpetrate it upon the South; whereat the laugh changed, for the joke was the fiat of an irresistible mob, that had become a great party, and for many years had fanatically surged like the many-voiced sea against the barriers of the Constitution. In glancing at some of this unfortunate man's conclusions, from the arguments and assertions of his aforesaid teachers, we shall see that derision would be the fittest notice, but for the abhorrent consequences. Acting upon their doctrines, he made this land dark with death and mourning. But his guilt to that of his teachers, morally, is as much less as "homicide by misadventure is less than that with malice prepense," page 234. If we had time we would like to pursue his analysis of Lincoln's opinions, and his contrast of those with the opinions of General Washington; to see how far the former deserves the sobriquet sometimes given him of the Second Washington—but time forbids. Above all, we should be pleased to quote his masterly demonstration of his fourth point—"That the Federal government is not only without authority, but is actually prohibited to coerce the

State with arms, by legislation or even judiciary"—page 400. This is nothing less than complete, but the want of space forbids us to attempt its repetition. It would be amusing to quote his criticism upon the term, "constitutional compact," which he shows to be correct, and for the use of which Mr. Webster charged Mr. Calhoun with abandoning constitutional language for a new vocabulary. But the want of space compels us to omit this and much valuable matter. We must pause, however, awhile on a forgery which we had supposed the very perverters would not dare to commit. To find its parallel we must resort to the pages of fiction. In a modern novel a cunning lawyer, Oily Gammon, is made to meditate the forgery of a tombstone. What shall we say to forging the definitions of a lexicon, for the purpose of falsifying the Constitution, and still more wonderful that the proprieties are thus violated on the reputation of Noah Webster, who, it seems, was quite a model man for learning and just principle. Indeed, his principles, it seems, were strict enough to have shamed the whole school of "perverters" from Dane to Curtis. Noah Webster always asserted, according to the unquestionable truth which this author demonstrates, page 275, that our system is a Confederacy of States—States united, to use his own phrase—and that their government was the mere agency, or the means by which they governed themselves. In this matter of Fact and Testimony, he is made to teach as truth the untruth that our general polity is a nation or State with counties or provinces as subdivisions, such as existed under Britain; that Congress is the chief legislative body of the nation, to enact laws and consider matters of national interest. That the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, for Congress to enforce over States and people, and that, in short, the government—*i. e.* Congress—has absolute supremacy over allegiant States. All the recent declarations and acts of the dominant party of the country, and the government as administered by that party, entirely conform to these forged teachings, page 225; and all this has been done by a change and forgery of Webster's definitions in his widely-circulated lexicon, and for the manner in which it has been done, see this book from page 365 to 375. Shade of Noah Webster, with thy philological record, and with thy character for achievements as a lexicographer, how hast thou been kept down and quiet so long, after such a slander on thy character, and such a violation of thy reputation, as has been wrought by these vile perverters within the very precincts of thy native State and kindred? And yet, thou hast not returned to call the authors of the outrage

to an account! Doubtless it must be because those who leave this world depart to return no more, otherwise Massachusetts would have heard thy voice of reproach, rebuking her acceptance of this outrage upon the reputation of one of her most distinguished sons, as an offering to herself to be used for her benefit, although it might be done at his expense. Had he been allowed to mete out such punishment to the perverters and their tools, for their offences against him, as he might think they deserved, doubtless he would have required Webster and Story to read alternately to each other the rebuking comments of "The Republic of Republics," page by page and time after time, until they become sick to a surfeit of the precise character and nature of their misdeeds. How Daniel Webster would have writhed under such a damnable iteration, those who knew Daniel Webster may declare. There would have been no more perversions to be feared from him in the great charters of history. But, as far as we know, the great wrong to Noah Webster is still unpunished and unatoned. Even poetical justice, if invoked, is still sleeping unawakened and idle throughout all Massachusetts, notwithstanding the wrongs which call so loudly for vengeance. But, peace to their shades! *Requiescant in pace*, Daniel and Noah. Daniel doubtless has repented, if he ever had anything to do with the wrong to Noah, and by this time Noah has been convicted of so many sinful efforts to foist the new England lingo upon a confiding public, instead of the old English tongue, that he can have no heart to avenge private griefs, even if it were in his own power to do so. This is the account of the mode in which the American government was perverted, the American people deluded and the Southern section of the Union defrauded and cheated of their rights under the Constitution. Those who sinned, instead of exhibiting signs of repentance for this ill-treatment of their confederates, to whom they were solemnly pledged to have acted better, according to Lunt in his history of the late war, are claiming merit for having failed to hang those whom they charge with treason; but who are proved by this author to have committed none. And yet, says this true-hearted and noble-minded writer, "Supposing the States to have been guilty, were they not punished enough? Multitudes of their children were slain, and their whole people long mourned in bitter anguish. They were reduced to unmitigated ruin and wretchedness, and, worse than all, they lost completely their freedom of will, and were degraded and humiliated as were never States before, and now, or a very short time ago, have less freedom and protection than had Southern slaves; and, monstrous

as it may seem, "the iron enters the soul" of these stricken and sorrowing commonwealths insufficiently to suit the devilishness of some of their native sons. These are even now aiding the perverters and revolutionists to place and keep the brave and noble hearts of Anglo Saxon Commonwealths under the heel of God's fore-ordained and unchangeable barbarian," 39–40. And all of this was done under a false and pretended title, sustained by forgery and mutilation of the title deeds of a whole and gallant people to equal rights and freedom. Rather a poor prospect! For, all or anything that a free or brave people wants in a government is a union with such people as these. Poor enough, it would seem, if we are to judge of the future by the past. And yet, we say unhesitatingly, give us a Union like the last when it was founded, if it is to be administered upon Mr. Jefferson's plan—that is, upon States rights principles. It was this last failure that wrecked our past venture. Give us all the land between Canada and Mexico, associated on a system of free republics, of associated corporate societies, with the united energies and common light of all to push them ahead. Give to their people free thought, free action, free will cribbed, cabined and confined by nothing more than the responsibilities to just law and enlightened order. Regulate such a people by the principles of true and enlightened States rights, and I should always be willing to embark my destinies with them. Let the New England States come, with the intolerance and the odium theologium, if you will, of their early days, within their own domain, on their own soil; let them train their people as they please. There their government is supreme and complete in domestic affairs, but if they attempt to indulge the greed and selfishness, for which they have been a little remarkable, at the expense of their confederates, they shall be restrained by the true principles of Union, the doctrines of States rights, which confine them to such united action as looks to the good of all. If Pennsylvania comes with some huge industry to quarter on the Union, we must tell her she must support herself, and not call on others to deny their own children to feed hers. In the beginning of our national rivalry, we started in our race with the world with a Union of free republics and corporate societies, and, taking charge of the best part of the North American Continent and answering to our name in the roll-call of nations, took our place alongside the foremost, and boldly entered for the highest prizes of industry and progress. The old world was not much disposed to recognize the propriety of our daring, and its supercilious critics tried to laugh us out of countenance. Our

experiment is not quite a century old, and, with the exception of one sad mistake, which had nearly wrecked us, we might command the attention and admiration of the world. As it is, the English trade is already, even now, pointing the starving laborer to the American shores for relief. English statesmen and statisticians are looking here for those who, at no remote time, are to lead the fleets and hosts of commerce. Here are the hidden and the open stores of coal that are to rekindle the fires of commerce in the old world, when they shall wax faint and thin from too much use and exhaustion. Here, too, are the secret gnomes, the hidden genii, guarding their treasures of precious metal, in their watery depths, from whose grasp nothing but American energy shall be strong enough to bear them away in sufficient quantities to steady and guide the ever-expanding bulk of the credit of the world. Shall we turn back and quit because we have met with some mishaps? It is true, and great enough they were, but not great enough to justify us in relinquishing the mighty American idea of progress and in giving up the grandest of human ambitions. Give us the States rights principle, which is the grand check upon sectional ambition and cruelty, and we will take up our united way. Strong in the protection of justice and equality, we will meet the difficulties of every question, as one by one they come up to be settled. Even now there is one problem which involves high questions of human happiness. There is one even now craving settlement under the highest penalties for mistake to the cause of human happiness and civilization. We mean that, as to the necessity of investing the comparatively few owners of the specie of the word with the supreme control of most of the currencies of civilization. When we remember that this means the money power of the world, and all that it involves, we see the nature of the controversy and the bitterness in which it will be contested by the parties concerned. The nations and the sections heretofore invested with this power will not give it up without a bitter contest. Indeed, will anything short of the prospect of a social revolution force them to yield? And yet, may not things go that length if some accommodation is not made?

When the young American hereafter shall read the history of his country and come to the account of the late civil war, he will trace the narrative of the frauds and forgeries, of the deceit and falsehoods, by which the stronger section sought to establish and maintain its pretended title to rule the weaker section through the machinery of government, and leaving the story of the gallant

resistance of that weaker section when assailed by arms, invaded and wasted, he will find that it was subdued, not by military skill or superior valor, not by statesmanship or magnanimity, but mainly by superior wealth and overpowering numbers; and when he finds that the power, when once obtained, was administered with neither justice nor magnanimity, but in a spirit of cruelty and persecution, he will turn from that narrative with loathing and shame; and where shall he find balm for the feelings of a patriotism thus wounded, unless it shall be in a subsequent history of the united career of sections once discordant and warring, which union was obtained by a spirit of justice and peace, of equity and equality, without reference to past differences, and signalized by an administration which accorded opportunity to energy, the rewards of discovery to intelligent enterprise, and attained an honorable primacy in the grand competition of nations even by ability and force—a force accumulated by union, education, intelligence and energy, stimulated by an honorable and wise ambition. Then, when conscious of a power sufficient for self-defence, and so regulated by honor and honesty as to be innocuous to others, he may feel that the past is atoned for and condoned when his country in its outward seemings and inner developments is so presented to the world that to say, I am an American citizen, is enough to win the respect of any people in the civilized world.

The Battle of Honey Hill.

By Colonel C. C. Jones, Jr.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION OF AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, APRIL 27TH, 1885.

Friends and Comrades:

Since our last annual convocation two members of the Confederate Cabinet have died. On the 7th of May, 1884, within the quiet walls of his apartments in the Avenue Jena, in Paris, the Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, full of years and of honors, entered upon his final rest. With a lucidity of intellect, a capacity for labor, and an ability quite remarkable, he had, during the existence of the Confederate Government, occupied in turn the offices of Attorney-General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State. The struggle ended, he repaired to England, where, claiming the privileges of a natural born British

subject, he was admitted to the bar and rose rapidly to the highest eminence capable of attainment by a practitioner in the most august courts of that realm. His success was most phenomenal. When he laid aside his gown and wig, there was no one in the long list of advocates, lawyers, barristers, and Queen's counsel who could claim superiority over him. When, moved by age and warned by physical infirmities, he determined to seek that repose which had been fairly earned by long, laborious, and conspicuous service, the English bench and bar—distinguished beyond all others—united in public testimonials to his unsurpassed professional learning and abilities, and gave cordial expression to the general regret at his retirement from a practice which he had done so much to dignify and adorn. With our flag at half mast, on the 10th of May, we participated, at this remove, in the last tributes paid to this noted Confederate, as his body was committed to the earth in a land far distant from that which, during years of privation and peril, had claimed and received his loves and devotion.

A little more than three months afterwards he was joined in the realm of shadows by the Hon. Leroy Pope Walker, who, on the morning of the 22d of August, fell on sleep at his home in Huntsville, Alabama. He was the first Confederate Secretary of War. His was the difficult mission to mobilize and arm the forces of the Confederacy at a formative period when that nation was little more than a political name. Volunteers there were of the most exalted spirit and capable of the highest endeavor, but the problem was, how to equip them for immediate and efficient service. In the language of the venerable historian, Mr. Gayarre, of Louisiana: "If Minerva, with wisdom, courage, justice, and right, was on the side of the Southern champion, yet it was Minerva not only without any armor, but even without necessary garments to protect her against the inclemencies of the weather; whilst on the other side there stood Mars in full panoply, Ceres with her inexhaustible cornucopia, Jupiter with his thunderbolts, Neptune with his trident, Mercury with his winged feet and his emblematic rod, Plutus with his hounds, Vulcan with his forge and hammer." It is even now a marvel, passing comprehension, how the Confederate States were able so rapidly to equip and to place in the field large bodies of troops. Equally astonishing is it that a government, born in a day and erected in the midst of a population almost wholly agricultural, could so quickly establish machine shops and foundries, compass the importation and manufacture of munitions of war, man heavy batteries, supply field artil-

lery, and place muskets and sabres in the hands of expectant soldiery. That in this difficult business of arming for the war General Walker evinced a patriotism, an energy, and a capacity worthy of special commendation, will be freely admitted.

But it is not only of these Confederates who held high commission in that service which belongs now to history and to our hearts that we would speak on this memorial occasion. Alas! the "fell sergeant death" has advanced his pale flag within our lines, and has served his summons upon some who were knit to us alike by the ties of Confederate brotherhood, by the bonds of a common citizenship, by the attractions of personal friendship, and by the endearments of this our special fraternity. On the 4th of November last our comrade, Captain Joshua K. Evans, in the prime of manhood and while actively engaged in the discharge of the duties appertaining to his calling, was suddenly snatched from our companionship. He was an early and a devoted member of this Association, loyal to the memories which it is designed to perpetuate, and proud of the privileges which it extends. In his demise we mourn the departure of a friend, a useful citizen, and a gallant Confederate soldier, who, at first as a Lieutenant in the Georgia Light Guards, and subsequently as a Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of General A. R. Wright, knew no fear, and neglected no duty either in camp or on the field of battle.

After a lingering illness, during which he manifested the utmost composure, our fellow-member, Lieutenant Charles Spaeth, on the 20th of December, bade farewell to these earthly scenes. As an officer of the Washington Artillery he served the Confederacy well, and, at the memorable battle of Shiloh, encountered a painful hurt. He was a prominent representative of the German element in our population, and, by his integrity, benevolence, probity, and public spirited interest in the welfare of the home of his adoption, commanded the respect, the confidence, and the good-will of us all.

In the death of our companion, Professor Robert C. Eve, M. D., ex surgeon of the Confederate army, which occurred on the night of the 30th of January of the present year, the Medical Department of the University of Georgia has lost an able teacher, this community a practitioner of skill, experience, and of humane impulses, Augusta a citizen of influence and sterling worth, and our Association a prominent member and a valued friend.

On this day, consecrate to the memory of our Confederate dead, we, who survive, drawing still closer the one to the other, and re-

uniting the chain from which these broken links have fallen, lament the absence of these our companions who have gone before, extend to those near and dear unto them the assurance of our sincere condolence, and place a brother's garland upon their new-made graves.

"Farewell brother soldiers! In peace may ye rest,
And light lie the turf on each veteran breast,
Until that review when the souls of the brave
Shall behold the chief Ensign—fair Mercy's flag—wave."

In his quiet home, ennobled by the presence of the live-oak, that monarch of the Southern forest, beautified by the queenly magnolia grandiflora, redolent of the perfumes of a semi-tropical region, fanned by the soft breezes which blow from the Gulf, and hallowed by exhibitions of respect, affection, and veneration most sincere, the ex-President of the Confederacy, now well-stricken in years, has recently been confined to a couch of pain, sensible of the infirmities inseparable from old age, and suffering from the effects of a wound encountered in the military service of this nation during the war with Mexico. Since the hush of that great storm which convulsed our land, and in which he was entrusted with the main conduct of the fortunes of the Confederate States, he has borne himself with a dignity and a composure, with a fidelity to the traditions of a consecrated past, with a just observance of the proprieties of the situation, and with an exalted heroism worthy of all admiration. Conspicuous for his gallantry and ability as an officer of the army, prominent as a secretary, senator and statesman in the political annals of these United States, illustrious for all time as the president of a nation, which, although enduring but for a few years, has bequeathed to history glorious names, notable events, and grand memories which will survive the flood of ages, and most intelligent and earnest in his vindication of the aims, rights, impulses, and conduct of the Southern people during their phenomenal revolution, his reputation abides unclouded by defeat, and his more than Spartan virtue unimpaired by the mutations of fortune and the shadows of disappointment.

"Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves.
There is a nobleness of mind that heals
Wounds beyond salves."

To him—our venerable and beloved ex-president, our duly constituted leader in that mighty war which consolidated the energies, the patriotism, and the supreme devotion of this land, to him the first

honorary member of this Association, and the only one complimented with the badge which we, as active members, so fondly cherish, do we—giving expression to sentiments which are dominant in the breasts of thousands—cordially tender our sympathies in this the season of his declining years and multiplying infirmities, hoping that it will please a kind Providence to lengthen out his illustrious life for the joy of kindred and the further respect and honor of this age.

> Verily hath his soul
> * * "brooked the turning tide
> With that untaught, innate philosophy
> Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
> Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
> * * * *
> With a sedate and all enduring eye"
> he remains
> * "unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled."
> Heaven grant he may never find
> "That life protracted, is protracted woe."

There is another—not a Confederate—who, stricken by a lethal disease, lingers in pain and helplessness on the brink of the dark river, calmly, despairingly, heroically awaiting the summons to join the innumerable throng which peoples the further and unknown shore. Rising grade by grade amid the shock of many battles, he won the leadership of the Federal armies. Ascending still higher, for two terms he filled the office of President of the United States. Not content with these sublime honors, he traversed seas and continents and everywhere received from the statesmen, warriors and potentates of the civilized world such tokens of respect and distinguished consideration as had never before been accorded to a living American. Failing to seek dignified repose, and resting not upon the labors he had accomplished, the celebrity he had achieved, in the heart of a great city he suffered himself to be drawn into the maëlstrom of speculation where he speedily encountered financial ruin and mortification most poignant. He who had wielded the supreme command of grand armies in a contest the most gigantic in the history of modern wars—who had presided over the destinies of the most puissant Republic in the sisterhood of nations and consorted with the princes of the earth—now lies trembling between life and death upon a couch of anguish and disappointment. Marvellous mutation in human fortune!

But, my comrades, remembering him now as the generous victor

who, at the ever memorable meeting at Appomattox, to our immortal Lee, and to the glorious eight thousand veterans—surviving heroes of the Army of Northern Virginia—on the 9th of April, 1865, conceded liberal and magnanimous terms of surrender, do we—standing by the graves of our Confederate Dead, and mindful of the memories which the observance of this occasion is designed to perpetuate—respectfully tender to General Grant assurances of our sincere and profound sympathy in this the season of his direful extremity.

Let us now, my comrades, refresh our recollection of a battle fought for the salvation of the commercial metropolis of this State—an engagement won almost exclusively by Georgians—a victory which, in the results achieved, may be justly esteemed as decisive, and pregnant with honor to Confederate arms.

The Federals having abandoned any designs which they may have entertained against the city of Macon, and it appearing not improbable that Augusta, with its valuable powder-mill, work-shops, foundry, arsenal and government stores would attract the notice of General Sherman in his onward march toward the coast, on the morning of the 21st of November, 1864, General Hardee ordered the First Brigade, Georgia militia, to proceed with the utmost dispatch along the line of the Central railroad, and, moving by rail or otherwise, as transportation could be secured, to rendezvous at that place at the earliest practicable moment. Major-General Gustavus W. Smith was directed to follow with the Second, Third and Fourth Brigades of Georgia militia, the two regiments of the Georgia State Line, the Augusta and Athens battalions of local troops, and Anderson's Confederate light battery. In the execution of this order, that officer, on the morning of the 22d, put his command in motion with instructions to halt at Griswoldville, and there await further advices.

While detained a few hours in Macon in consummating necessary arrangements for the conveyance of supplies and ammunition, General Smith was informed that large bodies of the enemy still lingered in the vicinity of the town and threatened his proposed line of march. His troops were immediately recalled. The order, however, did not reach them until they were engaged with what was supposed to be an inconsiderable Federal force. In the language of his official report, "a collision occurred, we being the attacking party, and though the officers and men behaved with great gallantry, they failed to carry the works of the enemy, but held a position within one hundred and fifty yards of their line until after dark, when they were

withdrawn to Macon." The First Brigade was not engaged. It had passed beyond Griswoldville prior to the appearance of the Federals. In this affair the Confederates sustained a loss, in killed and wounded, of between five and six hundred—being rather more than a fourth of the men carried into action. They were confronted by Wood's division of the Fifteenth Army Corps; General Walcutt's brigade, with two pieces of artillery, and a regiment of cavalry on either flank, being in advance. The Federals were protected by barricades and temporary works of considerable strength.

Another corps of General Sherman's army was marching from Clinton in rear of the position occupied by the Confederates, so that their situation was perilous in the extreme. This engagement, while it reflects great credit upon the gallantry of the Confederate and State forces engaged, was unnecessary, unexpected, and utterly unproductive of any good. The battle of Griswoldville will be remembered as an unfortunate accident which might have been avoided by the exercise of proper caution and circumspection. It in no wise crippled the movements of the enemy, and entailed upon the Confederates a loss, which, under the circumstances, could be illy sustained.

The line of the Central railroad being thus in the possession of the Federals, the destination of General Smith's command was changed from Augusta to Savannah. On the 25th of November he moved by rail to Albany, and thence marched across the country to Thomasville. "We arrived," says General Smith, "in Thomasville by noon on Monday, the 28th, having marched from Albany, a distance of between fifty-five and sixty miles, in fifty-four hours." There, "instead of finding five trains, the number I had requested to be sent, there were but two, and these could not be started until after dark." Not until two o'clock on Wednesday morning was Savannah reached. So insufficient was the transportation that he was compelled to leave the Second, Third and Fourth brigades of the Georgia militia at Thomasville to await the return of the train.

Upon arrival at Savannah, and before he had left the cars, General Smith received a peremptory order from General Hardee requiring him immediately to proceed with his command to Grahamville, South Carolina, to repel an advance of the Federals, who, moving up from Broad river, were seeking to cut the line of the Charleston and Savannah railroad. It was absolutely necessary that this communication should be preserved. Upon its security depended the retention of Savannah. Over this road must the garrison retreat in the

event that it became expedient to evacuate that city. By this route also were re-enforcements expected. General Hardee had no troops which could be detailed for this important service, except two regular Confederate regiments from Charleston, and it was feared that they would arrive too late for the emergency. Not a moment could be lost, and it was urged upon General Smith that if he would move at once and hold the enemy in check, several thousand troops, en route from North and South Carolina for the re-enforcement of the garrison at Savannah, would appear and ensure the effectual repulse of the Federals. Although the statute organizing the State forces confined their service and operations to the limits of Georgia; although, strictly speaking, there rested upon these troops no legal obligation to move beyond the confines of their own State, whose territory they were instructed to defend; although General Smith had a qualified authority from Governor Brown to withdraw the Georgia State forces under his command from Confederate service in case they were ordered beyond the limits of the State, and although his men were "almost broken down by fatigue and want of rest," realizing that the battle for the salvation of the metropolis of Georgia was on the instant to be fought on Carolina soil, and, after a full conference with the Lieutenant-General, becoming satisfied that it was right and proper the movement should be made, General Smith issued the requisite orders, and, about eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 30th of November, arrived at Grahamville, South Carolina, with his leading brigade. The conduct of that officer and the Georgia State troops in this emergency will be remembered with pride and satisfaction.

On Tuesday, the 29th of November, a Federal force, under the immediate command of Brigadier-General John P. Hatch, consisting of five thousand men of all arms, including a brigade from the navy, proceeded up Broad river to Boyd's Neck, where it landed with the intention of occupying the Charleston and Savannah railroad at Grahamville. This involved a march of only seven miles. This expedition was conceived in aid of General Sherman, who was known to be seeking the coast at some convenient point. By thus severing the communication between Savannah and Charleston, the former city would be completely isolated and Sherman enabled at pleasure, and without hazard, to cross the Savannah river at almost any point below Augusta, and establish communication with Port Royal, then the principal Federal depot on the south Atlantic coast.

When General Hatch effected a landing at Boyd's Neck, the only

Confederate force on duty at Grahamville was a part of a squadron of the Third South Carolina Cavalry. All available troops in the district had been sent into the interior to oppose General Sherman's advance. Colonel C. J. Colcock, the district commander, was fifty miles away, superintending the erection of field works at the principal crossings of the Savannah river. The Federals having landed at Boyd's Neck at eight o'clock on the morning of the 29th of November, at a remove of only seven miles from the railroad, and there being at the time no Confederate forces in the neighborhood capable of successfully disputing their advance, had they moved promptly upon Grahamville the Charleston and Savannah railroad would, beyond doubt, have passed into their possession. During the whole of the 29th they were engaged, however, in intrenching themselves at a point distant half a mile from where they landed, and thus the golden opportunity was suffered to pass unimproved.

Colonel Colcock arrived at Grahamville about seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th, and an hour afterwards General Smith, with his leading brigade, was on the ground. Advices were received that the Federal column, marching up the Honey Hill road, had passed Bolan's Church, and was then only five miles from Grahamville. A line of breastworks, previously constructed for the use of infantry and field artillery, being equi-distant between Grahamville and the church, it became all-important that the advance of the enemy should be retarded in order that the Confederates might occupy those works. With this view Colonel Colcock pushed rapidly forward with a 12-pounder Napoleon gun of Kanapaux's Light Battery, under command of Lieutenant Zealy, and Company K, of the Third South Carolina Cavalry, Captain Peeples. He encountered the head of the Federal column on a causeway a mile and a half in front of the breastworks. It was a favorable position for impeding the enemy's progress. On the left was an impenetrable swamp, and on the right an extensive old field intersected by numerous canals and ditches. Lieutenant Zealy's 12-pounder Napoleon was planted so as to command the causeway, and Captain Peeple's company was dismounted and deployed as skirmishers across the old field. The first shell from the Napoleon gun is said to have killed and wounded nine men of the enemy. In the face of this opposing fire the Federal column halted, and, after some delay, abandoned the highway. A considerable force was detached, which commenced marching across the old field with a view to flanking the Confederate position. To counteract this movement, Colonel Col-

cock ordered his men to set fire to the broom-sedge, which was dry and covered the entire field. A strong wind, then prevailing and blowing in the direction of the enemy, carried down upon them, with surprising rapidity, a fierce line of flame and smoke before which they precipitately retreated; in their flight abandoning blankets, haversacks and knapsacks. Reforming in the road, the Federals advanced, Colonel Colcock retiring with his little command and disputing their progress from time to time as opportunity occurred.

Meanwhile General Smith had fully occupied the breastworks, and completed his dispositions. To Colonel Colcock, the district commander, was assigned the general charge of the main line.

The engagement commenced about ten o'clock in the morning, and from that time until nearly dark the enemy made repeated but fruitless efforts to carry the Confederate position. The Confederates brought into action five pieces of field artillery and about fourteen hundred effective muskets. There were also three companies and two detachments of the Third South Carolina Regiment of Cavalry, under Major Jenkins.* The Confederate line of battle extended from the Honey-Hill road, on which its right rested in a semi-circular form through an open pine barren to the Coosawhatchie road.

At a remove of one hundred and fifty yards in front of the Confederate line and extending almost its entire length, was a low, swampy ground, about twenty yards wide. As the head of the Federal column appeared at a curve in the Honey-Hill road, less than two hundred yards in advance of the field works occupied by the Confederates, it encountered a murderous fire of artillery and musketry before which it recoiled.

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* The following organizations were present on this memorable occasion, and constituted the little Confederate army charged with driving back a Federal force more than three times as numerous:

Infantry.—The First Brigade Georgia Militia, Colonel Willis; the State Line Brigade (Georgia), Colonel Wilson; the Seventeenth Georgia, Confederate Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Edwards; the Thirty-second Georgia, Confederate Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Bacon; the Athens Battalion, Major Cook; the Augusta Battalion, Major Jackson.

Cavalry.—Companies B and E, and detachments from Company C and the Rebel Troop, all belonging to the Third Regiment South Carolina Cavalry, under command of Major Jenkins.

Artillery.—A section of the Beaufort Artillery, Captain Stuart; a section of De Pass's Light Battery; a section of the Lafayette Artillery; one gun from Kanapaux's Light Battery.

The Federals were approaching in apparent ignorance of this line of field works, and of the serious opposition which they were destined to experience. Staggered by this unexpected and deadly blow, some time elapsed before they deployed in line of battle to the right and left of the Honey-Hill road in front of the Confederate line and just across the swampy ground to which allusion has been made. This low ground was wooded to an extent sufficient to partially conceal the movements of the enemy, but not to protect them from the heavy fire of infantry and artillery which crashed through their ranks causing great destruction and demoralization. So soon as the Federals had formed their line of battle, efforts were made to force the centre of the Confederate line and also to turn its flanks. These attempts were renewed from time to time; but on each occasion resulted in defeat and heavy loss. The Confederate troops in position bravely held their ground, and the gallant Thirty-second Georgia regiment, which constituted a movable reserve, rendered efficient service in repelling these attacks, appearing always at the proper point at the most opportune time.

Wearied with and disheartened by these repeated repulses, and perceiving their inability to carry the Confederate works, the Federals, about four o'clock in the afternoon, slackened their fire, massed their artillery on their left and in the Honey-Hill road to cover their retreat, and commenced retiring. The Confederate left wing was advanced, but his men being greatly exhausted and having been for many hours without food, General Smith did not deem it best to pursue. The retreat of the enemy was effected during the evening and night of the 30th, and the next morning found the remnant of General Hatch's army behind its breastworks near Boyd's landing, covered by the protecting batteries of the Federal gunboats.

The Confederate losses amounted only to four killed and forty wounded. Those of the enemy are stated by General Grant, in his official report, as seven hundred and forty-six in killed, wounded, and missing.* The Confederate artillery was admirably handled and caused much execution. In General Hatch's command were several negro regiments. They suffered severely. It appeared upon a subsequent inspection of the field, that they occupied some of the most exposed positions.

"I have never seen or known of a battlefield," says General Smith in his official report, "upon which there was so little confusion,

* Rebellion Record, Volume XI, page 344.

and where every order was so cheerfully and promptly obeyed, and where a small number of men for so long a time successfully resisted the determined and oft-repeated efforts of largely superior attacking forces."

The enemy having been thoroughly beaten back on the 30th, and Confederate reinforcements having, during the afternoon of that day and the morning of the 1st of December, concentrated at Grahamville in numbers sufficient to confirm the fruits of the victory and hold the line of the railway, General Smith regarded the necessity as no longer existing for detaining the Georgia State troops "beyond their legal jurisdiction." Accordingly, having asked and obtained permission from Lieutenant-General Hardee to lead his exhausted command back to Georgia, he arrived in Savannah with his troops at ten o'clock on the night of the 1st of December. From that time, until the evacuation of the city, this officer and the State forces were posted on the right of the western lines of the city of Savannah where they rendered efficient service and sustained an honorable part prior to, and during the progress of, the siege.

This victory at Honey Hill relieved Savannah from an impending danger which, had it not been averted, would have necessitated its immediate evacuation under the most perilous circumstances—maintained the only line of communication by which re-enforcements were expected for the relief of the commercial metropolis of Georgia—and finally afforded an avenue of retreat when, three weeks afterwards, the garrison, unable longer to cope with the enveloping legions of Sherman, withdrew from the city.

In acknowledgment and commendation of the conduct and services of General Smith and his command, the Legislature of Georgia, on the 9th of March, 1865, passed the following complimentary resolution:

"*Resolved*, by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Assembly met, that the thanks of the State are due and are hereby tendered to General G. W. Smith, and to the officers and men composing the First Division of Georgia militia, and to the officers and men of the Georgia State Line, for their conspicuous gallantry at Griswoldville in this State; and especially for their unselfish patriotism in leaving their State and meeting the enemy on the memorable and well fought battlefield at Honey Hill in South Carolina.

"The State with pride records this gallant conduct of her militia,

and feels assured that when an emergency again arises State lines will be forgotten by her militia, and a patriotism exhibited which knows nothing but our whole country."

Twenty years have elapsed, my comrades, since the surrender of the Confederate armies. The shadows are lengthening upon the dial of our fraternity, and there is no hand to stay the going down of the sun upon the generation which followed the Red-Cross to the tented field. Until the night comes, let us see to it that the reputation of virtuous actions so nobly won and so heroically maintained by our companions who have ascended to the stars, suffers no degeneration in our impulses, our characters, and our lives.

Battle of Chickamauga.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL T. C. HINDMAN.

ATLANTA, GA., October 25th, 1863.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. M. SORREL,
Acting Adjutant-General Longstreet's Corps:

COLONEL,—Sickness prevented me from exercising command on Saturday, September 19th, until about 3 P. M.; my division had then just crossed the Chickamauga at Hunt's Ford, and was soon after ordered to the support of Major-General Hood. The order was executed under a heavy artillery fire from the enemy, causing some loss. My position was on Hood's left and Buckner's right, near the centre of the left wing of the army, facing west, parallel with the Lafayette and Chattanooga road, six or eight hundred yards distant. The brigades of Deas and Manigault constituted my first line, and Anderson's my reserve Nothing important happened during the remainder of the day. After dark, in the readjustment of my line, a sharp skirmish occurred on Manigault's left, the enemy retiring.

About 11 A. M. on Sunday, September 20th, under orders from Lieutenant-General Longstreet, commanding the left wing, my command moved forward simultaneously with the troops on my right. At the distance of three hundred yards skirmishing commenced, and immediately my whole line was engaged. Rushing on at the double-quick, through a storm of bullets, shot and shell, Deas's brave Alabamians and Manigault's Alabamians and South Carolinians, equally

brave, drove the enemy from his breastworks, then pushed him beyond the Lafayette road, and charged his second line of breastworks three hundred yards further on. The troops on Manigault's left not advancing with him, he was enfiladed on that flank by infantry and artillery, checked, and at length forced to retire. One gun of his battery, temporarily disabled, was left exposed to capture, when Colonel I. C. Reid's Twenty-eighth Alabama gallantly faced about and brought it off in safety.

Deas swept like a whirlwind over the breastworks. Anderson's fearless Mississippians carrying the breastworks in their front, moved up rapidly on his left, to Manigault's place. Without halting, these two brigades then drove the enemy across the Crawfish Spring road and up the broken spurs of Missionary Ridge, to its first elevation, one hundred yards west. Hiding behind this, the enemy opened a tremendous fire of musketry and cannon upon our line as it advanced, and at the same time enfiladed it from an eminence in a field on the right. But, without faltering, he was charged, driven from his strong position, and pursued upwards of three quarters of a mile, when he ceased resisting and disappeared, going north, completely routed. A body of Federal cavalry, covering the retreat of the infantry, made a demonstration against my right, but retired hastily when about to be attacked.

Meantime Manigault sent back for, and received the support of Trigg's brigade of Buckner's corps, and with it compelled the rapid retreat of the force in his front.

The Fifteenth Alabama regiment of General Law's command, which had lost its direction, fired on Deas's right, but upon discovering the mistake, moved up and fought gallantly with him. I now sent staff officers to the right and left, and ascertained that my advance was nearly a mile further west than any other troops of the left wing, none of which had yet reached the Crawfish Spring road. To my right and rear there was hot firing. I determined to move there, and gave the necessary orders directing the command to march northeast to the Lafayette road, till the position of our troops then engaged should be ascertained. This was to avoid the possibility of collision with friendly forces, and to gain time for reforming portions of my command disordered by their rapid pursuit of the enemy.

In the splendid advance which I have attempted to describe, through woods and fields and over a part of Missionary Ridge, against the troops of Sheridan's and J. C. Davis's divisions, seven-

teen pieces of Federal artillery were captured by my division, fourteen of which were taken in possession and conveyed to the rear by Captain Waters, Acting Chief of Artillery, and three pieces by Major Riley, Chief of Ordnance. Since the battle I have been informed that a staff officer from army headquarters found ten pieces abandoned in a gorge in front of my position, west of the Crawfish Spring road. The number of prisoners exceeded eleven hundred, including three colonels. The ground was strewn with small arms, of which fourteen hundred were collected. Five or six standards, five caissons and one battery wagon, one ambulance, about forty horses and mules, and nine ordnance wagons, with one hundred and sixty five thousand rounds of ammunition, were also secured. The numerous wounded and dead of the enemy fell into our hands. Among the latter was Brigadier-General Lytle, of the Federal army, killed by Deas's brigade.

While moving to the right and rear, I was met by a staff officer of Brigadier-General Bushrod Johnson, and afterwards by that officer himself, stating that he was hard pressed and must have support forthwith, or he would be compelled to fall back. I immediately placed Anderson's brigade under his orders.

Deas, who was out of ammunition, obtained a partial supply from Johnson's wagons, and then marched west across the Crawfish Spring road, and formed line of battle, facing west, at the top of the first ridge beyond. His skirmishers became engaged immediately with those of a force of the enemy occupying the next ridge. Manigault, now coming up, was directed to form on Deas's right. I believed the force in my front to be the same that I had previously routed, making its way towards Chattanooga, and designed cutting it off and capturing it. But at this juncture, before Manigault's line had been established, brisk firing had commenced to my right and rear, east of the Crawfish Spring road, and I received from General Johnson urgent requests for further support. Deas and Manigault at once moved in that direction and formed on his left. Previous to their arrival the firing had ceased.

General Johnson's line faced nearly north, about perpendicular to the Lafayette road and to our original line of battle. It was the side of an extremely rough and steep projection of Missionary Ridge, near Dyer's farm, and was extended eastwardly by the lines of Anderson and Kershaw. The height terminated in an open field, near Kershaw's right. It was elsewhere densely wooded. The enemy held the summit in strong force; his artillery planted on

sundry sudden elevations rising up like redoubts; his infantry between these, behind the crest and further sheltered by breastworks of trees and rocks.

At 3 P. M., a force of the enemy, probably that which I had recently confronted west of the Crawfish Spring road, appeared on my left, capturing several men of my infirmary corps, and others who had fallen out from fatigue or wounds. I was apprehensive of an attack in rear, and sent to General Longstreet and General Buckner for reinforcements. At the same time, being the officer of highest rank present, and deeming concert of action necessary, I assumed command of General Johnson's troops, and ordered an immediate and vigorous attack upon the enemy in our front. Deas and Manigault, with Johnson's command, all under direction of that officer, were ordered to wheel to the right until faced east, and then to advance, taking the enemy in flank; Anderson to move forward when the firing should begin. General Kershaw agreed to conform to the movements of the latter. I hoped to ensure the capture or destruction of the enemy by driving him in confusion upon the right wing of our army.

The movement began at half-past three. Skirmishing extended along the whole line as Deas, at the extreme left, commenced swinging. In a few minutes a terrific contest ensued, which continued at close quarters, without any intermission, over four hours. Our troops attacked again and again with a courage worthy of their past achievements. The enemy fought with determined obstinacy, and repeatedly repulsed us, but only to be again assailed. As showing the fierceness of the fight, the fact is mentioned that, on our extreme left, the bayonet was used, and the men also killed and wounded with clubbed muskets. A little after four the enemy was reinforced and advanced, with loud shouts, upon our right, but was repulsed by Anderson and Kershaw. At this time it became necessary to retire Garrity's battery, of Anderson's brigade, which had been doing effective service. It was subsequently held in reserve. Dent's battery, of Deas's brigade, was engaged throughout the struggle. Notwithstanding the repulses of our infantry, the officers and men of this battery stood to their guns undaunted, and continued firing, inflicting severe loss on the enemy and contributing largely to the success of my operations.

At twenty minutes after four, Brigadier-General Preston, of Buckner's corps, in answer to my application for help, brought me the timely and valuable reinforcements of Kelly's brigade, and, within

an hour afterwards, the remaining brigades of his division, Gracie's and Figg's. These brave troops, as they arrived, were conducted by officers of my staff to the right of my line, and promptly advanced in conjunction with the rest, upon the enemy. From this time we gained ground, but, though commanding nine brigades, with Kershaw's co-operating, and all in action, I found the gain both slow and costly. I have never known Federal troops to fight so well. It is just to say, also, that I never saw Confederate soldiers fight better.

Between half past seven and eight P. M. the enemy was driven from his position, surrendering to the gallant Preston six or seven hundred prisoners, with five standards and many valuable arms. One piece of artillery, two or three wagons, and about fifty prisoners, fell into the hands of Deas's brigade. This was the victorious ending of the battle of Chickamauga.

At 11 P. M., suffering much pain from an injury received about mid-day, I relinquished to Brigadier General Anderson the command of my division.

The usual commendatory expressions would almost seem to cheapen the services of the officers and men of my immediate command during the day, and those who fought with us in the afternoon. The relation of what they performed ought to immortalize them. For signal gallantry and efficiency, the army and country are indebted to Brigadier-Generals Preston and Johnson, and their several brigade commanders; also to Brigadier-General Kershaw, and the three brigade commanders of my division—Anderson, Deas and Manigault. Without the decided success which they won on Dyer's Hill, Chickamauga would not have been a victory, unless after another day of fighting and slaughter.

On the same roll of honor should be inscribed the names of the chivalrous staff officers, the devoted officers of the regiments and companies, and the heroic rank and file. The reports of my subordinates mention many of each grade who distinguished themselves. Not a few of them fell gloriously, and now rest on the field; others bear honorable wounds, and others, fortunately, remained unhurt. I respectfully ask attention to the records of their conspicuous bravery, and that the appropriate rewards of valor be conferred on them.

The following staff officers were with me on the field: Colonel C. W. Adams, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General and Chief of Staff; Major I. P. Wilson, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain

Walker Anderson, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant B. F. Williams, Aide-de-Camp; Captain D. D. Waters, Acting Chief of Artillery; Captain I. F. Walton, Provost Marshal; Captain Lenoir and Lieutenants Gordon and Lee, of my cavalry escort, also acted on my staff during the engagement.

The conduct of all these officers was in the highest degree soldierly, and their services most valuable. They have my thanks and deserve the confidence of their superiors. Colonel Adams, especially, by his greater experience, his cool courage, and his admirable promptness and precision, has placed me under lasting obligations and amply shown his fitness for higher rank, which I earnestly hope will be given him.

Major E. B. D. Riley, Chief of Ordnance, was very efficient in his department, having his trains almost constantly at hand, and supplying every call for ammunition with the least possible delay.

Major I. C. Palnir, C. S., performed his duties in the most satisfactory manner, providing the command with cooked rations during the battle, and the movements preliminary to it, with almost as much regularity as if prepared by the men themselves in camp. In this he was efficiently aided by Captain S. M. Lanirr, Assistant Quartermaster, an officer always ready and willing, and whose qualifications and services fairly entitle him to promotion.

Chief Surgeon C. Terry was prompt and efficient to the utmost extent of the means at his disposal.

Lieutenant L. P. Dodge, Aide-de-Camp, was disabled by being thrown from his horse before the battle commenced, and was not afterwards with me.

The strength of my division on going into action was five hundred and one officers, and five thousand six hundred and twenty-one enlisted men.

My loss in officers was sixteen killed, eighty-one wounded, and one missing; in enlisted men, two hundred and fifty-six killed, one thousand three hundred and ninety-nine wounded, and ninety-seven missing. Whole loss, two hundred and seventy-two killed, one thousand four hundred and eighty wounded, and ninety-eight missing.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

T. C. Hindman,
Major-General.

REPORT OF GENERAL BENNING.

HEADQUARTERS BENNING'S BRIGADE,
October 8th, 1863.

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor to submit to you the following report of the part taken by this brigade in the battles of the 19th and 20th ultimo on the Chickamauga :

At about 3 o'clock P. M., of the 19th, I was ordered to advance and support Brigadier-General Robertson, who was a little to my left. On advancing, I found him with his brigade hotly engaged with a superior force of the enemy's infantry, aided by a battery. The place was on the Chattanooga road near a small house, and a smaller outhouse with open ground for one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in front and stretching to the right and left, through which ran the road from front to rear. Beyond the open ground all was forest, in which, on the right of the road, was the enemy's battery. Thus the missiles from this battery not only swept over nearly all of the open ground, but passed on with effect far into the level wood in the rear.

When we first encountered the enemy, they were at the two houses and on the rear side of the open ground. After an obstinate contest they were driven from this position and across the open ground into the road beyond. We then occupied the houses—my numbers were too few to venture with them alone to follow the enemy into the wood, and to the battery. The place we held was much exposed to the enemy's fire, but with the little cover furnished by the houses, some stumps, and a few scattered trees, I thought I could hold it till the reinforcements every minute expected should arrive, when a general advance might be expected and the enemy swept from the opposite wood. We did hold it for a long time driving back several charges of the enemy to retake it. No reinforcements came. Finally, towards sunset, the enemy's fire from his battery and from his infantry, protected by the wood, became so heavy, and so many of our officers and men had fallen, that we had ourselves to retire a short distance. We accordingly took up a new position a hundred or two yards in rear of the houses, where we remained till the close of the fight. We, in this engagement, felt much the want of artillery to oppose, not only the enemy's artillery, but to his infantry. But none came to our aid. None had been attached either to my brigade or to Brigadier-General Robertson's. My loss was very

heavy to my numbers. In the Twentieth regiment seventeen officers out of twenty-three were killed and wounded. In the other regiments, the proportion though not so great, was very great.

The proportionate loss among the men was but little less. The command fought with a dogged resolution.

On the next day the brigade was in line a little to the right of the place where it had fought the day before and a short distance in the rear of Law's brigade. At about 12 o'clock M., I was ordered to follow and support that brigade at the distance of from three to four hundred yards. After advancing, in obedience to this order, four or five hundred yards, and after having passed the Chattanooga road, Law's brigade which had moved a little faster than mine became lost to view in the thick woods. At the same time I saw the enemy in considerable force on his right, apparently preparing to attack his flank and rear. I immediately changed the direction of march by bearing to the right and advancing my left so as to face the enemy. I then marched upon them and attacked them. After a sharp contest they gave way and we pursued them. They made a stand at some artillery in the woods, but were driven again from this position and pursued several hundred yards beyond the guns, where they disappeared in the woods. In a short time they returned in heavy force and made a desperate effort to recover their ground. Here there was a very obstinate fight. At length I saw them turning my right to get into my rear. We then fell back behind the cannon, facing so as to meet this new demonstration. The enemy followed a short distance, but not fast enough to retake the artillery, and for some time kept up with us at long range an artillery fire, and finally they disappeared.

The artillery taken consisted of seven or eight pieces. According to my account there were eight—four brass and four iron pieces. Some of the officers thought there were only three. A flag was also taken with the guns.

The brigade, reduced as it was to a handful by the fight of the day before, again suffered heavily. Lieutenant-Colonel Matthews, commanding Seventeenth Georgia, fell, mortally wounded, while acting in a most heroic manner.

On the previous day four field officers had been wounded, one I fear mortally, Lieutenant-Colonel Seago, Twentieth Georgia; the other three were Colonel Du Bose, of the Fifteenth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel Sheppard, commanding Second Georgia, and Captain McLaws, acting Major of Second Georgia. Many other officers

of the line fell killed or wounded in one fight or the other. Lieutenant Hermon H. Perry, Brigade Inspector and Acting Adjutant had his horse shot under him. Owen T. Thweatt, one of my couriers had his horse shot under him. Joseph D. Bethuye, another, had his horse shot under him, and was at the same time himself wounded The remaining courier, S. Sligh, was knocked from his horse by a piece of shell, which, however, only bruised him. Hardly a man or officer escaped without a touch of his person or clothes. Colonel Waddell of the Twentieth, Major Shannon of the Fifteenth, Major Charlton of the twenty-three field officers left, set a shining example to their men, as did those that were wounded.

A list of the casualties has already been forwarded, also a tabular statement of the strength of the brigade on each day.

I am, Captain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY L. BENNING.

Notes by General Benning on Battle of Chickamauga.

The brigade was hotly engaged both days. The first day the number of officers and men was about eight hundred and fifty. The loss this day was very heavy, but it was never reported separately. At night about fifty more joined the brigade. Next day the loss was again heavy. For both days it amounted to about five hundred and ten, of whom nearly all were killed or wounded. Five field officers out of eight were killed or wounded. Seventeen officers out of twenty-two in the Twentieth Georgia were killed or wounded. The reports are lost, but I remember what I have stated. The field officers were: Lieutenant Colonel Matthews, Seventeenth Georgia, mortally wounded and died at night; Lieutenant-Colonel Seago, Twentieth Georgia, shot through the lungs; Captain McLewis, acting Major, Second Georgia, lost a leg; Lieutenant-Colonel Shepherd, commanding Second Georgia, and Colonel Du Bose, Fifteenth, were also wounded, but not so severely.

The conduct of the brigade was most excellent. The second day it captured two batteries of four guns each, one with its flag, and held them, after a desperate struggle by the enemy to retake them. Here Lieutenant-Colonel Matthews received his death wound, acting with most conspicuous gallantry. We were forced back behind the

batteries, about forty yards, after having taken them, and there Matthews fell in the desperate stand we made to recover and save the guns. We saved them, and finally, the enemy retired out of sight.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL A. P. STEWART.

HEADQUARTERS STEWART'S DIVISION,
NEAR CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
October 15th, 1863.

Captain I. N. GALLAGHER,
Assistant Adjutant-General:

SIR,—This division, constituting at the time a part of Buckner's corps, with the exception of Johnson's brigade detached, marched on Thursday morning, September 17th, 1863, from Lafayette, Georgia, in the direction of Chattanooga. We bivouacked for the night on Peavine creek, and resumed the march next morning, with Bate's brigade in front, Clayton's following, and Brown's in rear, the column taking the direction to Thedford's Ford, on the west Chickamauga. Arriving during the afternoon of Friday, the 18th, within a mile or less of the ford, Major-General Buckner directed me to occupy the high ground in its vicinity, commanding the approaches to it, but not to bring on an engagement with the enemy, who were near at hand, unless necessary. With the aid of Major Nocquet, of the engineers, Bate's and Clayton's brigades, with their batteries, were placed in position on the wooded heights, respectively, below and above the ford, Brown's being drawn up in reserve in rear of Clayton's. The Eufala Battery, Captain Oliver, commanding, and Caswell's battalion of sharpshooters, both of Bate's brigade, opened fire upon the enemy, in the direction of Alexander's Bridge, who soon retired. Three companies from Clayton's brigade were then sent across the stream to occupy, as skirmishers, a wooded hill beyond, and after nightfall his entire brigade crossed.

Early Saturday morning, the 19th, the other two brigades passed on, and formed in rear of Clayton's. The Commanding General coming up soon after, and receiving information that the troops which had crossed the stream lower down had advanced and established their line in front of and nearly at right angles to Preston's, whose division had passed the stream above and was then on my left, General Buckner directed me to move forward and form on the left

of this line. This was done, Clayton forming on the left of McNair, whose brigade constituted part of an impromptu division, commanded by Brigadier-General B. R. Johnson, Brown and Bate in rear. Preston's division was then formed on my left, also in three lines, all fronting nearly or quite to the west. While in this position the Eufala Battery (three-inch rifled guns) was sent forward by General Buckner's orders, as I was informed, and opened fire on the enemy's position in front. The enemy replied with shell and round shot, wounding a few of our men. A subsequent change, made also by order of General Buckner, moved us a space equal to brigade front directly to the right. Soon after making this change of position, and, as I supposed, near noon, Major Pollock B. Lee brought me an order from the commanding General to move to the point where firing had commenced, which seemed to be a considerable distance to the right and somewhat to the rear of us. Before moving, I went to General Bragg himself, who was near by, in order to get more specific directions. He informed me that Walker was engaged on the right, was much cut up, and the enemy threatening to turn his flank; that General Polk was in command on that wing, and that I must be governed by circumstances. Moving by the right flank in the direction indicated, from half a mile to a mile, we arrived near a cornfield, beyond which the heaviest firing was heard. Messengers were sent in search of General Polk, but without success, and fearing to lose too much time, I determined to move upon the enemy across the cornfield. Lieutenant W. B. Richmond, aid to General Polk, confirmed me in this design. He came up in search of the General himself, and told me that from what he knew of the nature of the ground and situation of the enemy, a better point at which to attack them could not be found. Accordingly, Brigadier-General Clayton was directed to advance, and it is but just to this excellent officer and his fine brigade to say that they moved forward to this their first engagement with great spirit and alacrity, and in admirable order. Major Hatcher, of my staff, was sent with them to bring me intelligence, and I followed myself until overtaken by an aid of Brigadier-General Wright, of Cheatham's division, who informed me that Wright's brigade had been turned by the enemy on its left, its battery captured and the General needed aid. Passing a short distance towards the left, and meeting General Wright he informed me that his brigade had fallen back, leaving his battery in the hands of the enemy. This, at least, was the substance of what he said, according to my recollection. Brigadier-General Brown was imme-

diately ordered to advance, and soon after it was discovered that Clayton's brigade had obliqued to the left, and was moving forward in our front. After a severe engagement of near an hour, during which he sustained a loss of nearly four hundred officers and men, General Clayton withdrew to replenish his exhausted ammunition, and his place was supplied by General Brown. This gallant officer, with his veteran command, advanced rapidly, driving the enemy before them several hundred yards through a dense undergrowth and routing his first line, driving it back upon his second, which was posted on a slight ridge, and supported by artillery. Advancing upon this line, under a terrific fire from all arms, the enemy were forced from the ridge, which was occupied, but from which the brigade soon withdrew, in consequence of a force of the enemy threatening its right.

After passing the dense undergrowth mentioned, the horses were killed and gunners driven from several pieces opposite the centre and right of the brigade. Three of them, six-pounder rifled brass pieces, were brought off by Lieutenant Anderson, commanding Dawson's battery, and two others by other troops of the division. The left regiment (Twenty-sixth Tennessee) also drove the enemy from another battery, three pieces of which were left between the opposing lines, but were not brought off. The brigade sustained, during this engagement, a heavy loss in officers and men. It being necessary to relieve Brown, Bate's brigade was brought up and received by the enemy with as hot a fire as had successively greeted Clayton and Brown. Attacking, however, with their usual impetuosity, they drove the enemy back, forcing him to withdraw his batteries and to abandon one position after another, losing and recapturing a piece of artillery, and wresting from him the flag of the Fifty-first Tennessee regiment, Wright's brigade. Clayton's brigade being again brought forward as a support to Bates, the two pressed on, driving the enemy beyond the road leading to Chattanooga. Clayton's brigade, with a portion of Bate's, continued the pursuit for half a mile beyond this road, when, in consequence of threatening movements on the right and left, they fell back leisurely about sunset, reforming on the east side of the road. In these charges the Fifteenth and Thirty-seventh Tennessee regiments, Colonel Tyler commanding, captured four pieces of artillery, and Clayton's brigade, aided by the Fifty-eighth Alabama, of Bate's brigade (Colonel Bush Jones commanding), captured three pieces. During the whole of these several engagements the enemy's fire was very heavy and destructive, and each

brigade suffered severely, both in officers and men. Their conduct was most gratifying and needs no praise from me.

As the result of the afternoon's work, to which each brigade contributed its full share, I claim that we rescued the battery of Wright's brigade and the flag of one of his regiments; that twelve pieces of artillery were wrested from the enemy, from two to three hundred prisoners were captured, and several hundred stands of small arms secured and sent to the rear, and the enemy's line pierced near its centre and driven back beyond the Chattanooga road. Among the prisoners was Lieutenant-Colonel Von Schraden, Assistant Inspector General on the staff of the Federal General Thomas. Of the artillery actually captured, I am unable to ascertain how many pieces were ultimately secured. After night, Major Eldridge, Chief of Artillery, sent four pieces and one caisson beyond the Chickamauga.

The men being exhausted, and night approaching, after distributing ammunition, Brown's brigade was formed in front, facing the Chattanooga road; Clayton on the right and facing in that direction, as there were no troops of ours within half a mile of us towards the right. Bate's brigade on the left and in rear of Brown s. During the night a number of stragglers from the ranks of the enemy were picked up and sent to the rear by my skirmishers or pickets. I should have stated that owing to the difficulties of the ground, its advantages being altogether with the enemy, it was found impracticable to use artillery. During the night the enemy were heard constructing defences, and moving artillery towards his left.

After leaving General Bragg, as mentioned, I saw no officer whose rank was superior to my own for the rest of the day. Having been separated from the corps to which the division was attached, a staff officer was sent after night—the earliest moment practicable—to report to Major-General Buckner, who directed that we should remain in position until further orders.

Early the next morning, 20th, Lieutenant-General Longstreet, who had arrived during the night, came to see me, and informed me that I would receive my orders on that day directly from him, that the attack was to commence on our extreme right at daylight, was to be followed on the left, and gradually, or rather successively, to extend to the centre, and that I should move after the division on my right or the one on my left had moved according to circumstances. Apprising him of the fact that there were no troops to the right, at least within half a mile, he directed me to move something more than a quarter of a mile in that direction. This was done. Brown's brigade

forming on the front line on the crest of a slight ridge, and constructing a breastwork of logs, Clayton's a few hundred yards in rear, on a parallel ridge, and Bate with his left resting on Brown's right, his line extending obliquely to the right and rear to prevent the enemy from turning our position, it having been ascertained that the right wing was a very considerable distance to our rear. My division was the right of the left wing commanded by Lieutenant General Longstreet, and McNair's brigade was on the left of Brown's. Subsequently Wood's brigade, of Cleburne's division, was formed on the right, and in prolongation of Brown's, and about nine A. M., Deshler's was formed on the right of Bate's.

In the meantime, a heavy fire was opened upon us from the enemy's batteries in our immediate front, and but a few hundred yards distant, by which some losses were occasioned. At length, about eleven A. M., Major Lee, of General Bragg's staff, came to me with an order to advance at once and attack the enemy. I informed him what orders had previously been received, and that no attack had been made on my right. He replied that General Bragg had directed him to pass along the lines and give the order to every division commander to move upon the enemy immediately. Accordingly, I arranged with General Wood that he should advance with Brown, which was done without delay. Clayton was moved up immediately to Brown's position, and Bate's right thrown forward to bring him on line with Clayton, when they also advanced to be within supporting distance of Brown and Wood. For several hundred yards both lines pressed on under the most terrible fire it has ever been my fortune to witness. The enemy retired, and our men, though mowed down at every step, rushed on at double-quick, until at length the brigade on the right of Brown broke in confusion, exposing him to an enfilade fire. He continued on, however, some fifty to seventy-five yards further, when his two right regiments gave way in disorder and retired to their original position. His centre and left, however, followed by the gallant Clayton and indomitable Bate, pressed on, passing the cornfield in front of the burnt house, and to a distance of two to three hundred yards beyond the Chattanooga road, driving the enemy within his line of entrenchments and passing a battery of four guns, which were afterwards taken possession of by a regiment from another division. Here new batteries being opened by the enemy on our front and flank, heavily supported by infantry, it became necessary to retire, the command reforming on the ground occupied before the advance.

During this charge, which was truly heroic, our loss was severe. Several valuable officers were killed and wounded. Generals Brown and Clayton were each struck by spent grape, temporarily disabling the former, and General Bate and several of his staff had their horses killed, the second lost by General Bate that morning. After remaining long enough to reform the lines, to replenish ammunition and rest the men, the command again advanced to the cornfield mentioned above, then moved by the right flank until it formed across a ridge, which extended obliquely to the front and right. The enemy were still in position behind a breastwork of logs a few hundred yards in front of us, and General Buckner coming up, I understood it to be his wish that I should not then attempt to go forward, but to await orders.

In the meantime a severe struggle was going on to the right and left of the field, in one corner of which, near the Chattanooga road, stood Kelly's house.

About 5 P. M., an order reached me by an officer of General Longstreet's staff, to move forward upon the enemy. Brown's brigade, now commanded by Colonel Cook, of the Thirty-second Tennessee, was directed to support the artillery placed in position on a hill in the cornfield to our left, and Clayton's and Bate's brigades, in the order named, advanced with a cheer and at a double-quick upon the enemy's defences. The enemy gave way, utterly routed, our men dashed over their breastworks pursuing to the edge of the open ground or field around the "Kelly house," where we halted, capturing three or four hundred prisoners, among whom was Major Beattie, of the regular army. A prisoner, brought up before the charge was made, stated that the position was held by the division of the Federal General Reynolds. The Eufala Battery was brought up and fired the last shots at the retreating foe, who, being taken in flank by our attack, fled from their position in front of the division on our right.

During the night and next morning several thousand stands of small arms, accoutrements, &c., and a large quantity of ammunition were collected by my division, a large portion of which was removed by our ordnance wagons.

The subjoined statement shows our total loss in the three brigades during Friday afternoon, Saturday and Sunday.

Among these were several officers of eminent worth and services, whose names are mentioned in the reports of brigade commanders. I desire to express my high appreciation of Brigadier-Generals

Brown, Bate and Clayton, and of their respective commands. Representing the three States of Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee, they vied with each other in deeds of high and noble daring. The Confederacy has nowhere braver defenders led by more skillful commanders. It is due to the several members of my staff that I should acknowledge my obligations for their invaluable services, and record my estimate of their personal bearing and conduct in the field.

Major R. A. Hatcher, Acting Adjutant-General, than whom there is not a more active or faithful officer in the service, displayed throughout his usual intelligence, promptness and cool courage. Major John C. Thompson, Acting Inspector General, and Lieutenant S. H. Cahal, Acting Adjutant and Inspector General, were conspicuous for their zeal and disregard of danger. Major J. W. Eldridge, Chief of Artillery, discharged his duties with energy and skill, bringing the artillery into play, on the few occasions where it was practicable, with judgement and success. My two aids, Lieutenants Bromfield Ridley, Jr., and R. Caruthers Stewart, though very young men, and the latter under fire for the first time, behaved with com mendable gallantry.

On Saturday I was also well served by Mr. John E. Hatcher, a volunteer aid, and Private John M. House, a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office. To Chief Surgeon G. B. Thornton, and the Medical Inspector, Dr. G. W. Burton, I am indebted for the good care of the wounded, and the excellent hospital arrangements provided under their supervision, and for their unremitting attention to their duties. Under the management of Captain J. W. Stewart, ordnance officer, supplies of ammunition were always promptly at hand when needed, and affairs were managed to my entire satisfaction in their respective departments by Majors John A. Lauderdale, Acting Quartermaster, and J. D. Cross, Acting Commissary of Subsistence, who are among the most faithful and energetic officers of their branches of service.

My thanks are due to Captain H. L. Foule, commanding my escort, and who acted as my aid, and to the officers and men of his admirable company, for their intelligence, activity and zeal. I have never required a service from the company, nor from any member of it, that was not performed to my entire satisfaction. In conclusion, I desire to express my humble, but most grateful, acknowledgments to Almighty God for the signal success that crowned our arms. Greatly outnumbered as we were by a skillful and determined foe, our own strong arms and stout hearts could never have secured to

us the victory without the Divine favor. Let all the praise be ascribed to His holy name.

Enclosing with this the report of brigade and regimental commanders, to which I beg to refer for details and for the names of those in their respective commands who entitled themselves to special mention,

I am, Captain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ALEXANDER P. STEWART,
Major-General.

The credit of rescuing Carnes's battery, of Wright's brigade, is due to Brown's brigade. The flag of the Fifty-first Tennessee regiment was recaptured by Bate's brigade.

ALEX. P. STEWART,
Major-General.

Statement of Losses in the three Brigades during Friday afternoon, Saturday and Sunday.

BRIGADES.	Officers.	Men.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.	Per cent.
Brown's	120	1,320	50	426	4	480	33.3
Bate's	132	1,085	66	516	11	593	48.7
Clayton's	94	1,352	86	535	13	634	42.4
Dawson's Battery	3	62	1	6	8	7	
Eufala Battery	3	103	1	13	.....	14	
Humphrey's Battery	3	86	1	2	.....	3	
Escort Company	3	32	... ..	1	1	2	
	358	4,040	205	1,499	29	1,733	

REPORT OF GENERAL J. B. ROBERTSON.

HEADQUARTERS TEXAS BRIGADE,
IN THE FIELD NEAR CHATTANOOGA,
October 4th, 1863.

Captain L. R. TERRILL,
Acting Adjutant-General Hood's Division:

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor to respectfully submit my report of the part taken by my brigade in the action of the 19th and 20th September. My duties in the field have precluded me from submitting my report at an earlier period After having remained in line of battle from daybreak until near three o'clock P. M., I was ordered to take position on the left of Colonel Sheffield, commanding Law's brigade (General Law being in command of the division). This placed me on the extreme left of our line. On receiving the order to advance and attack the enemy, I was directed to keep closed on Law's brigade. I had not advanced more than two hundred yards until the enemy was reported appearing on my left and endangering my left flank. Colonel Manning, commanding Third Arkansas, my left regiment, was ordered to change front with two companies, and meet them, I believing at the moment that it was a small force sent to make a diversion by threatening my flank. Before these dispositions were completed, my line had passed the crest of the hill, and I discovered the enemy in heavy force on my left, and they opened a heavy fire upon me. I sent a staff officer to inform General Law of it. He sent me orders to change front and meet them. This made it necessary for me to change my front forward on left battalion, which was done promptly under a heavy fire. To do this I had necessarily to detach my brigade from General Law's. I sent a courier to inform him of the change. My line steadily advanced, the enemy stubbornly contesting every inch of ground until I reached the fence that divides the two fields on the crest of the hill. The thick woods through which my two right regiments, Fourth and Fifth Texas, advanced, prevented me from knowing what was on my right, and I was advancing in a direction that separated me from the left of Law's brigade, thus leaving a considerable space uncovered and exposing my right flank. I determined to hold this, if possible, until I could be reinforced. As soon as we reached the hill and drove the enemy from it, he opened upon us with grape and canister from two batteries, both of which raked the

hill. Seeing that my force was too weak to hold the hill with my loss momentarily increasing, I ordered them to fall back just behind the crest of the hill. On seeing this the enemy pushed forward his infantry to the crest. As soon as they appeared on the hill they were charged and driven back. In this charge I had three regimental commanders wounded, whilst gallantly leading and cheering their men on, viz: Major J. C. Rogers, Fifth Texas; Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Bane, Fourth Texas, and Captain D. K. Rice, First Texas. Immediately upon reaching the hill, I sent a courier for reinforcements and a staff officer for a battery. Brigadier-General Benning came up promptly with his brigade, and with his usual gallantry assisted in holding our position until nightfall, when we were moved, by order of General Law, to our position on the left of the division, relieving General Hindman, where we bivouacked for the night. I sent three different messengers for a battery, all of which returned without any. I then went myself, but could not get the officer in command of the only one I could find to bring his battery up. I have no hesitation in believing that if I could have got a battery in position, that we could have inflicted heavy loss on the enemy, as his infantry was massed in heavy columns at the far end of the field from us. Early in the action, and while the Third Arkansas, my left regiment, was driving the enemy in superior numbers before it, the gallant Major Reidy, of that regiment, fell mortally wounded whilst leading his men with his usual coolness and daring. At daylight on the morning of the 20th we were moved by the right flank to our position, where we remained until about eleven o'clock, when we were ordered to move forward in the rear of General Law's brigade. On reaching an open field, our troops in my immediate front were heavily engaged, and just as I reached the open field they charged and took a battery. There was also heavy firing on my extreme right. General Benning, on whose left I had started, had been detached before I reached the field, and moved to the right. On looking to my right I found that there was a considerable space between our forces on the left and those on the right, occupied by the enemy, and I determined to engage them. I moved my brigade by the right flank to the proper point, and then changed my front forward on first battalion. I, at the same time, sent messengers to the forces lying in the field on my right, and requested their commander to join my right and advance with me, and one to those on my left, requesting that they join me on my left and advance with me. These messages I sent three different times as I advanced

through the field, but they failed to do so. I advanced to the top of the hill and drove the enemy from it. After holding the hill a few moments, pouring a destructive fire into his fleeing columns in my front, a fire was opened on both my right and left flanks. This fire, I believe, came from our own men in the rear of my flanks, the same that I had asked to advance with me, but before I could stop it my line had been thrown into confusion, and I found it necessary to fall back to reform. As I fell back, and just as I reached the timber, observing Major-General Hood, I rode up to him to get orders, but just as I was at the point of addressing him, he was wounded and carried from the field. Believing that I could not retake and hold the position on the hill alone, and having failed to get the co-operation of the only forces in reach, I formed my brigade in the timber and awaited orders. On reporting to General Law, I was ordered to form on the left of the division and throw up temporary works in my front.

In the aforesaid charge, I lost some of my best officers, among them Lieutenants Bookman and Killigsworth, of the Fourth Texas; Captain Billingsly, of the Fourth Texas, and Lieutenant Streitman, of the Fifth Texas, and Lieutenant Worthington, of the Third Arkansas.

Late in the evening I was moved to the position of General Preston, where I relieved General Kershaw, and bivouacked for the night.

In closing my report, justice requires that I should express my indebtedness to my personal staff for their promptness and assistance. Lieutenant Kerr, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, and Lieutenant Scott, Aide-de Camp, were active and efficient, and rendered me valuable assistance. To Major Hamilton, my commissary, I am indebted for valuable aid and assistance on the field in the battle of the 19th. He was slightly wounded.

I herewith submit the report of the regimental commanders. My list of casualties is heavy, and affords a better test of the conduct of both officers and men than any remark of mine could give. They are herewith submitted.

I am, Captain, very truly,

J. B. Robertson,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL B. G. HUMPHREYS.

HEADQUARTERS BRIGADE,
NEAR CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
October 8th, 1863.

To Major J. M. GOGGIN,
Assistant Adjutant-General:

MAJOR,—In obedience to orders I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by this brigade in the action of the 20th of September:

The brigade arrived on the battlefield, at Alexander's Bridge, at two o'clock A. M. on the 20th, from Western Virginia. About ten o'clock General Kershaw ordered me into line of battle on his left. Heavy firing was heard in our front, when we advanced in line parallel to the Lafayette road.

Crossing the road, we found the enemy on a hill at the edge of an old field. General Kershaw at once engaged him, and drove him from his position. At this time, General Bushrod Johnson rode up to me and requested me to move my brigade to General Kershaw's right, as the enemy was massing in that direction and threatening a flank movement. I immediately moved to General Kershaw's right, met the enemy in force, drove in his skirmishers and found him entrenched on a hill with artillery. After engaging him and reconnoitering his position, I found it impossible to drive him from it.

I immediately informed General Longstreet of the enemy's position and strength, and received orders from him to hold my position without advancing, while he sent a division to attack him on the right and left. The attack on my left was first made with doubtful success; the attack on my right was successful, driving the enemy from his position in great confusion. It was now dark, and no further pursuit was made.

I refer you to the accompanying lists of casualties. The brigade captured during the day over four hundred prisoners, five stands of colors and twelve hundred small arms. On the 22d, learning that a party of the enemy was on the mountain, near the gap at Rossville, I detached thirty men from the Eighteenth Regiment, and the command of Captain Ratcliff, Company A, and Lieutenant Ottenburg, of Company K, to skirmish for them. They succeeded in capturing nine officers and one hundred and twenty men, making a total of

prisoners captured by the brigade thirty-seven officers and five hundred and thirty-five men. The individual cases of gallantry and daring among the officers and men were numerous, and where all behaved so well, it is unnecessary to particularize.

I cannot conclude this report without paying a tribute of admiration to the bearing and dauntless courage of Brigadier-General Kershaw and his brave Palmetto boys, who have so long and so often fought side by side with the Mississippi troops. The gallant and heroic daring with which they met the shock of battle, and irresistibly drove back the Federal hosts, merits the highest encomiums and lasting gratitude of the army and the country.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

BENJAMIN G. HUMPHREYS,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. B. KERSHAW.

HEADQUARTERS KERSHAW'S BRIGADE,
NEAR CHATTANOOGA,
October 15th, 1863.

Major J. M. GOGGIN,
Assistant Adjutant-General:

MAJOR,—I respectfully submit the following report of the operations of my own and Humphreys's brigade in the late battle of Chickamauga:

The mention of the latter brigade is necessarily general, from the fact that General Humphreys's report did not pass through me, and being on foot during the engagement, I could only assume a very general command. I respectfully refer to the report of General Humphreys for more particular information of his movements.

At midnight on the 18th of September the last of my brigade arrived at the terminus of the railroad near Catoosa Station, and next morning marched, under orders from the General Commanding, to Ringgold, at which place the command united with that of Brigadier-General Humphreys. About nightfall orders were received from the Lieutenant-General commanding to join General Hood with the command.

Conducted by Colonel Dillard, we moved at once across Alex-

ander's bridge, over Chickamauga creek, and bivouacked at one o'clock A. M. on the 20th. At nine o'clock we were ordered by the Lieutenant-General commanding to a position in reserve to Hood's division, near the headquarters of the Commanding General. About eleven o'clock I was ordered forward with the command to report to Major-General Hood. Arriving, I found his troops engaged in front and a line of battle just going in. General Hood directed me to form line in his rear, with my centre resting on the spot where I found him, which, I suppose, was his centre. Forming line, Humphreys on my left, as rapidly as possible, under fire of the enemy and in a thick wood, I moved as directed to the front. I had been directed to occupy a line of breastworks, but, before reaching that point, a staff officer of the Lieutenant General commanding was sent to direct me to a point further in advance. I crossed the Lafayette road near a house, and, crossing the open ground, entered the woods beyond and proceeded nearly to what I understood to be the Cove road. While passing through the last wood Lieutenant-General Longstreet directed me to look out for my right flank, and I had disposed of Colonel Hennagan's Eighth South Carolina, my right regiment, in such a manner as to cover me in that direction, as I supposed. Having reached the point last mentioned, the firing on my right became very heavy, and a portion of General Hood's division fell back along my line. I changed front almost perpendicularly to the right on Colonel Nance's Third South Carolina regiment, my left centre, which I had indicated as the directing battalion. This movement had just been accomplished when an officer of Brigadier General Law's staff informed me of the unfortunate loss of Major-General Hood, and suggested that, as senior brigadier, I should assume the direction of the two brigades of that division on my right. General Bushrod Johnson was present, and called for a comparison of rank, which seemed to satisfy him. Major Cunningham, Assistant Inspector-General, General Hood's staff, who had been sent by the General to conduct me, made the opportune suggestion that the Lieutenant-General commanding be informed. Relieved by this, I requested him to direct General Humphreys to move up and support me on my right, he having been thrown in my rear by my change of front. General Johnson had undertaken to advance a brigade on my left.

The enemy occupied a skirt of wood on the far side of the field around Dyer's house; his right extending into the wood beyond the field, his left crossing the Cove road. His colors were ostentatiously

displayed along the lines. The last of Hood's division engaged in my front had just retired, when I ordered the advance, directing Colonel Hennagan to extend to the right and engage the enemy in that direction until Humphreys's arrival, who was then in motion. The distance across the field was about eight hundred yards, with a fence intervening about one-quarter of the distance. As soon as we crossed the fence I ordered bayonets fixed, and moved at a double-quick, sending Lieutenant-Colonel Gaillard's Second South Carolina regiment, my extreme left, to gain the enemy's right flank.

When within one hundred yards of the enemy they broke, and I opened fire upon them along the whole line, but pursued them rapidly over the first line of hills to the foot of the second, when I halted under a heavy fire of artillery on the heights, sheltering the men as much as possible, and there awaited the coming of Humphreys on my right. The Seventh South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Bland, my right centre regiment, and the Fifteenth South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph F. Gist, had obliqued to the right. Colonel Hennagan had pursued the enemy so far to the right that, when Humphreys got up, he occupied the interval between the Fifteenth and Eighth regiments. Colonel Oates, Fifteenth Alabama, Law's brigade, came up on the right of the Seventh and occupied the line between that and the Fifteenth, and with those regiments advanced without orders. I had sent to the right to direct that I should be informed when Humphreys arrived. Hearing the firing renewed on my right, I advanced the left wing, Third South Carolina, James's battalion and Second South Carolina, and gained, in some points, the crest of the hill within a few yards of the enemy's lines. After one of the most gallant struggles I have ever witnessed, especially on the part of the Third South Carolina and James's battalion, which occupied a position in front of the enemy's battery, I was compelled to fall back to a point about two hundred and fifty yards, where I determined to hold the enemy until reinforcements arrived. The enemy soon advanced, but, by a cool, deliberate fire, were quickly repulsed.

General Humphreys reported that he could make no further advance on account of the heavy force of the enemy to his right. I directed him to make such disposition of his troops as would cover my right flank. About three o'clock Brigadier-General Anderson's Mississippi brigade came to my support.

I described to him the situation, and suggested an attack on the right flank of the position of the enemy. He acquiesced in my view

and advanced his left preparatory to the movement, covering his front with skirmishers, who immediately became engaged, and drove in those of the enemy; but, raising a shout along their lines, they advanced their line of battle at a charge, driving back Anderson's brigade in some confusion.

With hearty cheers the Second and Third South Carolina and James's battalion engaged them with the utmost enthusiasm. Anderson's brigade promptly reformed and opened fire. His reserve regiment came up, and, in ten minutes' time, the enemy was driven pell mell. The Second South Carolina and Anderson's brigade dashed after him and drove him to the top of the hill, the Second South Carolina reaching the crest. The troops to his left having fallen back to their former position, Lieutenant-Colonel Gaillard says in his report, that "he was obliged, reluctantly, to fall back." This was an attack on the right flank of the enemy, and the line was at an oblique angle to my line. All of my regiments, except the Second, though not participating in the direct attack, served to hold the enemy in position along that portion of the line, and were mostly engaged during the attack. About four o'clock Gracie's and Kelly's brigades came up and reported to me. I directed them, the former to form on my rear, and the latter to form on Gracie's left. General Hindman informed me that he was about to attack on Anderson's left, well on the right flank of the enemy, with two brigades of infantry, with artillery. Soon after he opened heavily in that direction, but sent me word the attack was likely to fail, unless a demonstration was made along the front. I determined on an attack, combining all our forces, McNair's brigade, which had come up on my right, Gracie's, Kelly's, Anderson's, my Eighth, Fifteenth and Second regiments participating. The rest of my brigade being, in whole or in part, out of ammunition, remained in reserve at their position. This was one of the heaviest attacks of the war on a single point. The brigades went in in magnificent order. General Gracie, under my own eye, led his brigade, now for the first time under fire, most gallantly and efficiently, and for more than an hour and a half the struggle continued with unabated fury. It terminated at sunset—the Second South Carolina being among the last to retire. At dark, General Robinson, of Hood's division, came up with his brigade and picketed to my front. About ten o'clock, I think, he informed me that the enemy had left. I immediately communicated the fact to the Lieutenant-General commanding.

In the morning General Robinson withdrew, and I sent forward

Lieutenant-Colonel Gaillard to take possession of the enemy's hospital and to picket to the front. The day was spent in caring for the wounded, burying the dead and collecting arms. In the afternoon Major-General McLaws resumed command of the division. My brigade was marched a few miles that night towards Chattanooga, and next day drove in the enemy to their present lines, in conjunction with Wofford's brigade, my Eighth South Carolina being chiefly engaged. But few men were lost in this affair. During the first charge of the 20th my brigade captured nine pieces of artillery, three of which were taken by the Eighth South Carolina, and some half-dozen caissons, with ammunition. Most of these were taken before they could open fire. My losses were heavy, as will be seen by reference to the accompanying detailed report. Among them are some of the most gallant and efficient officers and men of my command, and choice spirits of Carolina chivalry.

Lieutenant-Colonel Elbert Bland, Seventh South Carolina, fell at the head of his regiment in the first moment of our triumph. A few moments later, Major John S. Hard, his successor, was instantly killed. The command then devolved on Captain E. J. Goggin. Captain J. M. Townsend, commanding James's battalion, was killed leading the charge upon the enemy's stronghold. Lieutenant-Colonel Hoole, Eighth South Carolina regiment, was killed in the early part of the action. Lieutenant-Colonel Bland was recognized generally as an officer of rare ability.

His power of command, his cool, dauntless courage and self-control in battle, his excellent judgment, disciplinary skill and ability in camp, marked him as a man of a high order of military talent. His personal and social characteristics were equally noble and elevated. In him we have lost a champion worthy of our glorious cause. Major John S. Hard was a gallant and accomplished officer, and has highly distinguished himself on every battlefield in which his regiment has been engaged. Captain Townsend commanded his battalion on this occasion in such a manner as to elicit my commendation on the field before he fell, and would, if he were living, have been here mentioned with high distinction.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hoole was an officer of much merit, but had been prevented by protracted illness from attaining that distinction he might have achieved with his gallant regiment. He was much beloved for his personal qualities, and his loss will be deeply deplored by his comrades. For particular mention of other brave spirits who have fallen, I respectfully refer to the accompanying reports of regi-

mental commanders. My pride and satisfaction with the conduct of my entire brigade in the engagement could not be more complete. Officers and men each acted as if impressed with the feeling that the destinies of the country depended upon his own faithful, earnest and intelligent discharge of duty. I shall not attempt to particularize.

The only member of my staff with me during the whole day was Captain C. R. Holmes, Acting Adjutant-General. To him, as on all previous occasions of this character, I am greatly indebted for the most valuable and gallant services. He represented me on the right wing of my brigade.

I detailed Second Lieutenant H. L. Tarley to act as aide-de-camp, and cannot too highly commend his gallantry, activity and efficiency under the most trying circumstances. As an evidence of my appreciation, I detailed him to accompany the captured flags to Richmond. Lieutenant W. M. Dwight, Acting Adjutant and Inspector-General, joined me in the afternoon and aided me with his usual efficiency. In the absence of horses for myself and staff, I detailed one man from each regiment as orderlies to communicate with the command.

All of them rendered efficient service, and two, M. F. Milan, Company A, Third South Carolina regiment, and Rawlins Rivers, Company I, Second South Carolina regiment, were killed in the discharge of that duty. Rivers had attracted my notice by gallant and intelligent services in the same position at the battle of Fredericksburg.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. Kershaw,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL B. R. JOHNSON.

Headquarters, Chattanooga,
October 24th, 1863.

Major W. Sellers,
Assistant Adjutant-General:

Sir,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the division under my command in the action of the Chickamauga:

At five o'clock A. M., September 18th, 1863, four brigades and

three batteries of artillery from Catoosa Station and vicinity of Ringgold, Georgia, moved, under my command, with orders from headquarters Army of Tennessee, to proceed via Pleasant Grove Church to Leet's tanyard. Law's brigade, under Colonel Sheffield, not having cooked its rations, was ordered to do so, and follow as promptly as possible. Benning's brigade was left, in compliance with orders, to guard the depot at Ringgold. My command then consisted of the following brigades, which moved in the order in which they are named, viz: Johnson's, McNair's, Gregg's and Robertson's, with batteries, Everett's, Culpepper's and Bledsoe's, in the centre, and trains in rear of their respective brigades. The head of the column had not proceeded more than three miles on the road when a dispatch was received from Colonel Brent, headquarters Army of Tennessee, directing me, with the forces under my command, to retrace my steps to the vicinity of Ringgold, and there to take the direct road to Reed's bridge, and to make a lodgment on the west bank of the Chickamauga—Forrest's cavalry covering the front and right flanks of my column on the march from Ringgold. The command was promptly put on the new line of march, and soon after I received orders and the plan of operations, by which I was directed, as commander of the right column of the Army of Tennessee, to attack the enemy in my front, in whatever force I might find them, and, after crossing Reed's bridge, to turn to the left by the most practicable route, and sweep up the Chickamauga towards Lee & Gordon's mill, while Major-Generals Walker and Buckner, crossing at Alexander's bridge and Tedford's Ford, were directed to join in my movement. The orders and plans of operations indicated that the attack on the enemy's left wing was expected to be initiated by the column under my command.

About eleven o'clock A. M., in compliance with orders previously received, I halted the column near Kuler's mill, on the Graysville and Lafayette road, four and a half miles from the former place. Captain Thompson, Assistant Chief of Artillery of General Bragg's staff, reported to me at this point, with orders to move forward immediately, and through him my arrival and the hour thereof was reported to headquarters Army of Tennessee.

Being informed by citizens that the enemy was about one mile in advance, I formed a line of battle along the road—McNair's, Johnson's and Gregg's brigades in front, batteries in position, and Robertson's brigade in reserve. While forming the line, Brigadier-General Forrest joined me with his escort, and proceeded to the front to

develop the position of the enemy, and was soon skirmishing with them. Just as my line was formed, Major Robertson came up from the direction of Lafayette and reported to me, with eight pieces of artillery. My line of skirmishers in front was now promptly advanced to Peavine Creek, which offered some obstructions to regular movements, and caused some delay in crossing the troops. Captain McDonald, of the Seventeenth Tennessee regiment, opened fire with his company upon the enemy's pickets about one hundred and eighty yards west of the creek, and repulsed a charge of their reserve, which was made down the road to the creek. Major Robertson placed some four pieces of artillery from his own command and a section of Everett's battery in position, and opened upon the enemy, part of whom were dismounted, driving them back, with a section of artillery, which they had posted in good position. As soon as the command could cross the creek, the line, preserving its formation, with Robertson's brigade supporting McNair's on the right, was pressed forward to the top of the hill, dislodging the enemy from a second position. The cavalry, on the right, kept up the skirmishing during the ascent. We found in front of the Seventeenth Tennessee regiment three Yankees killed and one mortally wounded. It was now ascertained that the enemy's force consisted of three or four regiments of mounted men. Pressing down the western declivity of this hill the enemy were again found in position at Reed's bridge, over which they had passed.

The skirmishers of the Twenty-third Tennessee regiment becoming engaged, the whole regiment, supported by the brigade, charged with a shout and run, and drove off the Yankees before they could destroy the bridge. The Twenty-third Tennessee regiment here had five men wounded. After our skirmishers and some of the regiments had passed, the enemy opened a battery on the bridge, which was silenced by a section of Bledsoe's artillery.

Lieutenant Hastings, of the Seventeenth Tennessee regiment, was wounded at the bridge by the enemy's artillery.

My command commenced crossing the Chickamauga about three o'clock P. M. Major-General Hood having appeared in the column, I reported to him, and submitted to him my orders, just before passing the bridge, in person. Having crossed the Chickamauga, partly by the bridge and partly by the ford above the bridge, by four o'clock P M. the command advanced to Jay's steam saw-mill, about one mile west of Reed's bridge, where there are two roads leading to Alexander's bridge. I ordered the formation to be preserved, and

the line of battle, extending across the right-hand or western road, to move forward.

General Hood, however, here took command, and directed one regiment of Gregg's brigade to be marched in line of battle, extending across the left-hand or eastern road; the other regiments of the command to be moved in rear along that road in column of companies. Marching in this order, we proceeded rapidly past a burning house near Alexander's Ford, penetrating between the enemy and the Chickamauga to a point nearly opposite their centre, about two miles and a half from the steam saw-mill, and about one mile west of Dalton's Ford, when, in the darkness of the evening, the skirmishers at the head of the column became engaged, and Gregg's brigade was immediately deployed under a sharp fire, which wounded three men, one (First Sergeant of Company D, Seventh Texas regiment) mortally. McNair's and Johnson's brigades were immediately deployed, facing southwest, and supporting Gregg's brigade. Robertson's brigade formed a line near the wagon train in rear, facing northwest, while the Forty-fourth Tennessee regiment, of Johnson's brigade, remained as rear-guard of the train. Our front line was now about eight hundred yards from Vinyard's house, on the road from Chattanooga to Lee & Gordon's mill. The whole Yankee army was in our front—mainly at Lee & Gordon's mill—on our right flank and rear, while our army was still on the east side of the Chickamauga. My command was the first to cross the stream, and none of our troops crossed at any point until our column had swept the west bank in front of their respective places of crossing. One-third of our forces was required to remain awake during the night, and the rest slept upon their arms.

Obstructions to cavalry were hastily placed in our front, skirmishers were thrown out to the field east of Vinyard's house, one hundred and fifty yards in front of our left flank, and scouts were sent out nearly to the road to Lee & Gordon's mill.

September 19th, 1863. On making an examination of our position, early in the morning, I discovered that our skirmishers were within one hundred and fifty yards of General Preston's division, which had crossed the Chickamauga at Dalton's Ford during the night; that our line was in front, and nearly perpendicular to his, and that most of our army had crossed at points lower down, placing our column near the left of our army. Major Robertson, with his eight pieces of artillery, was now detached from my command, and Robertson's brigade was united with the other brigades of Hood's divi-

sion, under Brigadier-General Law, which had come up during the night, leaving three brigades under my command. These two divisions were placed under the command of Major-General Hood.

Our line of battle was formed about 7 o'clock A. M., in a curve around the crest of an elevation in the woods, about one thousand yards east of the Chattanooga and Lee & Gordon's Mill road. My right brigade faced nearly west, and my left brigade about southwest. In my division, Johnson's brigade, commanded by Colonel John S. Fulton, of the Forty fourth Tennessee regiment, was placed on the right, Gregg's brigade on the left, and McNair's brigade in reserve, in rear of Gregg's brigade. Everett's battery was posted in position on the right of Johnson's brigade, and Bledsoe's First Missouri battery on the right of Gregg's brigade. Captain Culpepper's three guns were held in reserve in rear of McNair's brigade. Law's division was posted on my right, and Preston's on my left, a little retired, so that the left of the Fifteenth Tennessee regiment, on the left of Gregg's brigade, was thrown back with a view to form a connection, which was never regularly made. The fighting commenced on the right of our army, about half a mile northwest of the burnt house, near Alexander's bridge. The first gun was fired at half past seven A. M.

About 2 o'clock P. M. the enemy in my front advanced, and drove in my skirmishers. I ordered Bledsoe's and Everett's batteries to open fire, and Culpepper's battery was brought into action on the left of Gregg's brigade. These guns all fired in a direction bearing towards Vinyard's house, from which direction the attack seemed mainly to come. The right of Gregg's and the left of Johnson's brigades repulsed the attack in that vicinity, but the engagement still continued on the left of Gregg's brigade, where the left regiments were suffering severely. The Fifteenth Tennessee regiment lost twelve killed and forty-five wounded before it moved from its position. About half past two o'clock P. M., by direction of Major-General Hood, having instructed my artillery to move with the infantry, and to come into action whenever opportunity permitted, particularly cautioned my command to preserve its connections, to wheel slowly, and to touch to the right, I ordered the division to advance and engage the enemy. This movement did not extend to the division on my left. In front of Gregg's brigade the woods presented a thick undergrowth, in which that brigade at once becoming hotly engaged, its progress was impeded, while Johnson's brigade advanced some six hundred yards before the enemy opened fire upon

it. The artillery advanced and fired by section, keeping well up with the infantry. Gregg's brigade advanced some three hundred yards, obliquing in endeavoring, under fire, to keep the connection to the right. The connection, however, was broken in the thick woods, between the second and third battalions, the two right regiments preserving their connection with the line on their right, and wheeling with it to the right. The Third and Fourth regiments, advancing less obliquely, faced more to the south, while the left regiment of that brigade, the Fiftieth Tennessee regiment, under Colonel Suggs, moved more directly to its front, which was in a southern direction, owing to the left having been thrown back to connect with Preston's division, and at the same time it stretched out to the right, just north of Vinyard's fields, to cover the increasing interval, until nearly the whole regiment was deployed in open order as skirmishers. This movement of the Fiftieth Tennessee regiment was induced by the heavy attack of the enemy on that flank, but it did not succeed in preserving the connection, and it became separated from the brigade. In this condition the brigade fought gallantly, and kept up a heavy fire all along its broken line, and inflicted heavy losses on the enemy.

Two regiments of McNair's brigade, the Thirty-ninth North Carolina regiment, under Colonel Coleman, and the Twenty-fifth Arkansas regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hupstalder, were sent forward between the Fiftieth Tennessee regiment and the brigade to which it belongs. These two regiments came up to the left of the Seventh Texas regiment, of Gregg's brigade, about four hundred yards in front of the position from which my line had moved, and advanced gallantly to the road from Chattanooga to Lee & Gordon's mill, north of Vinyard's farm, and left still a wide interval on the right of the Fiftieth Tennessee regiment, which regiment continued to present an extended line and to fight gallantly and persistently the heavy forces in front, while its ranks were being continually thinned. It will be seen by the report of Colonel Coleman, of the Thirty-ninth North Carolina regiment, forwarded herewith, that the two regiments from Gregg's brigade drove the enemy in rapid flight across the Chattanooga road, and passed a small house in a cornfield west of the road, and north of Vinyard's house; and that here, though the enemy in their front were in flight and broken, those regiments fell back for want of support, and on account of reinforcements received by the enemy, and a flank fire on the left.

In the meantime, the brigade of Brigadier-General Robertson, of Hood's division, was brought up and advanced on the right of the

Fiftieth Tennessee regiment, which now contracted its line and concentrated its fire upon the enemy on the left in the vicinity of Vinyard's. Under the spirited charge and heavy fire of Robertson's brigade, the enemy were driven back some distance. The operations of the brigade will be more properly reported by its division commander. It will, however, be proper for me to state that, during a halt, before Robertson's brigade reached the Chattanooga road, Brigadier-General Gregg rode out in front to reconnoitre the enemy's position. He very soon found himself near the enemy's line, and was suddenly halted by the Yankee skirmishers. Turning his horse to ride back to the rear, he was shot through the neck. Having fallen from his horse, the Yankees proceeded to take from his person his spurs and sword, when Robertson's brigade charged forward and recovered possession of him and his horse.

Brigadier-General Gregg deserves special commendation for his gallantry and activity on the field. The brigade which he commanded is an excellent one, and is commanded by a worthy and able officer.

Colonel Suggs, of the Fiftieth Tennessee regiment, also merits particular notice for the manner in which he from time to time disposed his regiment and protected our flank, which was necessarily exposed in our advance. as the movement did not extend to the division on our left. While these operations were going on in my left brigade, the right one, Johnson's, with which the Forty-first Tennessee regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel James D. Tillman, and the Third Tennessee regiment, under Colonel C. H. Walker, of Gregg's brigade, preserved their connection, having advanced some six hundred yards, received the fire of the enemy's artillery and infantry and became hotly engaged. The enemy were posted upon rising ground. A battery swept our ranks with grape-shot, while their infantry delivered heavy volleys from small arms. The contest continued here nearly an hour, when the enemy, after a stubborn resistance, gradually retired to an open woods, beyond the road from Chattanooga to Lee & Gordon's Mill; approaching the road, a part of the brigade halted and poured its fire into the enemy's ranks, now in full view, two hundred yards in front; again advanced, crossed the road, gained the cover of the woods on the left of the field in which the enemy's battery was posted, a clearing, with enclosure, intervening. The Twenty-fifth Tennessee regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel B. R. Snowden, and part of the Twenty-third Tennessee regiment now wheeled to the right, moved on the flank of the

battery, gained the cover of a fence north of the clearing, poured into it a few volleys, charged and captured the battery. This was well and gallantly done, and Lieutenant-Colonel Snowden, with the officers and men under his command, deserve especial consideration for the manner in which the movement was accomplished. The remainder of the brigade, save about one-third of the right regiment, now crossed the road. The Seventeenth Tennessee, the left regiment, had moved about two hundred yards beyond it, and the Third and Forty-first Tennessee regiments, of Gregg's brigade, which had continued to move with Johnson's brigade, had advanced somewhat farther, when the enemy, marching by the flank, suddenly appeared on the left and rear of the last two regiments. Colonel Walker, of the Third Tennessee regiment, on discovering this movement, faced his regiment by the rear rank and moved back across the road, while Colonel Tillman hastened to communicate the knowledge of the movement to Colonel Fulton, commanding Johnson's brigade. The movement of the enemy down the Chattanooga road was so prompt, that they penetrated our line on the left of Johnson's brigade, filed off to the left and fired a volley into its rear.

This brigade now moved by one impulse to the right and fell back to the east of the road from Chattanooga to Lee & Gordon's mill, leaving eleven officers (including Major Davis, of the Seventeenth Tennessee regiment), sixty men, and the captured battery, in the hands of the enemy. In the meantime the Third and Forty-first regiments, Tennessee volunteers, which were falling to the rear, were placed in position by Captain W. T. Blackemore, my Aide-de-Camp, who was on duty in that part of the field, and discovered this movement of the enemy, and, by his instruction, charged the column which had so suddenly appeared in our rear, and drove it back. Colonel Walker now placed these regiments diagonally across the road, the right advanced, facing the enemy, in which position I ordered him to remain for a time. I have no doubt that we had encountered a portion of McCook's corps of the Federal army, moving to support their left. Our scouts thrown out in front of our skirmishers, and my brigade inspector, Lieutenant Black, after a personal reconnoissance, had previously reported the enemy moving artillery and infantry in that direction. With the heavy force of the enemy still in the vicinity of Lee & Gordon's mill, and this advance of my division, unsupported by any movement on my left, was pushed quite as far as was judicious.

Finding my line now, about sunset, quite irregular in its formation,

I proceeded immediately to reform it in the woods, about six hundred yards east of the road from Chattanooga to Lee & Gordon's mill, when, by order of Major-General Hood, temporary breastworks of timber were put up along the line, behind which my command rested during the night, with skirmishers thrown out to the road. During this brief engagement, the loss of the division was quite heavy. The Third Tennessee regiment reports twelve men killed, and forty-five wounded before it was ordered to advance. The Seventh Texas regiment had several killed and wounded at the same time. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas W. Beaumont, well and honorably known in civil as well as military life, Captain Williams and two other company officers of the Fiftieth Tennessee regiment were killed, seven officers wounded and one missing, while it lost heavily in men. The Forty-fourth Tennessee regiment had Lieutenant-Colonel John L. McEwing, Jr., commanding, a gallant and able officer, who has rendered faithful and efficient service in our army, and five company officers wounded, one (Captain Samuel Jackson) mortally. It lost about fifty men wounded and six killed, one of whom (Sergeant T. A. Johnson) was particularly distinguished for gallantry. The command of this regiment now devolved upon Major G. M. Crawford. The Seventeenth Tennessee regiment had one officer killed and two officers and twenty men wounded. Colonel N. B. Granbury, of the Seventh Texas, Major S. H. Colmes, of the First Tennessee battalion, and Major Lowe, of the Twenty-third Tennessee regiment were severely wounded. The Twenty-third Tennessee lost, in all, one officer and five men killed, five officers wounded, and fifty-eight men wounded and captured. The losses of the other regiments are not reported in this connection. Captain Jackson, of the Forty-fourth Tennessee regiment, has since died of his wounds. Known to me long and familiarly in youth and manhood as Captain Samuel Jackson has been, I feel unable to do justice to his many virtues, his pure and admirable character, or his merits as an officer and soldier.

On Sunday, September 20th, 1863, my line was formed by seven o'clock A. M., with McNair's brigade on the right, Johnson's brigade in the centre, and two regiments—the Fifteenth Tennessee regiment and the First Tennessee battalion, consolidated under Major C. W. Robertson, and the Seventh Texas, under Major Van Zant—on the left. The rest of Gregg's brigade, commanded by Colonel Suggs, formed a second line. Culpepper's battery was placed in position on the right of McNair's brigade, Everett's on the right of Johnson's brigade, and Bledsoe's on the right of the two

regiments in the front line from Gregg's brigade; Hindman's division formed on my left, and Stewart's on my right; Hood's division, commanded by Brigadier-General Law, formed in rear of my division, giving us a depth of three lines. About ten o'clock A. M. our skirmishers fell back under the advance of the enemy. My line promptly opened a steady fire with artillery and small arms, which soon repulsed the attack. Ten minutes after eleven o'clock A. M. a general advance was ordered, which, commencing somewhere on the right, included Hindman's division on the left. The enemy occupied the ground in our front, along the road leading from Chattanooga to Lee & Gordon's mill. Their line was formed along the fence at Brotherton's house, and they had a battery in the open field south of the house, where Johnson's brigade had captured a battery on Saturday. The enemy also occupied two lines of breastworks, made of rails and timber, extending along my front and to the left of it, in the woods west of Brotherton's farm. By order of Major-General Hood I moved my division forward, and at once engaged the enemy. We advanced about six hundred yards through the woods under a heavy fire of artillery and infantry, which swept our ranks with terrific effect, and crossed the road to Lee & Gordon's mill, the left brigades of my division passing on either side of Brotherton's house. Our charge was irresistible, and the Yankees who did not flee were killed or captured at the fences and outhouses. Among the latter is especially mentioned Colonel F. A. Bartleson, of the One Hundredth Illinois regiment, who was captured, with many others, by Johnson's brigade.

Everett's battery now took a position in a field south of Brotherton's house, and opened to the front and left, firing about six rounds to the piece, and my line again moved forward under a heavy fire from the enemy's breastworks. The fire was so heavy that my right brigade faltered for a moment, and some of the men commenced falling back, but it was soon rallied and moving forward again. My whole line, Gregg's brigade in rear, supported by Hood's division, under Law, in a third line, swept forward with great force and rapidity and carried the breastworks, from which the foe precipitately retreated, under a heavy fire, particularly directed to the left, from my left brigade. Having advanced some distance in the woods west of Brotherton's farm to the foot of a small ascent covered with a thick growth of young pines, my right brigade halted under the effect of a heavy fire, which was also severely damaging my second line. Colonel Suggs now pushed to the front the three regiments of

Gregg's brigade which had formed my second line, Johnson's brigade moving to the left at the same time, and again my line advanced rapidly on the enemy, driving them from the woods east of Dyer's house; McNair's brigade bearing to the right.

Our lines now emerged from the forest into open ground on the border of long open fields, over which the enemy was retreating under cover of several batteries, which were ranged along the crest of a ridge on our right and front, running up to the corner of a stubble-field, and of one battery on our left and front, posted on an elevation in the edge of the woods, just at the corner of a field near a peach orchard and southwest of Dyer's house. The scene now presented was unspeakably grand. The resolute and impetuous charge, the rush of our heavy columns sweeping out from the shadow and gloom of the forest into the open fields, flooded with sunlight, the glitter of arms, the onward dash of artillery and mounted men, the retreat of the foe, the shouts of the hosts of our army, the dust, the smoke, the noise of fire-arms, of whistling balls and grape-shot, and of bursting shell, made up a battle scene of unsurpassed grandeur. Here General Hood gave me the last order I received from him on the field: "Go ahead and keep ahead of everything." How this order was obeyed will be best determined by those who investigate all the details of this battle.

The unusual depth of our columns of attack in this part of the field, and the force and power with which they were thrown upon the enemy's line, had now completely broken and routed their centre, and cast the shattered fragments to the right and left. Everett's battery was here ordered into action on the right of Johnson's brigade, and opened upon the retreating foe while my line continued to advance.

There was now an interval of eight hundred yards between Hindman's division, on my left, and my command. Johnson's brigade, on the left, bore but slightly to the right, its left regiment stretching across the road from Dyer's house to Crawfish Spring, and passing on both sides of the house. Gregg's brigade, in the centre, moved a little to the right, so as to flank and capture nine pieces of artillery on its right, posted on the ascent to the eminence in the corner of the field north of Dyer's house. McNair's brigade, now somewhat in rear of the two left brigades, moved obliquely to the right and directly upon the eminence. My line was here uncovered by Hood's division, which must have changed its direction to the right.

The nine pieces captured by Gregg's brigade are reported by

Colonel Suggs, commanding, as having been taken from the field by a detail under Adjutant Fletcher Beaumont, of the Fiftieth Tennessee regiment, who caused the Yankee drivers to drive some of the teams to the rear. Four of these pieces—three-inch rifles—belonged to the First Missouri Federal battery, and are now in possession of the First Missouri Confederate battery (Bledsoe's), attached to Gregg's brigade. A statement made by Adjutant Beaumont in regard to the capture is herewith enclosed.

In this advance, Brigadier-General E. McNair commanding the right brigade, and Colonel Harper, of the First Arkansas regiment, of that brigade, were wounded, the latter mortally, and the command of McNair's brigade devolved upon Colonel Coleman, of the Thirty-ninth North Carolina regiment. Colonel Coleman reports that McNair's brigade charged and carried the eminence in the corner of the field to our right, capturing the ten guns, eight of which were immediately carried off, and two were subsequently removed, and that the brigade fell back for want of ammunition and support, and formed on the left of Robertson's brigade, of Hood's division. Whether Colonel Coleman's report has any reference, in this connection, to the nine guns reported as captured by Gregg's brigade, or whether there is any point of dispute between these two brigades as to captured artillery, I cannot now determine. McNair's brigade has been detached from this army, and I am unable to communicate with it in time to make my report explicit on this point.

In the meantime, I discovered what I conceived to be an important position directly in our front, an elevated ridge of open ground, running nearly north and south, beyond the narrow strip of woods on the western borders of the open fields in our front and about six hundred yards west of the elevation on which the nine pieces of artillery had been captured, and I hastened to press forward Gregg's brigade, which had halted for a moment on the flank of the guns that were being removed, while Johnson's brigade approached the same position from the left. From the crest of this ridge the ground descends abruptly into a cornfield and cove, lying south of Villetoe's house; west of the cove is a range of the Missionary Ridge, while north of it a spur of that ridge spreads out to the east. Through a gap at the angle between this spur on the north and the ridge on the west of the cove, and about one thousand yards from the ridge on the east, where my division was now taking position, passes the Crawfish road, which continues south along the base of the ridge on the western side of the cove. Along this road a line of telegraph

wires extended from Chattanooga to General Rosencranz's headquarters, and at the gorge of the gap a train of wagons filled the road, while a number of caissons and a battery of artillery, for defence of the train, occupied the grounds near Villetoe's house. The ridge on the east of the cove was taken without resistance, though the enemy had there constructed a breastwork of rails, and had filled up a large number of their knapsacks, secure, as they doubtless thought, from the danger of the battlefield. As soon as this ridge was occupied, which was a few minutes before twelve M., our advance position, commanded by adjacent hills and separated on the right and left as far as I could see from our troops, induced me immediately to send my Aide-de-Camp, Captain Blackemore, to report our position to Lieutenant-General Longstreet, commanding our wing, and to bring up artillery and infantry to our support, while I disposed of my command for defence. Gregg's brigade was at once posted, partly facing to the north, at the edge of the woods at the north end of the field, and partly facing to the west, along a portion of the adjacent ridge. Johnson's brigade was posted, facing to the west, on the crest of the ridge, about one hundred yards to the left of Gregg's brigade. Both brigades immediately advanced their skirmishers to the front.

When I discovered the train of wagons at the gorge of the Crawfish road, the enemy were making every effort to get them away. I promptly posted Everett's battery on the ridge between Johnson's and Gregg's brigades, when it opened fire on the train. The fire of the artillery and some shots from our advancing skirmishers, created the utmost consternation among the drivers and teams, causing some of the wagons to be upset, and others to be run against trees and up the precipitous acclivities adjacent. Lieutenant Everett also sent forward one piece of artillery to a knoll in the cornfield, south of Villetoe's house, which fired up the gorge along the Crawfish road. A few shots were fired upon us from a battery of the enemy posted on the high ground north of our position, to which Everett's artillery replied, firing about six rounds, when the enemy ceased firing on us. A ball from Lieutenant Everett's battery dismounted one of the guns (a rifle piece) near Villetoe's house, by breaking the axletree. Our skirmishers now advanced and took possession of the wagons, caissons and guns. Lieutenant Everett sent forward two teams and hauled off one Napoleon gun and caisson, attaching, for that purpose, the limber of a six-pound gun found near by the Napoleon, for which no limber was found. This gun has since been ascertained

to be one of the guns of Lumsden's battery, captured by the enemy on the 19th, and has been returned to that battery.

Besides the two pieces above named, a six-pounder smooth-bore, and another piece, description not now known, and seven caissons captured. The wagons contained some quartermaster's property, but were mainly loaded with ammunition for artillery and infantry. Two of General Rosencranz's escort, and Captain Hescock, of the First Missouri Federal Light Artillery, Battery G, were captured on the side of the ridge west of Villetoe's house, where many other prisoners were picked up by our skirmishers. My engagements were such at this period as to prevent me from looking after or estimating the number or value of articles captured. Many of the wagons were subsequently removed by other commands in rear of mine. I now estimate the wagons captured at about thirty, a few of which had teams attached.

Before making any disposition for a further advance, I found it necessary to replenish our supply of ammunition, and consequently I ordered up a supply from the rear and distributed it to most of the regiments of my command. Subsequently we drew our ammunition from the captured train. Lieutenant Black, of my staff, now brought up Dent's battery of Napoleon guns, of Hindman's division, which he found somewhere on our left, and placed three pieces on the ridge in the northwest corner of the field we occupied. No general officer or reinforcements having come up, and seeing no troops in my vicinity, my aids having been long absent in search of support, I became impatient at the delay. Giving orders that our position should be held at all hazards, I galloped off, in person, in search of support. Having swung slightly to the right from our first position, the connection was broken on our left, and I could see no troops in that direction. It subsequently appeared that General Hindman's division gallantly drove back to the west and south the enemy's line in his front and on my left, inflicting a heavy loss on them, and thus relieving us from danger in that direction.

Riding towards our right and rear some half a mile, I came upon Brigadier-General Kershaw advancing with his brigade through the open field upon the eminence, near to which we had captured the battery of nine guns in our advance, and where I saw the United States flag now floating, the position having been re-occupied by the enemy. Here I learned that Major-General Hood had been wounded. Colonel Cunningham, of his staff, informed me that Brigadier-General Kershaw's brigade was much needed to attack the position in

its front, and I consequently had to seek further for support. I sent Captain Blackemore, who joined me here, to find and bring up General McNair's brigade, and, after riding sometime, I found on the road, approaching my command, Major-General Hindman and Brigadier-General Anderson, to whom my aid had communicated my necessities and wishes. Being informed that Brigadier-General Deas's brigade would move to support my left, and that General Anderson was then advancing to fill up the vacancy on my right, I returned to my command with a view to driving the enemy from my flank, directed Dent's battery to open fire to the rear of the eminence, about six hundred yards to our right, on which I had seen the United States flag floating, and on which I left Kershaw's brigade advancing.

More than an hour had been spent in this position, and I resolved to press forward my line, even before support reached me. I, therefore, proceeded to form my line, facing to the north, along and in continuation of the north end of the field; Gregg's brigade on the right and Johnson's brigade on the left, extending through the cornfield south of Villetoe's house and to the Crawfish road. My line being formed, I was advised that the enemy occupied the ridge beyond Villetoe's cornfield, and west of the Crawfish road, and it, therefore, became necessary to protect our left flank by skirmishers thrown out in that direction from Johnson's brigade. The advance commenced about the time Deas's brigade formed, facing to the west, on the ridge we had just left. I directed Brigadier-General Deas to move his brigade directly to its front until his right flank should reach the position of my left, then to wheel to the right, sweeping the ridge west of the Crawfish road, and come up and form on the left of my line of battle.

The crest of the spur of Missionary Ridge, north of Villetoe's house extends east and west in its general direction, but crosses to the south about the middle. At the east and west ends of the crest are the most elevated points of the spurs. On the slope north of the west end is Snodgrass's house, at which were the headquarters of Generals Rosencranz and Thomas during the latter part of the battle. Towards the south the slope from the crest is gradual for some distance in several places, and especially so at the west end, and terminates towards the cove in an abrupt, serrated declivity, presenting to our approach from the south several secondary spurs or knolls, with intervening short ravines. Along the crest of this spur the last

desperate struggle of the Northern army was made at the battle of Chickamauga.

Gregg's and Johnson's brigades, followed by Dent's and Everett's batteries, advanced in line towards the north, the left passing over the wagons, caissons and pieces of artillery near Villetoe's house and reaching to the Crawfish road. There were a number of wounded Federals at Villetoe's house. The ladies of the family, who had taken shelter from danger on Saturday and Sunday beneath the floor, now burst forth and greeted our soldiers with slapping of hands and shouts of joy, presenting an impressive scene. The brow of the secondary spurs north of Villetoe's house was gained without resistance by Gregg's and Johnson's brigades, and by Anderson's, which had come up on our right during our advance. The line was then halted, the alignment connected, and the two regiments of Gregg's brigade, which were formed on the left of my line in the morning, now returned to their brigade. Four of Dent's Napoleon guns and Everett's battery, of three guns, were placed in position on the spur occupied by Johnson's brigade, and two pieces of Dent's battery were placed upon the hill with Gregg's brigade. There was now no support on the left of Johnson's brigade, though Deas's brigade was every moment expected there. A few minutes before two o'clock P M., after the artillery had opened fire, the order was given to advance from this position with a view of gaining the main crest of the ridge in our front, which was some one thousand yards distant on our left, but much nearer on our right on account of its curvature to the south in the middle. The enemy opened fire upon our left before it advanced one hundred yards. Our movement was, however, continued for a time, until my left formed a position in which it was enabled to hold the enemy in check. But the Federals moved up on our flank along a secondary spur, which united at the elevation at the west end of the main ridge with that upon which Johnson's brigade was fighting, and this movement was held in check some time by our troops firing obliquely to the left.

The advance of Brigadier-General Anderson on our extreme right was a gallant and impetuous charge. It encountered a heavy force of the enemy posted in a strong position, from which they poured a volume of fire that speedily repulsed the charge. Gregg's brigade gained the crest of the ridge after a sharp contest, driving the foe down the northern slope of the ridge and delivering a damaging fire in the retreating masses; but the enemy returned to the attack, and

there being now no support on our right, the line commenced falling back on the flank, just after Lieutenant-Colonel Tillman, commanding the Forty-first Tennessee regiment, was disabled by a wound.

The Third Tennessee regiment, with about forty men of the Fiftieth Tennessee and Seventh Texas regiments, on the left of this brigade, claims to have held its advanced position until Johnson's brigade fell back under the flank movement of the enemy on its left. In retiring, this regiment had six men captured.

As my line fell back, our artillery opened with canister, and was gallantly served under fire of the enemy's infantry until the troops, rallying in line at the batteries, repulsed the charge of the foe. I now gave orders to hold the hill and await the reinforcements from Hindman's division, momentarily expected. Soon Manigault's brigade was seen advancing in line of battle through Villetoe's cornfield, in the cove in our rear. As it came up on the left of my line, Brigadier-General Deas reported in person, having with his brigade swept the ridge west of the Crawfish road. Having sent a staff officer to place these two brigades in line on my left, I rode towards the right, and met General Hindman, who directed me to take command of the left wing and wheel to the right, making the right of my division the pivot. McNair's brigade, under Colonel Coleman, now came up and formed a line in rear of the left of my division. I also detailed ten men from Johnson's brigade to assist in working the guns of Dent's battery. Our line, from left to right, was formed of brigades in the following order, viz: Deas's, Manigault's, Johnson's, Gregg's and Anderson's, with McNair's brigade in rear of Johnson's. Deas's brigade occupied the brow of the steep spur which forms the north side of the gorge, through which the Crawfish road passes Missionary Ridge. Manigault's stretched across the ravine and extended up the side of the adjacent spur to the right, on which Johnson's and McNair's brigades, with seven pieces of artillery, were posted. Gregg's was formed on a spur of some greater length, extending more towards the east, and separated in part from the main ridge by a hollow, with a piece of table-land at its head to the west. Anderson's brigade was formed in two lines on the right, the front line extending up to the slope of the spur on which Gregg's brigade was formed, on the left and across the hollow on the right. The section of Dent's artillery with Gregg's brigade in the last attack was now moved to the hollow on the right, ready to be run up by hand on the main ridge as soon as it should be carried. Ker-

shaw's brigade was somewhere on the right of, but not connected with Anderson's brigade.

I proceeded in person to put the line in motion. Commencing with Deas's brigade, and giving careful instructions to preserve the dress and connection to the right, I passed along the line until I saw it all gallantly moving forward. A most obstinate struggle now commenced for the possession of this spur of Missionary Ridge—the last stronghold of the enemy on the battlefield of Chickamauga. Our artillery opened on the brow of the ridge, and the infantry became immediately engaged. The firing was very heavy on both sides, and showed that the enemy was in strong force in our front, supported by artillery posted near the junction of the two spurs, on which Deas's and Johnson's brigades respectively moved. Our line pressed determinedly forward for some time, keeping up an incessant fire with small arms. But the enemy now evidently received reinforcements of fresh troops, which advanced with a shout that was heard along our lines, and we were driven back to our guns. It was subsequently ascertained from prisoners captured that the reinforcements were a part of General Granger's corps, which we fought the rest of the day. Deas's brigade, and the part of Manigault's next to it, fell back to the foot of the hill; Anderson's fell back to its first position, and these three brigades, save two regiments of Manigault's next to Johnson's brigade, did not again enter the fight.

In falling back on the spur on which Johnson's brigade and the two batteries fought, McNair's brigade, which formed a second line, mingled with the troops of the first line on the left of Johnson's and the right of the two regiments of Manigault's brigade, and continued to fight in that position during the rest of the day. The retreat on this hill was precipitate, and called for all the exertions I could command to prevent many of the troops from abandoning it. The officers, however, joined with every energy and zeal in the effort to stay the retreat, and by appeals, commands and physical efforts, all save a few who persisted in skulking behind trees or lying idly on the ground, were brought up to our lines in support of the artillery. In the meantime our batteries were promptly opened and gallantly served amid a shower of the enemy's bullets, and, together with the best and bravest of our infantry, who promptly rallied on our artillery, poured such a volume of fire upon the advancing foe that his onward progress was effectually stayed.

I cannot here speak too highly of the gallantry of the men and officers of Dent's and Everett's batteries on this occasion. It elic-

ited my highest admiration, and I at once endeavored involuntarily to express personally to the commanders my high appreciation of the work they had so nobly done. It is claimed by Johnson's brigade that they rallied to a man at the battery. I may be permitted to say for these noble men, with whom I have so long been associated, that I then felt that every man in the brigade was a hero. Of Gregg's brigade I can speak in no less exalted terms. All, indeed, who now participated in this final, protracted and trying struggle merit the highest praise.

All our troops had now suffered severely here and in other parts of the field. Hindman's division, it is understood, had been especially weakened in the conflict before it came to our support. Neither McNair's, Gregg's, or Johnson's brigades mustered over five hundred guns. The part of Manigault's brigade adjacent to my division, about two regiments, under Colonel Reed, of the Thirty-fourth Alabama regiment, participated in the invincible spirit which fired our men and continued to fight with us. I ordered that the hill should be held at all hazards, and determined that all should be lost before I would abandon it. I felt that this position (on the extreme left) was one of the utmost importance, and might determine the fate of the day. Indeed, defeat here would have let the enemy's right swing back around our left flank, over the strong positions we had won; and here, as at Murfreesboro', where all our movements on the left had been very similar, a chance for victory might be lost.

About this time my aid, Captain W. T. Blackemore, reported to me some two hundred men of Benning's brigade, in our rear, under command of a Major, whose name is not recollected. Upon going to it the officer in command reported it utterly unserviceable on account of its having been cut up and demoralized. I, consequently, did not put it in the fight.

The enemy were not whipped, and the conflict still raged with varying fortune. Repeatedly our men advanced, and were in turn forced to yield a portion of the ground they had gained. I directed our men to advance as far as possible, then hold their position and never retreat. We thus gradually approached the crest of the ridge.

At about 5 P. M. I sent my Acting Aide-de-Camp, Lieutenant George Marchbanks, Confederate States Army, back to the foot of the ridge to request Brigadier-Generals Deas and Manigault to bring up their brigades to my support. Lieutenant Marchbanks reports that Brigadier-General Deas replied that, on consultation with Brigadier-General Manigault, they had decided that it would not be safe

to put their commands in the same position without the support of fresh troops.

Over three hours passed in this conflict, in which officers and men toiled on and manifested more perseverance, determination and endurance than I have ever before witnessed on any field. We had now slowly driven the enemy on the left, up the gradual ascent about half a mile to the coveted crest of the ridge, where they made the last desperate resistance; and our lines gradually grew stronger and stronger under the animating hope of victory so nearly within our grasp. It was finally nearly sunset when a simultaneous advance swept along our whole lines, and, with a shout, we drove the enemy from the ridge, and pursued them far down the northern slope to the bottom of the deep hollow beyond. We had now completely flanked and passed to the rear of the position of the enemy on the ridge to our right, and I am convinced we thus aided in finally carrying the heights south of Snodgrass' house.

About the time the ridge was carried, Colonel Trigg, of Preston's division, reported to me with a part of his brigade. I sent Captain Terry, of the Seventeenth Tennessee regiment, who was wounded and mounted on horseback, to place Trigg's command on our right, and it relieved Gregg's brigade, which was out of ammunition.

I now proceeded to reform my line, which, in the pursuit, I regret to say, was entirely broken, owing in part to the peculiar conformation of the ground over which we passed. I still hoped to follow up the retreating foe.

After I ordered McNair's and Johnson's brigades to form on Trigg's, this brigade suddenly disappeared—called away, no doubt, to co-operate with Kelly's brigade in capturing the two regiments of General Granger's corps which surrendered to them about dark. I felt now that it would be unsafe to advance, disconnected as my command was, and it being now dark, nearly eight o'clock, P. M., I withdrew it some two hundred and fifty yards to a good position near the top of the ridge, threw out pickets to the front and sent scouts to find the enemy.

My line was arranged for the night in the following order:

The two regiments of Manigault's brigade, under Colonel Reed, of the Thirty-fourth Alabama regiment, and the left thrown back to protect our flank, and in succession to the right were aligned Johnson's, McNair's, and Gregg's brigades. On my right, Trigg's and Kelly's subsequently formed. About eight o'clock at night, abandoning all hopes of advancing further, I rode away and searched until

about eleven oclock for the headquarters of the army or the wing, with a view to making a report of my position. Failing in this attempt, I returned to my command worn out with the toils of the day. The following morning revealed to us the fact that the enemy had left us in possession of the field. Details were now made to collect the spoils and bury the dead.

I ought here to mention the heroic efforts on the part of officers and men which came under my observation, but, for want of personal acquaintance with the parties, I cannot do justice to all. I especially notice the faithful toil and heroic conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Reynolds, of the First battalion of dismounted rifles, McNair's brigade, who was conspicuous in his efforts to preserve our lines and encourage and press on our men. For hours he, with many other officers, faithfully and incessantly labored in this duty. In this connection, I must, in justice, mention Colonel J. S. Fulton, of the Forty-fourth Tennessee regiment, commanding Johnson's brigade; Colonel R. H. Keble, of the Twenty-third Tennessee regiment; Lieutenant Colonel Floyd and Captain Terry, of the Seventeenth Tennessee regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Snowden, and Acting Adjutant Gregg, of the Twenty-fifth Tennessee regiment. To Colonel Suggs I feel especially indebted for his gallant, able and efficient services in commanding Gregg's brigade. He is a good and meritorious officer.

Colonel Walker and Lieutenant-Colonel Clack, of the Third Tennessee; Colonel Grace, of the Tenth Tennessee; Captain Curties, of the Fiftieth Tennessee, and Captain Osburn, of the Forty-first Tennessee regiments, all of Gregg's brigade, merit special commendation for their services in this protracted struggle. To the courage and fortitude of the men of this brigade, as well as to every other brigade which struggled with them in our last persistent efforts to drive the enemy from their final position, I trust the proper sense of gratitude will be awarded. Colonel Coleman, commanding McNair's brigade, did gallant service, and carried his command faithfully through all the varying fortunes of the field, on the left, to the very close of the fight. I regret that I am unable to specify more particularly the services of meritorious officers of this brigade.

I beg leave to call attention to the efficient use made of artillery in my command. My purpose, in accordance with preconceived notions, was to keep my artillery employed to the utmost practicable extent in conjunction with my infantry; and my little experience on this battlefield only determines me, on all like occasions, to improve

on my practice of this day. I need add nothing more in acknowledgment of the services of Captain Dent and Lieutenant Everett, commanding batteries in my lines, or of the gallantry of the men under their commands. I have to regret that no report has been furnished me by Captain Culpepper, commanding the battery attached to McNair's brigade; and I also regret that neither this battery nor Bledsoe's First Missouri battery, commanded by First Lieutenant R. Wood, and attached to Gregg's brigade, for reasons not known to me, followed their brigades, or participated in our fight for Missionary Ridge, where they would have won unfading laurels for every officer and man attached to them. The gallant conduct of my brigade inspector, Second Lieutenant M. W. Black, of the Seventeenth Tennessee regiment, distinguished him throughout my command, and I feel that I can scarcely do justice to his services. He was always, in the moments of severest conflicts, among the foremost ranks, reckless and indifferent to danger. Ardent, active and zealous, he has proven himself a most valuable officer on the field of battle. While personally directing a piece of artillery in the fight on Missionary Ridge, on the 20th of September, he was severely wounded by a ball that crushed his lower jaw and carried away a part of his tongue. His speedy recovery is now hopefully anticipated.

To my Aide-de-Camp, Captain W. T. Blackemore, who has served with me in every conflict of this army, as well as at Donelson, and always with honor and ability, I am indebted for much valuable service on the field, and he merits more than I can say for him here.

My brigade inspector, Lieutenant E. R. Smith, of the Twenty-fifth Tennessee regiment, and my acting Aide de-Camp, Second Lieutenant George Marchbanks, of the Confederate States army, gallantly and faithfully labored with me on the 19th and 20th of September, and I desire to acknowledge my obligations to them for the zeal and intelligence with which they performed their respective duties.

To the medical staff of each brigade of this division, I desire to tender my grateful acknowledgements for their faithful and efficient services in taking care of the wounded.

To my efficient ordnance officer, Lieutenant James B. Lake, I feel that a special acknowledgment is due, as well for all his faithful services past, as for the prompt supplies which he furnished my whole division from a brigade ordnance train; and yet, at the close of the battle, exhibiting greater abundance of stores on hand than at its commencement.

In conclusion, it will be observed that the severest conflicts in which my command was engaged on the field of Chickamauga occurred on the evening of the 19th and in the morning and evening of the 20th September.

On the evening of the 19th my command suffered as much in three hours as during the whole day of the 20th September.

On Sunday my command suffered severely until the enemy's breastworks were carried in the morning, and again during the contest for the spur of Missionary Ridge, in the evening.

My division commenced to fight in the front line on the 19th of September, and fought in the front line through the conflict of both days, and at the close was far in advance of all support, as it was also at different times during the latter day.

The strength of my command and the number of casualties are hereunto appended. The lists of killed, wounded and missing in Gregg's and Johnson's brigades were forwarded on the 29th of September; but no list has yet been furnished by McNair's brigade, and the aggregates are only given by Colonel Coleman, who commanded this brigade after General McNair was wounded.

I have received no report from Brigadier-Generals E. McNair or Gregg.

Everett's battery fired four hundred and twenty-eight rounds.

Bledsoe's battery fired one hundred and twenty-five rounds.

Culpepper's battery fired three hundred and one rounds.

Dent's battery not reported, as it belongs to Hindman's division, though it fought with mine from about 1 P. M. until sunset, 20th September, 1863.

I forward herewith the reports of Lieutenants Everett and Wood, commanding batteries attached respectfully to Johnson's and Gregg's brigades, and the reports of Colonels Suggs, Coleman and Fulton, commanding brigades.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

B. R. Johnson,
Brigadier-General.

Report of Casualties.

Brigade.	Strength.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Johnson's.....	869	28	271	98	397
Gregg's.....	1,352	109	474	18	601
McNair's.....	1,207	51	336	64	451
Total.....	3,428	188	1,081	180	1,449

REPORT OF CAPTAIN R. J. HARDING, COMMANDING FIRST TEXAS.

FIRST TEXAS REGIMENT,
September 26th, 1863.

The regiment moved forward about 3:30 P. M., throwing out Company I as skirmishers. After advancing about two hundred yards, a report came from the commander of the skirmishers that the enemy was advancing on our left flank. The regiment was immediately marched by the left flank to meet their advance. We found them posted in large numbers in a ravine covered by thick undergrowth. We immediately charged them, killing a Colonel, and driving them across a field which was a few hundred yards in advance. The regiment advanced to a road, name not known, where we lay for some time under a heavy fire of grape and canister from a battery about two hundred yards in advance. Seeing that we were about to be flanked, right and left, we fell back to the ravine under cover of a hill in the rear of the road occupied by the regiment. We remained there until withdrawn for the night.

September 20th. The regiment moved forward in line of battle about noon, through a wood into a field, the enemy throwing both shells and grape upon us from a battery on an elevated position. After entering the field we changed front forward on first battalion, directing our march upon a wooded hill occupied by the enemy. Advancing at a quick time, we drove the enemy from his position to another hill in front of the one from which he had been driven. At this point we received a very destructive fire from some regiment

not known, but supposed to be friends, on our left and to the rear. The regiment then fell back across the field and formed in the edge of the woods, where we constructed a breastwork of logs and rails, and remained until five o'clock P. M. We then advanced and took a position on a hill in front and to the left of the one which we charged and took in the morning. After throwing out skirmishers we remained there through the night.

Respectfully submitted,

R. J. HARDING,
Captain Commanding First Texas
In Battles of 19th and 20th September, 1863.

The Affair at Frederick City.

A CORRECTION OF GENERAL JOHNSON'S ACCOUNT.

By Captain DAVID WALDHAUER, *of the Georgia Hussars, Jeff. Davis Legion, Hampton's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.*

I read the interesting address of General Bradley T. Johnson in the December number of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, and feel it my duty to correct the total inaccuracy of his account of the little dash at Frederick City. Lieutenant William W. Gordon, myself and four other members of the Georgia Hussars, Company F, Jeff. Davis Legion, were ordered to report to headquarters. I am now informed by Mr. E. A. Silva, at that time Sergeant-Major and Acting Adjutant, that the orders from headquarters named me for the duty. We did not know what it was until we reported to Major Barker, Adjutant-General of Hampton's brigade. We there found twenty men, whom Major Barker ordered to report to me. They had been detailed from every command of Hampton's brigade, except the Second South Carolina.

Major Barker rode up by my side in front of my detachment into the centre of Frederick, explaining my duty. I was to picket the byways, prevent straggling, and push the men through. When General Hampton came along after the brigade had passed, he, in person, ordered me to gather my men and take the rear.

It was sharp work from that time, for a squadron of the Second South Carolina, that had been on picket at the Monocacy Bridge, retreated hastily through the city, probably giving to Burnside's ad-

vance the impression of a stampede. By that time, however, I had gathered and formed my twenty-four men and wheeled them by fours, left in front, the four Georgia Hussars in front, to face the column of cavalry that I saw advancing.

My mind was too fully occupied by affairs in front to notice what was in my rear, but as General Hampton knew I had but a handful of men opposed to General Burnside's army, it is reasonable to suppose he ordered some support, and I think it likely the Second South Carolina was that reserve, as Colonel Butler, from the rear, sent me word through my Lieutenant, William W. Gordon, to charge. Not being under his jurisdiction, but under the direct orders of General Hampton, I considered that I was acting on my own responsibility, and as the enemy were climbing a long and high hill, I calculated that by the time they reached its brow they would become spent and disordered, and an easy prey.

My calculations were not far out of the way. When we started for them they commenced firing "criss-cross" in their own ranks, and probably killed some of their own men. Before our charging column got within a hundred yards of the head of their column, their column broke and they ran over each other, upsetting cannon and horses, and firing off the cannon in their own midst, with not a Confederate within fifty yards of them.

As to the Second South Carolina running over guns and horses, it is all a mistake, and will be denied by that gallant regiment, which earned too much honor and glory to claim what does not belong to them.

Lieutenant Gehan, if there was any such person, did not "lead the fight," nor to my knowledge, follow it. If there were any members of the Second South Carolina engaged in that dash, they did not legitimately belong there, but had "straggled to the front," as our gallant boys had a habit of doing.

Lieutenant Gordon captured Colonel Moore, of Ohio (commander of the advance), and his coal-black steed, but, as the brigade of infantry were firing upon us, he gathered what men he could find in the confusion and confronted the infantry brigade in order to retard them and allow us to reap the harvest of our charge in arms, equipments and prisoners.

We retreated with our prisoners under fire of a brigade, by orders from General Hampton, through his gallant son Preston, who was afterwards killed, that we were being flanked. The killed, wounded and captured numbered more than our force.

This little affair had the effect of retarding Burnside's army from four o'clock in the afternoon until six o'clock next morning, and materially aided in the capture of Harper's Ferry, Burnside having gained only three miles in fourteen hours. My force, composed of Company B, Captain Henderson, from Okalona, Mississippi, and the Georgia Hussars, from Savannah, Georgia, lost twelve out of thirteen, officers and men in proportion, in thirteen months, and never were stampeded. I have never doubted if I had had them with me at Frederick, instead of a mixed command, we would have carried that gun and horses off in the face of Burnside's army. The horses were not killed, as stated in General Johnson's article, but knocked down, and the cannon upset over them by their own troops.

John Esten Cooke, in "Surry of Eagle's Nest," gives the credit of this affair to Pierce Young, who was miles away. Now it is given to Butler. Neither of those soldiers need or would accept what doesn't belong to them. They are knights "without fear and without reproach."

Savannah, Ga.

Tribute to General "Dick" Anderson.

By General JOHN BRATTON.

[By some mistake the following paragraphs at the beginning of General Bratton's address on Seven Pines were omitted in the copy sent us, and we insert them here as containing a deserved tribute from a gallant soldier to his dead comrade:]

MY COMRADES,—You have selected for your reunion this year a spot hallowed to us by the life-blood of dead comrades, and on which the blood of many of us still living was freely poured. The committee, in extending your invitation to be present with you here, did not, in accordance with the rules of your Association, designate the subject, but left it to my discretion. I need not say that the place of meeting settled that question, and I shall avail myself of this occasion to meet an obligation long felt, and perform a long deferred duty to the officers and men of the regiment that I had the honor to command on this bloody field. I shall endeavor to tell the story of your achievements in the battle of Seven Pines, as it would have been told in my official report of that action, had it been in my

power to have rendered that report. But before entering upon that story it is a melancholy pleasure to be able to say that one of the truest soldiers and most distinguished fighters developed by the war felt the same obligation, and only a short time before his death expressed unqualified admiration for your fighting on this field, which he was pleased to term "unsurpassed," and his intention, even at that late date, to put on record as an act of justice what he knew of it. He, too, failed to make any official report of this battle. It is needless to say that I allude to our Brigadier-General, under whose immediate direction we fought that day. If anything could add to our regret for the loss of our brave old commander, this loss of his direct testimony would. He had seen and done so much hard and effective fighting that there was no higher authority on that subject than the modest, genial gentleman, but bold and intrepid soldier, who, in an army unsurpassed in chivalric courage, and in the dash and skill of its officers, won for himself the soubriquet of "Fighting Dick Anderson."

The Lost Dispatch—Letter from General D. H. Hill.

MACON, GEORGIA, January 22d, 1885.

Rev. J. WILLIAM JONES,

Secretary Southern Historical Society:

DEAR SIR,—Permit me a brief reply to a portion of the able and eloquent address of General Bradley T. Johnson, which appears in the last number of the HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS. In reference to a dispatch from General Lee to myself, which fell into General McClellan's hands, General Johnson says: "The Count of Paris states that it was picked up from the corner of a table in the house, which had served as the headquarters of the Confederate General D. H. Hill. A story current in Frederick is that General Hill sat for some time at the corner of Market and Patrick streets, inspecting the march of his column as it moved by, and was observed to drop a paper from his pocket, which was picked up as soon as he left, and delivered to McClellan on his arrival on the 13th."

The two stories do not harmonize very well, and to them might be added that of E. A. Pollard, who stated that I threw down the order petulantly, because I was not pleased with its contents! In my reply to Pollard, seventeen years ago, in my magazine, *The Land We Love*, I exposed the unfairness of attributing to me the

loss of a paper, solely upon the ground that it was directed to me. I also published the statement of my Adjutant-General, Major J. W. Ratchford, that Lee's order had never been received at our headquarters. There are many still living, who know that I occupied a tent, and not a house, outside of Frederick. Whittier said in reference to the story of Barbara Fritchie that it was "as well authenticated as any fact in history," on a rumor current in Frederick. It is a very painful thought to me that a Confederate officer, while exposing one myth started upon a Frederick rumor, should bring up as true another rumor to the prejudice of a brother officer, who always tried to do his duty. General Johnson thinks that great things might have been accomplished by the Maryland campaign —a possibility of the capture of Washington and Baltimore, recognition by the powers in Europe, peace and independence. But that the campaign failed "principally by the negligence which lost Lee's special order No. 191."

Let us look for a moment at these gigantic claims. General Johnson says that Lee crossed the Potomac with 35,000 men, and that McClellan had 160,000 in hand and 11,000 at Harper's Ferry. It must be remembered that our remnant of an army was what was left after two months' constant marching and fighting and after beating two armies, each superior in numbers to itself. Could the jaded, worn-out, ragged, barefooted and half-starved fragment beat five times their numbers and capture two great cities? We must recollect that the age of miracles is past. No one more feelingly remembers than I do, the courage, patience and endurance of that grand army; but its illustrious commander did not expect miracles from his veterans. He said in his official report: "Although not properly equipped for invasion, lacking much of the material of war and feeble in transportation, the troops poorly provided with clothing and thousands of them barefooted, it was yet believed to be strong enough to detain the enemy on the Northern frontier until the approach of winter should render his advance into Virginia difficult, if not impracticable."

Not one word is said of "the possibility of the capture of Washington and Baltimore, the recognition of the Confederacy by the powers, of independence and of peace." Lee was too sagacious a man to think of the possibility of the impossible.

I have thought that McClellan lost rather than gained by the capture of order No. 191. He did not need that to know that Harpers Ferry was beleagured, his own ears could hear the firing. The only

other thing that he gained from the captured order was the misleading direction for Longstreet to remain at Boonsboro, whereas he had gone to Hagerstown. This misinformation can alone explain the extraordinary caution of the advance of two Federal corps against one brigade of a thousand men. My other four brigades were at different points, three, four and six miles off, at sunrise on the 14th September. After the killing of Garland (who had marched his troops three miles that morning) and the dispersion of his brigade by Reno's corps, the road to our rear was entirely open, and was held by my staff and couriers with one piece of artillery for one hour, until Anderson's brigade came up. The other brigades reached me later and all five numbered but 5,000 men But the 40,000 Federals moved cautiously, believing that Longstreet's corps was there, according to Lee's order, whereas it was fourteen miles off and did not reach the gap until too late to keep the enemy from getting so advantageous a position for the next day's operations that we were compelled to retreat that night. Lee's wagon trains and reserve artillery were at the foot of the mountain and had the gap been lost, all would have been lost. My little force could have been brushed off in an hour, even after all had gotten up, but the turnpike was held for nine hours without any assistance. To assert that the Federals were not under some delusion as to our numbers is to charge them with an imbecility unexampled in modern warfare. This delusion could only have been caused by the captured order.

At Sharpsburg, I made a careful estimate of our forces and placed our numbers at 27,000. This was the army, that but for lost order No. 191, would have beaten McClellan's forces, now swelled to 180,000, captured Washington and Baltimore, received recognition from foreign governments and established the Southern Confederacy! This might have happened in the time of Hezekiah and Sennacherib, but hardly in the days of Lee and McClellan.

General Lee made a second invasion of the North with an army three times as strong, well rested, well equipped and full of enthusiasm. There was no lost order, no marplots, no frustration of plans, but he met disaster and not success. The North was recruiting from all parts of the globe and we were fighting the whole world in arms. That heroic army of Northern Virginia accomplished more than any one army known to history ever did. All honor to its great leader and to his devoted followers. They did all that mortals could do, but they could not whip the whole human race.

The fruits of the Maryland campaign were our gains of 12,000

prisoners, seventy-five pieces of artillery and vast military stores of every kind. The fruits of the Pennsylvania campaign were our losses of men, arms and munitions of war.

If General Johnson must needs find one scape-goat for the first campaign, how many must he find for the second?

But this was not the spirit of our illustrious commander. When trouble, failure and disaster came, he did not look round to find a scape-goat. He was chary of censure of conduct, and still more so of motive. Let all who admire his greatness imitate his noble example.

Respectfully and truly,

D. H. Hill.

Letter from General Hagood on Recapture of a Flag.

(Extract.)

Headquarters Hagood's Brigade,
Petersburg, Va., 22d August, 1864.

Colonel Brent,
Acting Adjutant-General:

Colonel,—I am directed in a communication from Department Headquarters, just received, to forward a list of the casualties in my command, sustained yesterday, and also to report all the circumstances attending the recapture of the flag of one of my regiments.

* * * * * *

When the line had reached the enemy's works, some two hundred men having got into a re-entering angle where they were exposed to a severe cross-fire, became confused, and a mounted officer of the enemy galloping out of a sally port, seized the colors of the Twenty-seventh Regiment and called upon them to surrender. Several officers and men began to surrender, but had not been carried in; observing this, I made my way to them from the part of the line upon which I was, calling to the men to shoot him. They either did not hear me or were bewildered by the surrender of part of their number, and failed to do so. When I got up to him I demanded the colors from him, and that he should go back into his work, telling him he was free to do so. He commenced arguing with me upon our desperate position, and I cut him short, demanding a categorical reply. He said no, and I shot him from his horse. Giving the colors to my

orderly and mounting his horse, I succeeded in withdrawing the men with as little loss as could have been expected from the terrific fire to which we were exposed in retiring. Probably half the men unhurt were brought off from this point.

I beg leave specially to mention the good conduct of my Orderly, Private J. D. Stoney, of the Twenty-seventh Regiment, in this matter. He has always displayed gallantry, and would do credit to a commission.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) JOHNSON HAGOOD,
Brigadier-General.

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ENDORSEMENTS.

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.,
August 23d, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded through General R. E. Lee, to his Excellency, President Jefferson Davis, for his information.

Such an act of gallantry as herein described, and of devotion to one's flag, reflects the highest credit on the officer who performed it, and be should held up to the army as worthy of imitation under similar circumstances.

Brigadier-General Hagood is a brave and meritorious officer, who has distinguished himself already at Battery Wagner and Drewry's Bluff, and participated actively in the battles of Warebottom Church, Cold Harbor and Petersburg on the 16th and 17th June last. I respectfully recommend him for promotion at the earliest opportunity.

Attention is respectfully called also to General Hagood's recommendation of his Orderly, Private J. D. Stoney, for a commission. I feel assured he is well-deserving of it.

(Signed) G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General.*

—

HEADQUARTERS A. N. V., 24th August, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded.

(Signed) R. E. LEE, *General.*

BUREAU ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL,
APPOINTMENT OFFICE, September 1st, 1864.

Respectfully submitted to the Secretary of War.
By order.

(Signed) ED. A. PALFREY,
Lieut.-Col. and A. A. General.

—

Respectfully submitted as requested to the notice of the President.

(Signed) J. A. SEDDON,
Secretary of War.

21st September, 1864.

—

There are two modes of recognizing distinguished service—one by promotion, the other by announcement in orders. See recommendation for the private and note for the brigadier, who I regard as worthy of promotion, when it can be consistently made.

(Signed) JEFF. DAVIS.

7th November, 1864.

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Adjutant-General: Note the President's endorsement, and if opportunity of promotion occurs, submit.

(Signed) J. A. SEDDON,
Secretary of War.

9th November, 1864.

—

Official:

H. L. CLAY,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Assistant and Inspector-General's Office, December 9th, 1864.

Report of Casualties in Hagood's Brigade, South Carolina Volunteers, May 6th, 1864.

Twenty-first South Carolina Volunteers—Killed		1
Wounded		24
		25
Twenth-fifth South Carolina Volunteers—Wounded		5
Total		30

Report of Casualties in Hagood's Brigade, May 7th, 1864.

Twenty-first South Carolina Volunteers—Killed	7	
Wounded	78	
		85
Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers—Killed	9	
Wounded	34	
Missing	4	
		47
Twenty-seventh South Carolina Volunteers—Killed	6	
Wounded	30	
Missing	9	
		45
Total		177

Report of Casualties in Hagood's Brigade, South Carolina Volunteers, May 9th, 1864.

	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Total.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted.	Officers.	Enlisted.	Officers.	Enlisted.	Officers.	Enlisted.	
7th Bat. S. C. V	....	....	.....	1	....	.....	....	1	1
11th Reg't S. C. V	1	13	1	38	2	10	4	61	65
21st Reg't S. C. V	....	5	.....	13	....	5	....	23	23
25th Reg't S. C. V	2	9	3	26	....	7	5	42	47
27th Reg't S. C. V	....	1	.....	.....	....	.....	....	1	1
Grand Total	3	28	4	78	2	22	9	128	137

RECAPITULATION.

Casualties of 6th	30
Casualties of 7th	177
Casualties of 9th	137
Aggregate	344

The Cavalry Affair at Waynesboro.

Letter from Captain GEORGE N. BLISS, *of First Rhode Island Cavalry.*

[We publish with pleasure the following letter of a gallant soldier whom we have the privilege of knowing as one who has not forgotten kindnesses shown him when a wounded prisoner. Dr. John Staige Davis, of the University of Virginia, of whom Captain Bliss speaks so kindly, has, since this letter was written, "crossed over the river," and left behind him the record of a stainless life.]

I have read with great pleasure "Reminiscences of Cavalry Operations, by General T. T. Munford," as published in SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, but upon page 458, volume XII, I find errors, which, though unintentional, require correction, for the honor of my regiment and in justice to the memory of Colonel Charles Russel Lowell, Second Massachusetts Cavalry, who had thirteen horses shot under him before a soldier's death closed his career, while leading his regiment in a victorious charge at Cedar Creek, October 19th, 1864, only three weeks after the fight at Waynesboro, which occurred September 28th, 1864.

General Munford writes: "In this engagement, Captain George N. Bliss commanding a squadron of Rhode Island Cavalry, a Federal officer who fell into my hands, behaved with conspicuous gallantry, strikingly in contrast with the conduct of his command; I take pleasure in making a note of it. Seeing how small a number we had, he urged his Colonel to charge the Fourth Virginia Cavalry as it entered the main street of Waynesboro."

The natural inference is, that the charge was ordered by the Colonel of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, and that a squadron of that regiment failed to do their duty. As a matter of fact, neither is true. The First Rhode Island Cavalry was, at that time, Headquarter

Guard for General Torbert, Sheridan's Chief of Cavalry, and my own squadron was the Provost Guard; my appearance at this time was, therefore, in my capacity as Captain commanding the Provost Guard. By publishing the following extract from my Personal Narrative, as printed in third series, No. 6 of the *Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society of Rhode Island*, you will gratify many soldiers of my old regiment who were always ready to follow wherever I might dare to lead them:

Looking again towards the enemy, I saw Colonel Charles Russell Lowell, who had been in command of the picket line, riding toward us with his horse in a walk—the last man to fall back before the advance of the enemy. The Confederate bullets were whistling about him, and frequent puffs of dust in the road showed where they struck right and left of the brave soldier. Putting spurs to my horse, I rode forward to meet him, and the following conversation ensued:

"Colonel Lowell, I had but a few of the Provost Guards, and did what I could with them to help you."

"Well, Captain, we must check their advance with a sabre charge. Isn't that the best we can do?"

"I think so, Colonel."

By this time we had come up to the Third New Jersey Cavalry, known in the army as the "Butterflies" on account of their gay uniforms, and Colonel Lowell said to the officer in command: "Major, let your first squadron sling their carbines, draw their sabres and charge." The order was given "forward," but not a man moved; they were completely disheartened by having seen the other troops driven back. The Captain in command of the squadron said, "Corporal Jones, are you afraid?" and the Corporal made no reply. The men wavered, and Colonel Lowell said, "Give a cheer, boys, and go at them," and at once, suiting the action to the words, spurred his horse at the gallop towards the enemy, followed by myself, both of us waving our sabres. The squadron at once cheered and followed. After going a short distance, Colonel Lowell drew out to one side to be ready to send other troops to the support of the squadron, and I was left to lead the charge. I was mounted on a large and strong sorrel horse, formerly ridden by Captain Charles C. Gray, of one of our Rhode Island batteries, and was soon a hundred yards in advance of the squadron. Upon reaching the partially constructed barricade, I pulled up my horse. Looking back, I saw

my men coming on with a splendid squadron front; looking forward I saw the enemy in column of fours, turning to retreat. The ground was down hill towards the enemy, and I had never seen a better opportunity for a sabre charge, and, as the squadron neared me, I shouted, "Come on, boys, they are running!" and, jumping my horse over the low barricade, dashed in among the Rebels, only to find myself making the attack single-handed. I had ridden past a dozen of the enemy before I discovered my desperate situation. They were retreating in a loose column of fours, and, as I rode in among them, there were three files on my left hand and one on my right. I felt that death was certain, and, like a lightning flash, my whole life seemed to pass in review before me, closing with the thought, "and this is the end."

There was but one chance; fifty men behind me were shouting, "Kill that Yankee!" To turn among them and retrace my steps was impossible; my horse was swift, and I thought if I could keep on until I came to a side street, I might dash into that, and, by making a circle, again reach our lines. As I rode, I kept my sabre swinging, striking six blows right and left. Two of the enemy escaped by quickly dodging their heads, but I succeeded in wounding four of them—Captain William A. Moss, Hugh S. Hamilton, color-bearer of the Fourth Virginia cavalry, and two others unknown to me. The first side street reached was on the left. Keeping my head close to my horse's neck, I then broke through the three files on my left, and reached the side street in safety, fully twenty yards from the nearest horseman. For a moment, I thought I was safe, when suddenly a bullet, doubtless intended for me, struck my gallant steed and he staggered under the shock. With rein and spur I urged him on, but it was in vain; he fell with a plunge that left me lying on the ground. Before I could rise two of the enemy reined in their horses by me, and, leaning over in their saddles, struck at me, one with a carbine, the other with a sabre. I could parry but one, and with my sabre stopped the crushing blow from the carbine at the same instant that the sabre gave me a cut across the forehead. I at once rose to my feet and said to the soldier who had wounded me, "For God's sake do not kill a prisoner." "Surrender, then," he said; to which I replied, "I do surrender." He demanded my sword and pistol, which I gave to him, and had scarcely done so when I was struck in the back with such force as to thrust me two steps forward. Upon turning to discover the cause of this assault, I found that a soldier had ridden up on the trot, and stabbed me with his

sabre, which would have passed entirely through my body but for the fact that, in his ignorance of the proper use of the weapon, he had failed to make the half-turn of the wrist necessary to give the sabre smooth entrance between the ribs. I also saw at this moment another soldier taking aim at me with a revolver. There was only one chance left me. I called for protection as a free mason, and Captain Henry C. Lee, the Acting Adjutant-General of the enemy's force, at once came to my assistance, ordered a soldier to take me to the rear and see that my wounds were dressed. I suppose the soldiers who were determined to kill me, were friends of the men I had just wounded; but I had no opportunity for information on that point.

That night I was placed in an ambulance with Captain Moss, who told me that he was wounded by me. I found him to be a brother mason who did everything in his power for my comfort. I was taken to a Confederate hospital at Charlottesville, where, under the skilful treatment of J. S. Davis, M. D., then as now, one of the Professors of the University of Virginia; my wounds soon healed and a life-long friendship was established. I finally reached Libby Prison, and was there selected as a hostage for a Confederate sentenced to be hung for recruiting inside the Union lines in East Tennessee, but after forty-seven days confinement in a cell arrangements were made for the exchange of hostages, and February 5th, 1865, I was sent by flag of truce boat down the James into Union lines.

Since the war, I have several times visited Richmond, where I have had the pleasure of meeting Captains Lee, Moss and many other brave soldiers, once our foes, but evermore to be our friends.

Yours truly,

GEO. N. BLISS,

Late Captain Company C, First Rhode Island Cavalry.

An Incident of Stonewall Jackson's Valley Campaign—Capture of a Flag by Maryland Confederates.

Compiled from original data by S. Z. AMMEN.

During the retreat toward Winchester of the portion of Bank's army driven from Front Royal by a detachment of Jackson's advancing forces, consisting principally of the First Maryland Infantry and Wheat's Louisiana Battalion, on May 23d, 1862, there occurred in front of the stone house of Mr. Joshua A. McKay, on the Win-

chester pike, about five miles north of Front Royal, a spirited combat between Confederates and Federals, which was witnessed by Miss Nannie A. McKay, and of which that young lady (now Mrs. John R. Rust), until recently possessed an interesting memorial in the shape of a captured Federal flag. The series of events that led to its capture, and its subsequent history, are of such interest as to merit record.

Late in the evening of the 23d, after the brush at Front Royal, a squad of some twenty of the retreating Federal First Maryland regiment having rallied in McKay's yard, were captured by two men of the Rappahannock company of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry, named Haddox and Field, who, undaunted by the disparity of numbers, boldly charged the enemy and demanded their surrender. The guns of their prisoners had hardly been stacked, when a force of about one hundred Federals, with the regimental flag, came up from the left, while at the same time a Federal officer with more men came charging down the pike from the direction of Winchester, calling out: "Rally round the flag, boys!" Haddox seized one of the stacked guns and knocked the Federal officer from his horse, but was shot and killed a moment later by some of his prisoners, who, seeing their opportunity, seized their muskets and opened fire. Field was also killed. Both he and Haddox, it is stated, were killed while endeavoring to make the enemy understand that they yielded to overwhelming numbers. The remainder of the Rappahannock company, led by the gallant Grimsley, having worsted four or five times their numbers at Judge Robert McKay's, a half mile distant, now appeared on the scene, accompanied by Captain Baxter's Rockingham company of the same regiment of cavalry, and a portion of the Confederate First Maryland Infantry. They found the Federals drawn up in a strong line extending across the McKay orchard. Grimsley and Baxter charged them twice, and for a while the fighting was very bitter. The Rappahannock company alone in these two charges lost nineteen in killed and wounded, including Captain Baxter killed. The Maryland Federals were, however, at length driven from the orchard in great confusion. They were followed in hot pursuit by the Maryland Confederates, who captured their flag. Miss McKay had witnessed the bloody struggle from her father's front porch. She saw the Federal flag carried off by the retreating enemy, and was agreeably surprised when, soon afterwards, it was brought back and given to her by a soldier of the Maryland Confederate regiment, with the request that she would keep

it, and also his portfolio, which he took from his knapsack, until his return, or, should he not come back, would send his portfolio home to Maryland, and retain the flag, all of which Miss McKay agreed to do. He was accompanied by a comrade of the same command. Not many days afterward, and as Stonewall Jackson's army retreated up the Valley (to avoid being cut off by Fremont's and Shields' armies), the comrade of the soldier, who left the flag with Miss McKay, reappeared, and informed her that his companion, who he said was his brother, had been killed, and that he had come to claim the portfolio, offering the custody of the flag to Miss McKay, in accordance with his brother's wish. The arrangement being concluded, the soldier took his departure, but as neither of the brothers gave his name, Miss McKay (the present Mrs. Rust) has not since learned anything further concerning the identity of the two soldiers. This particular flag was the regulation flag of the First Maryland Federal regiment, and had been presented to that command at the Relay House (B. & O. R. R.) near Baltimore, as coming from certain ladies of Baltimore. Prior to the combat described above, the State flag carried by the Federal regiment had been taken by the First Maryland Confederate regiment at Front Royal, and divided up piecemeal among the captors. The flag entrusted to Miss McKay's hands in 1862, was in June, 1880, presented to General Bradley T. Johnson, on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of the Maryland Confederate Soldier in the Stonewall Cemetery at Winchester, Virginia, and is now kept by the Association of the Maryland Line (Confederates) as an invaluable trophy. A handsome picture of the flag has been presented to Mrs. Rust by the Association, having the following printed description attached: "This flag was presented to Miss Nannie A. McKay, May 23, 1862, by a soldier of the First Maryland regiment, C. S. A., who had captured it in the Front Royal fight, of which she was a witness. She sacredly kept it until June 5, 1880, when at the unveiling of the Maryland statue at Winchester, Virginia, she, through her husband, Captain J. R. Rust, presented it to General Bradley T. Johnson, formerly Colonel of the First Maryland regiment, C. S. A. This picture is presented to Mrs. Captain Rust by the Association of the Maryland Line as a testimonial of their respect and regard for her."

The flag would probably still be resting in the custody of Mrs. Rust, but for its discovery by Captain Winfield Peters, of Baltimore, who was a private in the First Maryland Confederate regiment, and who made a personal appeal to the lady to present the

flag to General Johnson, as the representative of the victorious regiment. Mrs. Rust, although loth to part with the treasured memento, at length consented, simply stipulating that she should receive a picture of it. The flag itself is made of silk, and was originally a fine piece of work, though now much tattered.

Immediately after the conflict in Mr. McKay's yard on the evening of May 23d, 1862, an incident occurred which is worth relating. A field officer of a Pennsylvania regiment was found by Mrs. McKay, secreted in her cellar. She captured the *gallant* Yankee, and finding him in a state of trepidation, took from him his ivory-mounted pistols and turned him over to the cavalry, while he pleaded for his life, and even offered her money, if she would allow him to escape.

Captain John R. Rust, the husband of Miss McKay, was a gallant soldier and officer in Ashby's cavalry, a relative of that splendid leader and one of his most trusted men.

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(Copy.)

THE ASSOCIATION OF THE MARYLAND LINE,
BALTIMORE, July 31st, 1884.

Mrs. Captain JOHN R. RUST,
Nineveh, Va :

MY DEAR MADAM,—The Association of the Maryland Line have directed me to present to you the accompanying photograph of the flag of the First Maryland Federal Regiment as a testimonial of their respect and regard.

The original of this picture, so carefully preserved by you for so many years, will be kept among the records of the Maryland Line, and will bear testimony to our descendants of the fidelity of Virginia women to the cause we all loved so well.

Permit me to present to you and to my old comrade, your gallant husband, the assurances of the warmest esteem.

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) BRADLEY T. JOHNSON,
President Maryland Line.

To the above letter Mrs. Rust made a graceful acknowledgment, stating that the picture fulfilled all her expectations and desires, and would always be found hanging in the parlor of her Virginia home.

W. PETERS.

Report of Colonel J. R. Hagood, First S. C. Volunteers, of Campaign of 1864.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA INFANTRY,
20th December, 1864.

Captain A. C. SORREL,
Acting Adjutant-General:

CAPTAIN,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this regiment since the 6th of May last:

On the morning of that day we confronted the enemy at the Wilderness. After getting into position, I was instructed by General Jenkins, commanding brigade, to support, if necessary, the regiment of General Kershaw's brigade immediately on my front, then hotly engaged with the enemy, and shortly afterwards, receiving a message from the officer commanding the regiment, stating that his ammunition was nearly exhausted, and requesting me to relieve him, I moved forward and occupied his position, his men retiring on my arrival. The woods were very dense, shutting out all view, excepting a short distance in front of my line. The timid firing of the enemy led me to suspect that he was not in heavy force, and to ascertain the truth of my suspicions, I threw forward two (2) companies as skirmishers, with orders to press the enemy back if practicable. This they accomplished without much difficulty, driving him until their flanks were threatened, when I ordered a halt. In this movement I was not supported on either side. I immediately dispatched a message to General Jenkins, informing him of the state of affairs, and requesting supports. These never arrived, but in the meantime a movement was put in execution on the right, which rendered them unnecessary. The enemy was driven off by an attack in flank.

Later in the day, after considerable delay in unnecessary manœuvring, we arrived in front of the new position the enemy had taken up after his morning's discomfiture, and prepared to attack him. I was ordered to be governed by Colonel Coward's regiment (the battalion of direction.) The movement began; I holding fast to Colonel Coward, who, instead of advancing directly to the point, obliqued considerably to the left, in conformity with the direction taken by the troops on his left. We were met by a heavy volley from the enemy, which, for a moment, staggered our line, causing some confusion. We, however, quickly recovered, and continued

the advance. I here discovered that the regiment which should have moved on my right was not there. In the density of the forest, I concluded it had temporarily gotten lost, and I gave no more thought to it. Under a destructive fire I attained the enemy's works, and drove him from them. He retired to a second line, keeping up a terrific fusilade, assisted by several pieces of artillery. The regiment alluded to a few lines back, was still missing, my men and ammunition almost exhausted—I deemed it inexpedient to attempt anything further. I abandoned this position only when the troops on my left gave way, (there were none on my right during any part of the advance), and the enemy threatened to cut me off. No further attack was made during the day. I carried into action twenty-six officers and two hundred and thirty-five men; lost two (2) officers killed and three (3) wounded, eight (8) men killed and seventy-nine (79) wounded.

Slight skirmishing lasted during the 7th and 8th ultimos. On the night of the latter day we took up the line of march for Spotsylvania Courthouse, which we reached early on the following morning after an exhaustive night march. Everything was gotten in readiness to attack the enemy, who had arrived here at the same time with us. We advanced, but failed to find him in the direction originally taken, when we changed front and pursued a course at right angles with the last. We shortly began skirmishing, which was kept up until night put a stop to it. On the next day we moved a short distance to the left, and erected a line of temporary works of fallen trees. On the morning of the 10th the enemy assaulted our position, but was repulsed after a sharp contest of an hour and a half. My skirmish line, slightly reinforced, held its position throughout the fight. More or less skirmishing occurred during the following day. On the 12th the enemy made a more determined attack, which was met with great gallantry by our men, and repulsed after several hours of hard fighting. The density of the woods, the smoke and other causes prevented me from ascertaining the moment of the enemy's withdrawal. I, therefore, advanced my skirmishers, assisted on my left by Captain Lyle, commanding Fifth South Carolina, and succeeded in capturing seventeen or eighteen of the enemy. A few days later the enemy abandoned our front, when we were transferred to the right extremity of the army. Nothing worthy of report occurred here until the night of the 17th of May, when we evacuated our lines and moved in the direction of Hanover Junction. I began the action of Spotsylvania Courthouse with twenty-one officers and

one hundred and forty-eight men; lost one (1) officer killed and three (3) wounded, two (2) men killed and sixteen (16) wounded.

We remained at Hanover Junction from the 18th ultimo until about the 25th. During this time we were engaged in several sharp skirmishes, resulting in the loss to my regiment of one (1) officer wounded and one (1) man killed. We next moved to the "lines of the Chickahominy," where, after considerable manœuvring, we finally became established in the vicinity of Cold Harbor. On the 3d of June we had a sharp skirmish with the enemy with loss of one man.

We abandoned these lines on the 12th and marched to the neighborhood of Frazier's Farm. On the 14th, we crossed to the south side, and on the 15th engaged the enemy at Bermuda Hundreds, driving him from a position he occupied on Walthall Creek. On the 18th of June we arrived at Petersburg, and were put in trenches on the Baxter Road. From this time until the 21st July, we were constantly on duty and under fire. My loss from the enemy's sharpshooters amounted to two (2) officers killed and one (1) wounded, and four (4) men killed and ten (10) wounded.

July 21st we were transferred back to the north side to the neighborhood of Deep Bottom. We occupied a line, the left extremity of which rested on New Market Heights. On the 14th of August, the enemy attacked our position in heavy force, breaking the skirmish line of the regiment on my left, and penetrating to a point in the rear of my skirmishers. My left company was thus cut off and, with the exception of one man, captured.

After shelling our position heavily for an hour, he withdrew, and shifted his forces towards our left. We executed a corresponding movement. On the following day, brisk skirmishing ensued, but my regiment was not regularly engaged. My losses in the aggregate amounted to three (3) men wounded, and one (1) officer and, eighteen (18) men missing.

On the 23d August we returned to Petersburg, and were engaged until the 20th September in throwing up field-works in its vicinity. On that day the enemy attacked Battery Harrison, near Chaffin's Bluff, and carried it by storm. We were immediately ordered to that point, and arrived on the 29th. On the morning of the 30th, preparations were made to regain the fort which lasted until midday, when the attack began. We were then a thousand (1,000) yards from the point to be carried. Immediately the regiment on my left began to double-quick, which soon increased to a run, thus exhaust-

ing the men and wasting their energies at a time when both should have been economized for the struggle on the parapet. I was opposed to this; but believing it to be an order, acquiesced. The enemy shortly opened fire on us, which increased in effect every moment, and soon began to tell fearfully on the ranks. At this critical moment, the brigade which preceded us gave way, and rushing through our line caused irremediable confusion. Added to this, the village of soldiers' huts, which lay in our track, offered the temptation to skulk, which many failed to resist, and which was impossible, in the confusion, to prevent. With those of my men who still adhered to their colors, I continued to advance until I attained a point within sixty (60) yards of the fort. Here, owing to the little support which was accorded to me by the remainder of the brigade, I ordered my regiment to halt, and began firing, to divert my men. I awaited here ten or fifteen minutes for reinforcements, but their failure to come up, and the fearful destructiveness of the enemy's fire, impressed me with the necessity of falling back, which I accordingly did. I rallied my men at the earliest practicable moment, and reported to the Brigadier-General commanding, who instructed me to return to my position of the morning. A short time afterwards, I was ordered to advance again on the enemy, bearing to the left, so as to strike his works on the right of Colonel Walker's regiment, which was reported as having gained them. I executed this order, but discovered no enemy this side of the fort; the flankwork having been manned by only a line of skirmishers who were driven from it by Law's brigade before the arrival of Walker.

After dark we were withdrawn to our old position. My losses in this engagement amounted to three officers and ten men killed, nine officers and sixty-two men wounded.

Two days later, we threw up a line of works in advance of our old position. In doing this I had one (1) man killed and two (2) wounded.

At sunrise on the morning of the 7th of October, we attacked the enemy on the Darbytown Road, and drove him from two lines of works. My regiment and Colonel Bowen's were advanced to storm the redoubt on the enemy's extreme right, occupied by his dismounted cavalry, which was carried in fine style. General Field then directed me to change front to the right, and attack in flank with the two (2) regiments (Second and First) a redoubt further to the right which was defying the efforts of Anderson's entire brigade. I executed this order, the men charging with great spirit and driving

from the work a body of the enemy. Anderson's brigade *then* came up, and we awaited further orders. I was now ordered by the Brigadier-General commanding, to move on the enemy's artillery, posted on the further edge of the field, and which was still resisting. We reached it after double-quicking for three-fourths (¾) of a mile, shot down the horses and secured the cannon. After a long delay, which has never been explained to me, we followed the enemy nearly to the New Market Road, where he had retired after his reverses of the morning and fortified. His reinforcements had arrived, and his position surrounded by a dense undergrowth, impassable to a line of battle, was thus rendered almost impregnable. We attacked it, and after a hard fight were repulsed. A short time afterwards we were withdrawn, abandoning all the ground we had gained in the morning. My losses amounted to two killed and seventeen wounded.

On the 27th November, the enemy attacked us on the Williamsburg Road, but were easily driven back. I had no casualties. In the skirmish preceding the attack, my skirmishers, under Captain Southern, captured thirty (30) or forty (40) of the enemy.

December 9th, we moved down the Darbytown Road to the enemy's position, and after considerable manœuvring, for what purpose and with what effect, I have been unable to learn, withdrew in the night and returned to camp. I had one man wounded.

I have had altogether in the field since the opening of the campaign five hundred and seventy-two men and officers. My losses in the aggregate amount to thirty-seven killed and two hundred and seven wounded, and nineteen captured or missing. Among the former I have to deplore many of my bravest men and officers. Captains Grimes and Kirke, and Ensign E. W. Bellinger, all conspicuous for their gallantry under trying circumstances, fell in the assault on Battery Harrison, nobly discharging their duty.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) Jas. R. Hagood,
Colonel Commanding.

[Note.—At this length of time it is impossible to refer accurately by date, to events related in the foregoing report.—J. R. H.]

General Sherman's Method of Making War.

As General W. T. Sherman is so fond of coming to the front in denunciation of Confederate leaders and Confederate methods and motives in the conduct of the war, we feel called upon to put on record from time to time the truth about *his* methods of warfare, and instead of imitating his example and dealing in reckless assertions, we have generally sustained our arraignment by the most unimpeachable official records. We were, however, induced to publish in our issue of March, 1884, a "*Letter from one of Sherman's Bummers*," which we received from a responsible source, and the authenticity of which we had no reason to question. But we have the following contradiction from Colonel Stone, formerly Assistant Adjutant-General "Army of the Cumberland," which we cheerfully publish in our first issue after its receipt, as we are unwilling to do the slightest injustice even to the men who "made South Carolina howl." Although the letter was "not intended for publication," yet, as Colonel Stone gives us permission to do so, we deem it best to give the letter in full.

LETTER FROM COLONEL STONE.

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE,
BOSTON, March 19, 1885.

Rev. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,
Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:

DEAR SIR,—In the number of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS for March, 1884, under the heading, "How they made South Carolina 'Howl'—Letter from one of Sherman's Bummers," you publish what purports to be "a letter found in the streets of Columbia after the army of General Sherman had left."

The contents of the letter are enough to satisfy any unprejudiced mind that it could not have been written by any officer of General Sherman's command—except, possibly, as the broadest kind of a hoax. But conceding, for the moment, that such a letter might have been written by "one of 'Sherman's Bummers,'" it is demonstrable that the letter under consideration is not genuine. If any such letter exists, it is a forgery.

The statement is that it was "found in the streets of Columbia after the army of General Sherman had left." The last of that army left Columbia on or before February 21. This letter purports to be dated

"Camp near Camden, S. C., February 26, 1865." Camden is at least thirty miles east of Columbia, and on the opposite side of the Catawba river. By the roundabout course pursued by the army, it is double that distance. The crossing of the river occupied several days, and was effected twenty or thirty miles north of Camden. The waters were very high, and once across, there was no such thing as returning. Everybody and everything was moving away from Columbia as rapidly as possible. Only a small part of Sherman's army marched through or near Camden. The knowledge or consideration of these facts shows how improbable, if not absolutely impossible, it was, under the circumstances, that any letter written by one of "Sherman's Bummers," near Camden, South Carolina, could afterwards have found its way to the streets of Columbia.

It so happens, also, that no officer named Thomas J. Myers—the name purporting to be signed to the document you have reprinted—belonged to General Sherman's army. The records show that, throughout the war, there was but one officer in the military service of the United States with that name, and he was not in Sherman's army, and did not—as is implied in the direction, Boston, Mass., and the reference in the letter to the "Old Bay State"—belong to any Massachusetts regiment. "Alas," cries the weeping Thomas, "it (the captured jewelry) will be scattered all over the North and Middle States." It so happens, also, that of the ninety regiments of Sherman's army which might have passed on the march near Camden, South Carolina, but a single one—a New Jersey regiment—was from the Middle States. All the rest were from the West—never called the North, in the local idiom of Western people. A letter from the only Thomas J. Myers ever in the army would never contain such a phrase.

To crown all, Thomas J. Myers resigned from the military service on the 18th of February, 1865—eight days before the date of the pretended letter—while his regiment was in Northern Alabama.

I should not have taken pains to look up and analyze these facts if I did not think it matter for profound regret that a periodical, presumably published in the interest of historical truth, should give currency to this document. No possible good can come of its publication, if genuine, but much harm. It throws no light on one single fact or method by which the war was conducted. As to General Sherman's procedure, on his famous march, history will judge it on acknowledged and recorded facts—which are ample and accessible—not on any such irritating and preposterous assertions as are con-

tained in the document under consideration. General Sherman has never shrunk from any responsibility for his actions. The genuine recollections and experiences of men and women in that exciting and passionate time are legitimate and useful matters for publication, even when they reveal things which, in the cooler days of reason and law, everyone must regret, if not condemn—*Inter arma, silent leges.* Till men become perfect, war will be full, always, of cruelest outrages. When they do become perfect, there will be no war. So far as it may help to restrain men's passions or ambitions, and lead to the adoption of better methods for redressing wrongs, real or fancied, than killing and robbery—which all war is, in its last analysis—every tale of suffering, privation, injury, spoliation, may prove useful, and so its publication justifiable. But when, as certainly seems the case in this instance, nothing but the provocation and perpetuation of ill-feeling and bitterness can result, I submit that a periodical of the character of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS might—as I am happy to see it does, in most instances—find better material than re-printing from obscure newspapers, matter which throws no real light on any single act or motive during the whole of the great contest.

Your periodical is taken by a society of which I am a member, but I did not happen to see the March number earlier, or I should have earlier written you. I do not write now for publication—though to that I have no objection—but simply to give you the facts, and let your own sense of justice decide what you will do.

Very respectfully yours,

HENRY STONE,
Late Brevet-Colonel U. S. Volunteers, and
A. A. G. Army of the Cumberland.

We are frank to admit that Colonel Stone seems to make out his case against the authenticity of this letter, and we regret having re-published it.

But as showing the method and spirit in which General Sherman conducted his campaigns, we reproduce the following from the *Southern Magazine* of May, 1873:

GLEANINGS FROM GENERAL SHERMAN'S DESPATCHES.

Those thick, loosely-bound octavos, printed on soft and rather dingy paper, which Congress publishes and distributes under the name of Public Documents, are not generally considered very enter-

taining reading. But there are exceptions; and one of these is the Report of the Joint Committee of Congress on the Conduct of the War. Indeed, compared with such mild pastorals as "Some Account of the Cheese Manufacture in Central New York," or "Remarks on the Cultivation of Alfalfa in Western Tennessee," it is quite luridly sensational, and in parts reminds us of those striking Reports of the Duke of Alva to his royal master, which have been disinterred in the dusty archives of Simancas.

As a study of congressional nature, military nature, and human nature generally in its least attractive aspects, these eight stout volumes are richly worth perusal. Here the reader is allowed to peep behind the scenes of that portentous drama; here he may see the threads of the intrigues that centred in Washington; may hear a petty newspaper correspondent demonstrating with an animation that we can scarcely ascribe to fervid patriotism, the incapacity, the ignorance, and even the doubtful "loyalty" of the commander-in-chief; may see private malignity and vindictiveness putting on grand Roman airs, and whispering delators draping themselves in the toga of Brutus.

However, it is not with these aspects of the report that we at present have to do, but with the despatches of General Sherman on his march through Georgia and South Carolina. A great deal of fiction, and some verse,* we believe, have been written about this famous march or grand foray; but here we have the plain matter-of-fact statement of things as they were, and they form a luminous illustration of the advance of civilization in the nineteenth century as exemplified in the conduct of invasions, showing how modern philanthropy and humanitarianism, while acknowledging that for the present war is a necessary evil, still strive to mitigate its horrors, and spare all avoidable suffering to non-combatants. For this purpose we have thought it worth while to reproduce a few of the most striking extracts, illustrating the man, his spirit, and his work.

A kind of key-note is sounded in the despatch to General Stoneman of May 14th, which, after ordering him "to press down the valley strong," ends with the words, "Pick up whatever provisions and plunder you can."

On June 3d the question of torpedoes is discussed, and General

*One of these poems, "Marching through Georgia," we learn by the evidence, was a favorite canticle of Murray, the kidnapper and butcher of captive Polynesians. The poet had certainly found one congenial reader.

Stedman receives the following instructions: "If torpedoes are found in the possession of an enemy to our rear, you may cause them to be put on the ground and tested by wagon-loads of prisoners, or, if need be, by citizens implicated in their use. In like manner, if a torpedo is suspected on any part of the railroad, order the point to be tested by a car-load of prisoners or citizens implicated, drawn by a long rope." "Implicated," we suppose here means "residing or captured in the neighborhood."

On July 7th we have an interesting despatch to General Garrard on the subject of the destruction of the factories at Rosswell. "Their utter destruction is right, and meets my entire approval; and to make the matter complete, you will arrest the owners and employees and send them under guard, charged with treason, to Marietta, and I will see as to any man in America hoisting the French flag, and then devoting his labor and capital to supplying armies in open hostility to our government, and claiming the benefit of his neutral flag. Should you, under the impulse of anger, natural at contemplating such perfidy, hang the wretch, I approve the act beforehand. * * I repeat my orders that you arrest all people, male and female, connected with those factories, no matter what the clamor, and let them foot it, under guard, to Marietta, whence I will send them by cars to the North. Destroy and make the same disposition of all mills, save small flouring mills manifestly for local use; but all saw-mills and factories dispose of effectually, and useful laborers, excused by reason of their skill as manufacturers from conscription, are as much prisoners as if armed."

On the same day he further enlarges on this subject in a despatch to General Halleck:

"General Garrard reports to me that he is in possession of Rosswell, where were several very valuable cotton and wool factories in full operation, also paper mills, all of which by my order, he destroyed by fire. They had been for years engaged exclusively at work for the Confederate Government; and the owner of the woollen factory displayed the French flag, but as he failed also to show the United States flag, General Garrard burned it also. The main cotton factory was valued at a million of United States dollars. The cloth on hand is reserved for the use of the United States hospitals; and I have ordered General Garrard to arrest for treason all owners and employees, foreign and native, and send them to Marietta, whence I will send them North. Being exempt from conscription, they are as much governed by the rules of war as if in the ranks. The

women can find employment in Indiana. This whole region was devoted to manufactories, but I will destroy every one of them."

There are two points especially worth notice in this dispatch. The first, that *since* these men and women, by reason of sex, or otherwise, are exempt from conscription, they are *therefore* as much subject to the rules of war as if in the ranks. Why not do less violence to logic, and state frankly that factory hands were in demand in Indiana? The next point is, that the Rosswell factories, whether French property or not, were destroyed because they were making cloth for the Confederate government, followed presently by the declaration that every manufactory in that region shall be destroyed, evidently without reference to its products or their destination. How much franker it would have been to have added to his last sentence, "and thus get rid of so many competitors to the factories of the North." The South must learn that while she may bear the burden of protective tariffs, she must not presume to share their benefits. Another dispatch to General Halleck, of July 9th, again refers to these factories. After referring to the English and French ownership, comes this remark: "I take it a neutral is no better than one of our own citizens, and we would not respect the property of one of our own citizens engaged in supplying a hostile army." This is the kind of logic proverbially used by the masters of legions.

A dispatch to General Halleck of July 13th, gives General Sherman's opinion of two great and philanthropic institutions. Speaking of "fellows hanging about" the army, he says: "The Sanitary and Christian Commissions are enough to eradicate all trace of Christianity from our minds."

July 14th, to General J. E. Smith, at Alatoona: "If you entertain a bare suspicion against any family, send it to the North. Any loafer or suspicious person seen at any time should be imprisoned and sent off. If guerillas trouble the road or wires they should be shot without mercy."

September 8. To General Webster, after the capture of Atlanta: "Don't let any citizens come to Atlanta; not one. I won't allow trade or manufactures of any kind, but will remove all the present population, and make Atlanta a pure military town." To General Halleck he writes, "I am not willing to have Atlanta encumbered by the families of our enemies." Of this wholesale depopulation, General Hood complained, by flag of truce, as cruel and contrary to the usages of civilized nations, and customs of war, receiving this courteous and gentlemanly reply (September 12)—"I think I understand

the laws of civilized nations and the 'customs of war'; but if at a loss at any time, I know where to seek for information to refresh my memory."

General Hood made the correspondence, or part of it, public, on which fact General Sherman remarks to General Halleck, "Of course he is welcome, for the more he arouses the indignation of the Southern masses the bigger will be the pill of bitterness they will have to swallow."

About the middle of September, General Sherman being still at Atlanta, endeavored to open private communication with Governor Brown and Vice President Stephens, whom he knew to be at variance with the Administration at Richmond on certain points of public policy. Mr. Stephens refused to reply to a verbal message, but wrote to Mr. King, the intermediary, that if the General would say that there was any prospect of their agreeing upon "terms to be submitted to the action of their respective governments," he would, as requested, visit him at Atlanta. The motives urged by Mr. King were General Sherman's extreme desire for peace, and to hit upon "some plan of terminating this fratricidal war without the further effusion of blood." But in General Sherman's dispatch of September 17th to Mr. Lincoln, referring to these attempted negotiations, the humanitarian point of view is scarcely so prominent. He says, "It would be a magnificent stroke of policy if I could, without surrendering a foot of ground or of principle, arouse the latent enmity to Davis of Georgia."

On October 20th he writes to General Thomas from Summerville, giving an idea of his plan of operations: "Out of the forces now here and at Atlanta I propose to organize an efficient army of 60,000 to 65,000 men, with which I propose to destroy Macon, Augusta, and, it may be, Savannah and Charleston. By this I propose to demonstrate the vulnerability of the South, and make its inhabitants feel that war and individual ruin are synonymous terms."

Dispatch of October 22d to General Grant: "I am now perfecting arrangements to put into Tennessee a force able to hold the line of the Tennessee, while I break up the railroad in front of Dalton, including the city of Atlanta, and push into Georgia and break up all its railroads and depots, capture its horses and negroes, make desolation everywhere; destroy the factories at Macon, Milledgeville and Augusta, and bring up with 60,000 men on the sea-shore about Savannah or Charleston."

To General Thomas, from Kingston, November 11: "Last night

we burned Rome, and in two more days will burn Atlanta" (which he was then occupying).

December 5th: "Blair can burn the bridges and culverts, and burn enough barns to mark the progress of his head of column."

December 18th. To General Grant, from near Savannah: "With Savannah in our possession, at some future time, if not now, we can punish South Carolina as she deserves, and as thousands of people in Georgia hope we will do. I do sincerely believe that the whole United States, North and South, would rejoice to have this army turned loose on South Carolina, to devastate that State in the manner we have done in Georgia."

A little before this he announces to Secretary Stanton that he knows what the people of the South are fighting for. What do our readers suppose? To ravage the North with sword and fire, and crush them under their heels? Surely it must be some such delusion that inspires this ferocity of hatred, unmitigated by even a word of compassion. He may speak for himself: "Jeff. Davis has succeeded perfectly in inspiring his people with the truth that liberty and government are worth fighting for." This was their unpardonable crime.

December 22d, to General Grant. "If you can hold Lee, I could go on and smash South Carolina all to pieces."

On the 18th, General Halleck writes: "Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by *some* accident the place may be destroyed; and if a little salt should be sown upon its site, it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession."

To this General Sherman replies, December 24th: "This war differs from European wars in this particular—we are not only fighting hostile armies, but a hostile people; and must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war, as well as their organized armies.

"I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and don't think 'salt' will be necessary. When I move, the Fifteenth Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will bring them naturally into Charleston first; and if you have studied the history of that corps, you will have remarked that they generally do their work up pretty well. The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble for her fate, but feel that she deserves all that seems in store for her.

"I look upon Columbia as quite as bad as Charleston, and I doubt

if we shall spare the public buildings there as we did at Milledgeville."

And now we look with interest for the dispatches that would settle the vexed question as to whether Sherman, or his officers, acting under his orders, burned Columbia on the 17th of February. Unfortunately, a paternal government, not thinking it good that the truth should be known, has *suppressed* all the dispatches between the 16th and the 21st, and every other allusion to the transaction.

On the 23d he writes to General Kilpatrick: "Let the whole people know the war is now against them, because their armies flee before us and do not defend their country or frontier as they should. It is pretty nonsense for Wheeler and Beauregard and such vain heroes to talk of our warring against women and children. If they claim to be men, they should defend their women and children and prevent us reaching their homes."

If, therefore, an army defending their country can prevent invaders from reaching their homes and families, the latter have a right to that protection; but if the invaders can break through and reach these homes, these are justified in destroying women and children. Certainly this is a great advance on the doctrine and practice of the dark ages.

Another extraordinary moral consequence flows from this insufficiency of the defence: "If the enemy fails to defend his country, we may rightfully appropriate what we want." Here now is a nice question of martial law or casuistry, solved with the simplicity of an ancient Roman. In other words: "When in the enemy's country, the army shall be strictly careful not to seize, capture, or appropriate to military or private uses, any property—that it cannot get!" Hans Breitmann himself would have respected that general order.

"They" (the Southern people) "have lost all title to property, and can lose nothing not already forfeited." What, nothing? Not merely the houses we had built, the lands we had tilled, the churches we worshipped in—had we forfeited the right to drink of the streams, to behold the sun, to breathe the free air of heaven? What unheard of, what inconceivable crime had we committed that thus closed every gate of mercy and compassion against us, and provoked an utterance which has but one parallel—the death-warrant signed by Philip II against all the Netherlanders? General Sherman has himself told us what it was: we had dared to act on "the truth that liberty and government are worth fighting for."

On March 15th he writes to General Gillmore, advising him to draw forces from Charleston and Savannah (both then in Federal hands) to destroy a railroad, etc. "As to the garrisons of those places I don't feel disposed to be over generous, and should not hesitate to burn Savannah, Charleston and Wilmington, or either of them, if the garrisons were needed."

Such are some of the results of our gleanings in this field. Is it any wonder that after reading them, we fervently echo General Sherman's devout aspiration: "I do wish the fine race of men that people our Northern States should rule and determine the future destiny of America?"

B.

We have already published [see Vol. VII, pp. 155, 185, and 249; Vol. VIII, p. 202; Vol. X, p. 109, and Vol. XII, p. 233] the most conclusive proof that General Sherman was responsible (at the bar of History and at the bar of God) for the burning of Columbia.

But we mean to give, from time to time, *cumulative* proof of this, and accordingly we deem the following able editorial review in the *Charleston News and Courier* worthy of a place in our records:

WHO BURNED COLUMBIA?—GENERAL SHERMAN'S LATEST STORY EXAMINED.

Usually there is little to be gained by the re-opening of discussions which were supposed to have been closed until the final account should be made up by an impartial historian of the War between the States; but the desire to avoid heart-burnings and bickering will not excuse an acquiescence in historical untruth, or justify silence when old calumnies are revived for the injury of the South and the glorification of egotistical generals of the Union army. General Sherman is responsible, then, for bringing to the front again the burning of Columbia, an act which, with the devastation that preceded and followed it, had only one parallel in the bloody story of the war—the devastation of the Valley of Virginia by Sheridan. Fortunately, the means are at hand for weighing General Sherman's statements, and there is reason to hope that the whole subject will be scrutinized with less prejudice than was possible ten or fifteen years ago. General Sherman's latest statement touching the burning of Columbia, made at an Army Reunion at Hartford last week, is as follows:

"The fire originated in Richardson street, near where I saw with my own eyes burning cotton bales, which had been set on fire by Confederate cavalry. I was supreme in command inside of Columbia during the night of the conflagration, and I allow no man, not even Jeff. Davis, to question my statement of facts as seen by myself. The fire in Columbia on the night of February 17, 1865, in my judgment then and now, was caused by particles of burning cotton blown against a fence and sheds, which spread to the houses and finally consumed the centre, but not the whole of the town. The cotton was unquestionably set fire to by Confederate cavalry, which fire was partially subdued by our troops in the day time, whilst the trains of General Logan's corps were passing. But after the trains had passed and the night began, the men ceased to carry water. The fire spread anew, and finally reached a shed or fence. Houses, built of pitch pine, burned with rapidity and fury under a tornado of wind. What of Columbia remained the next morning was wholly due to General Logan's troops. Without them not a house would have escaped. Had I intended to burn Columbia I would have done it, just as I would have done any other act of war, and there would have been no concealment about it."

This statement is, that the cotton, or some cotton, in Columbia, was set fire to by the Confederate cavalry; that the fire was subdued by General Logan's corps, "the Fifteenth"; that when the Federal soldiers ceased to carry water, at night, the fire broke out anew and spread rapidly, and that what of Columbia remained the next morning was wholly due to Logan's troops. The first fact is as to the burning of cotton by the Confederate cavalry.

General Hampton, in a letter dated April 22d, 1866, published in an account of the burning of Columbia, written in 1866 by Dr. W. H. Trezevant, and published in that year, says that he was directed by General Beauregard, his superior officer, on the morning that the Union forces came in, "to issue an order that the cotton should not be burned," and that there was "not a bale on fire" when the Federals entered the town. General Beauregard says that this statement is correct, and that "the only thing on fire, at the time of the evacuation, was the depot building of the South Carolina railroad, which caught fire accidentally from the explosion of some ammunition ordered to be sent towards Charlotte, North Carolina." Mayor Goodwyn and Aldermen Stork and McKenzie certify that General Stone was in possession of the city an hour before General Sherman arrived, and that when they passed the cotton with Stone it was not

on fire, and that "it did not take fire for some time after the authority was vested in him." Alderman Stork says further, that "he saw the Yankee soldiers light their cigars and throw the matches in among the cotton," and Captain Pratt, of the Union army, said to Alderman McKenzie: "I wish you had burned the whole (of the cotton); it would have saved us trouble, as our orders are *to burn all the cotton in town.*" Moreover, Alderman McKenzie says it was some time after his return with Stone and Pratt that the cotton was on fire, and when the alarm was given he went to the spot and extinguished the fire, so that it did not at any time blaze out again. The Rev. Mr. Shand, of Columbia, says that the fire in the cotton originated from the fire of the cigars of the Union soldiers, and that "neither sparks nor flames were extended to the neighboring buildings, and no damage was done, "except to the cotton." In fact, the cotton which Sherman saw, and to which he alludes, was extinguished by one o'clock, and never again ignited. The gentlemen whose statements we have given are living, with one exception. Hundreds of witnesses will substantiate their assertions. It should be noted also that Colonel Conyngham, United States Army, and Major Nichols, of Sherman's staff, in their published accounts of the occupation of Columbia, show that the fire which ravaged the town commenced after dark. How, then, did that fire originate?

Mr. Shand, a venerable Episcopal clergyman, says in his account of the burning, that at eight o'clock at night rockets were seen to ascend, and "immediately thereafter a fire broke out in the central portion of the city, near the market, and soon assumed alarming proportions." Then he noticed "fresh flames bursting out on the east, west and south, at points very distant from each other, and not possibly caused by the communication of flames from one to another." The Rev. William B. Yates, a well-known Episcopal clergyman, says he was in his yard when the fatal rocket went up, and one of the Union soldiers exclaimed, "Now, you will see hell." Asking what this meant, he was told: "That is the signal for a general setting of fire to the city." Immediately thereafter, a number of fires could be seen in every direction. Mr. Shand saw the soldiers attempt to set fire to one of his outhouses. Alderman Stork also saw them set fire to the cotton and to private houses. Soldiers told Captain Stanley, a veteran of the Mexican war, who is still living, that "they would give them (the Columbians) hell to-night," and that the arrangements for burning the city were all made over the river before the troops came in. It is, in fine, as well established as any fact

can be that the cotton which did burn was set fire to by the Union soldiers; that this fire did not cause the general conflagration, and that the town was set fire to by Federal soldiers, at one time and in different places, and apparently at a given signal. Nay, in Dr. Trezevant's pamphlet General Sherman is quoted by Mayor Goodwyn as telling him, the morning after the city was burnt, that he "regretted very much that it was burned, and that it was the Mayor's fault in suffering liquor to remain in the city when it was evacuated." There was no word then of Hampton's cavalry and Confederate cotton. How, too, was the fire stopped? At three or four o'clock the next morning General Sherman gave this order to Captain Andrews: "This thing has gone far enough. See that a stop is put to it. Take Wood's division, and I hold you and them responsible, if it is not arrested." The fire then was quickly stopped. By his own showing, General Sherman allowed the fire to go on for hours, when he could have caused it to be extinguished. This, however, is not the question at issue.

There is, on the face of it, nothing improbable in the burning of Columbia with at least the acquiescence and assent of Sherman. It is not an isolated case. If Columbia alone had been burned, it might remain, to the North, a question of veracity between Hampton and Sherman, between "Rebel" civilians and "Union" soldiers. The chances in that case would favor implicit confidence in the North in the statements of the latter. But wherever Sherman's army went, *in South Carolina*, they burned, ravaged and destroyed. This was so in Blackville, Lexington, Winnsboro' and other places. When Confederate soldiers were absent, Sherman's army touched nothing that it did not destroy. Our reliance here is not on Southern testimony, though it were easy to find hundreds of our people who saw, and who suffered by, the work of devastation. There was not a town or village in the State which Sherman reached where the gaunt chimneys, rising from smoking ruins, did not stand as monuments of the victories of his legions over sad-eyed women and wailing children. Colonel Conyngham, United States Army, in his "History of Sherman's Great March," says: "There can be no doubt of the assertion that the feeling among the troops was one of extreme bitterness towards the people of South Carolina. It was freely expressed as the column hurried over the bridge at Sister's Ferry, eager to commence the punishment of the original Secessionists. Threatening words were heard from soldiers who prided themselves on *conservatism in houseburning while in Georgia*, and officers openly confessed their fears that the coming campaign would be a wicked one. Just or un-

just as this feeling was toward the country people in South Carolina, it was universal. I first saw its fruits at Purisburg, where two or three piles of blackened bricks and an acre or so of dying embers marked the site of an old revolutionary town; and this *before the column had fairly got its hand in.*" Again: "The ruined homesteads of the Palmetto State will long be remembered. The *army might safely march the darkest night,* the crackling pine woods shooting up their columns of flame, and *the burning houses along the way would light it on.* * * * As for the wholesale burnings, pillage, devastation committed in South Carolina, magnify all I have said of Georgia some fifty-fold, and then throw in an occasional murder, 'just to bring an old hard-fisted cuss to his senses,' and you have a pretty good idea of the whole thing. Besides compelling the enemy to evacuate Charleston, WE *destroyed Columbia, Orangeburg, and several other places,* also over fifty miles of railroad, and thousands of bales of cotton." Major Nichols, of General Sherman's staff, in his History, under date of January 30, 1865, says: "The actual invasion of South Carolina has begun. The well-known sight of columns of black smoke meets our gaze again. This time, *houses are burning,* and South Carolina has commenced to pay an instalment, long overdue, on her debt to justice and humanity. With the help of God, we will have principal and interest before we leave her borders." This is Federal testimony. And why should not officers and men have acted in the way described? General Sherman was in supreme command. Had they aught to fear from him? They came into South Carolina with the determination to make an example of the Palmetto State. Is it credible that they drew the line at Columbia and spared the Capital, when nothing else was left unscathed? General Sherman himself shall answer.

In the *Memoirs of General William T. Sherman, By Himself,* (page 226) we find a dispatch of General Sherman to General W. H. Halleck, dated Headquarters in the Field, Savannah, December 24, 1864. It is given in full. General Sherman says:

"This war differs from European wars in this particular: We are not only fighting hostile armies, but a hostile people, and *must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war,* as well as their organized armies. I know that this recent movement of mine through Georgia has had a wonderful effect in this respect. Thousands who had been deceived by their lying newspapers to believe that we were being whipped all the time now realize the truth, and have no appetite for a repetition of the same experience. To be sure Jeff. Davis has his people under pretty good discipline, but I

think faith in him is much shaken in Georgia, and *before we have done with her*, South Carolina will not be quite so tempestuous.

"*I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston*, and do not think 'salt' will be necessary. When I move, the *Fifteenth* Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will bring them into Charleston first; and if you have watched the history of that corps, you will have remarked that THEY GENERALLY DO THEIR WORK PRETTY WELL. The truth is, *the whole army is burning with insatiable desire to* WREAK VENGEANCE *upon South Carolina.* I almost tremble at her fate; but feel that she deserves *all that seems in store for her.*"

This is susceptible of but one meaning: That General Halleck had hinted that Charleston should be laid in ashes, and the ruins sowed in salt. Sherman avows that he was ready for this, and that nothing was too bad for South Carolina. But for what follows, it might have been urged that Charleston was especially singled out as the scapegoat of the State. In the very same letter from which we have quoted, Sherman says: "*I look upon Columbia as quite as bad as Charleston.*" Mark Sherman's words, and the wholesale destruction of property in South Carolina. Join to this fact that it was the *Fifteenth Corps* that entered Columbia and occupied it. Can it be doubted, for a moment, that the corps again did its work "pretty well," and that Sherman acted upon the feeling, which animated him from the moment that he crossed the State line, that South Carolina deserved all that was in store for her, by reason of his own wishes and the insatiable desire of his troops for vengeance!

General Sherman forgets—or he says what is untrue. We are constrained to believe that he wilfully mis-states the facts. This we believe, because he has done it before. In his *Memoirs* (page 287) and, in substance, in his Hartford speech, General Sherman says that the fire which destroyed Columbia was "accidental" On the same page he says: "In my official report of this conflagration *I distinctly charged it to General Wade Hampton*, and confess I did so pointedly, to shake the faith of his people in him, for he was in my opinion a braggart, and professed to be the special champion of South Carolina." Knowing, by his own account, that the fire was accidental, General Sherman charged it on General Hampton—not because he believed him to be guilty, but to shake confidence in him. Even our Northern brethren, or some of them, will reluctantly admit that a commanding general who will boast that he accused an opponent of a crime of which he knew him to be innocent is capable, at this late day, of lying squarely to gratify his spite and save himself from blame.

An Incident of Lee's Surrender.

Colonel William W. Blackford, of the First Regiment of Engineer Troops, Army of Northern Virginia (formerly a member of the staff of General J. E. B. Stuart), furnishes us with the following account of a scene witnessed by him on the 9th April, 1865 :

During a large part of the day of the surrender at Appomattox, General Lee and his staff remained in an apple orchard near the village. The road from this orchard to army headquarters lay through a little valley, and upon the hills on either side a considerable portion of our forces were encamped.

After arranging the details of the surrender, Lee mounted his horse to return to his quarters Always an imposing figure, his appearance that day was particularly noble and striking in the full-dress uniform he had put on, with sword and sash. He rode his favorite horse, Traveller, a superb iron gray, so well-known in the army, and his seat in the saddle was the perfection of firmness and manly grace.

One of Traveller's peculiarities was, that when the troops cheered his master, as they invariably did when he passed, the animal appeared to appreciate the compliment, as paid in part to himself, and would toss his head at every shout. The men relished the joke so much that they sometimes repeated their cheers to see the horse "bow" to them, as they called it. Upon this occasion, when their great commander appeared, the men came running down to the road along which he was approaching, and the writer, seeing that something of interest was about to happen, mounted his horse and followed. In a few moments a wall of men had formed on each side of the road as far as the eye could reach. At first they began cheering as he passed, and Traveller tossed his head at almost every step, but presently sobs mingled with the cheers, and, before half the distance was passed, choked all other utterance.

Taking off their hats reverently, they abandoned all attempt at control over their feelings, and grim, bearded veterans wept aloud. General officers, who had followed the men to the road, sat their horses, hat in hand, with tears streaming from their eyes. Many words of affection and sympathy were heard. One man, extending both arms with an impressive gesture, said, "I love you just as well as ever, General Lee." After he had passed, many, throwing themselves on the ground, covered their faces and cried like children.

General Lee rode the whole distance with his hat in his hand, and with tears trickling down his cheeks. No one who was present can ever forget the scene.

Letter of Instructions to Hon. John Slidell.

By Hon. R. M. T. Hunter.

Department of State,
Richmond, September 23, 1861.

To the Hon. John Slidell, *&c., &c., &c.:*

Sir,—Along with this you will receive your letter of credence to the Government of France, to which the President desires you to present yourself as soon as possible. Our claims for recognition as an independent people have been made much stronger by events which have occurred since they were first presented by our Commissioners. But before reinforcing those claims, you will not fail to place the Confederate States in their true position before the Government of France. You will show that they are not to be considered as revolted provinces or rebellious subjects seeking to overthrow, by revolutionary violence, the just authority of a lawful sovereign, but, on the contrary, they stand before the world as organized parties, maintaining their right to self-government, with sufficient strength to make good their claim, and so organized as to be morally and politically responsible for their actions Their first union was formed by a compact between sovereign and independent States, upon covenants and conditions expressly stipulated in a written instrument called the Constitution. In that union the States constituted the units or integers, and were bound to it only because the people of each of them acceded to it in their separate capacities, through the acts of their representatives. That confederacy was designed to unite under one government two great and diverse social systems, under one or the other of which all the States might be classified. As these two social systems were unequally represented in the common government, it was sought to protect one against a warfare which might be waged by the other through the forms of law, by carefully defined restrictions and limitations upon the power of the majority in the common government. Without such restrictions and limitations, it is known historically that the union could not

have been formed originally. But the dominant majority, which at last proved to be sectional in its character, not only used the machinery of a government which they wielded to plunder the minority, through unequal legislation in the shape of protective tariffs and appropriations made for their own benefit, but proceeding from step to step they waged through the forms of law a war upon the social system of the slaveholding States and threatened, when fully armed with political power, to use the Government itself to disturb the domestic peace of those States. Finding that the covenants and conditions upon which the Union was formed were not only persistently violated, but that the common government itself, then entirely in the hands of a sectional majority, was to be used for the purposes of warring upon the domestic institutions which it was bound by express stipulations to protect, eleven of the slaveholding States felt it to be due to themselves to withdraw from a Union, when the conditions upon which it was formed either had been or were certainly about to be violated. They were thus compelled to withdraw from a government which not only abdicated its duty to protect the domestic institutions of fifteen States, but on the one hand threatened those institutions with war, and on the other withheld from the people interested in them the means of self-defence. The eleven Confederate States were thus forced, in self defence, to abandon a Union whose ends were thus perverted, not from any passion for novelty, or from any change of purpose, but to attain, under a new Confederacy of more homogeneous materials and interests, the very ends and objects for which the first was formed. It was amongst the first of these objects to obtain a government whose authority should rest upon the assent of the governed, and whose action should represent also their will. It was for the sacred right of self-government that they have been forced to take up arms, and not to escape the just obligations incurred under the compact upon which the first Union was formed. On the contrary, one of the first acts of the Government of the Confederate States was to send commissioners to the President of the United States, to adjust amicably and fairly all questions of property and responsibility which had been jointly acquired or incurred by all the States when embraced in the same Union. The Government of the United States refused to receive these commissioners, the authority of their Government was denied, their people were denounced as Rebels, and threatened with coercion at the point of the sword. On the part of the Confederate States, the war in its inception was one of self defence, and it has been waged since by them with no other

end than to maintain their right to self-government. It is in the name of the sacred right of self-government, that the Confederate States appear before the tribunal of the nations of the earth, and submit their claims for a recognized place amongst them. They approach His Imperial Majesty of France with the more confidence as he has lately championed this great cause in the recent Italian question so much to the glory of himself and the great people over whom he rules. In asking for this recognition, the Government of the Confederate States believes that it seeks for no more than it offers in return. The establishment of diplomatic relations between nations tends to the protection of human intercourse by affording the means of a peaceful solution of all difficulties which may arise in its progress, and by facilitating a mutual interchange of good offices for the purpose of maintaining and extending it. In this, all nations have an interest, and the advantages of such an intercourse are mutual and reciprocal. The only preliminary conditions to the recognition of a nation, seeking an acknowledged place in the world, would seem to be the existence of a sufficient strength within the government to support and maintain it, and such a social and political organization as will secure its responsibility for its international obligations. It will be easy to show that the Government of the Confederate States of America is fully able to meet the requisitions of these tests. When we look to the undeveloped capacities, as well as the developed strength of the Confederate States, we cannot doubt that they are destined to become the seat of a great empire at no distant day. The eleven Confederate States already comprise 733,144 square miles of territory, with a population of 9,244,000 people. If to this we add the three States of Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky, all of which will probably find themselves constrained, as well by interest as inclination, to unite their fortunes with the Confederate States, then these will embrace a territory of 850,000 square miles, with a population of twelve and a half millions of people. This estimate excludes a large territory not yet organized into States, and which, in the end, will probably fall into the Southern Confederacy.

The territory of the Confederate States, as they now stand, embraces all the best varieties of climate and production known to the temperate zone. In addition to this, it produces the great staples of cotton, sugar, tobacco and rice, to say nothing of naval stores, which are now exported from it, and of provisions which it is capable of producing in excess of the wants of its people. This vast region already enjoys through its rivers a great system of water commu-

nication, and 8,844 miles of railroad running for the most part transversely to these rivers diversify and multiply the channels of commerce to such an extent as to promise a speedy development of the vast resources of the new empire. If peace were now established it is not extravagant to suppose that the exports of the Confederate States would, within a year, reach the value of $250,000,000. With a crop of 4,500,000, or, perhaps, even 5,000,000 bales of cotton, most of which would be exported, together with its tobacco, sugar, rice, and naval stores, it would easily send abroad the value just named. But without reference to its undeveloped capacities you may show that they have exhibited strength enough to maintain their independence against any power which has as yet assailed them. The United States commenced this struggle with vast odds in their favor. The military and naval establishments were in their hands; they were also in possession of the prestige and machinery of an old and established government. Many of the forts and strongholds of the Confederate States were in their hands; they had most of the accumulated wealth of the country and nearly all the manufactories of the munitions of war, and even of the necessaries of life. Add to all these advantages the greater population of that Union, and it is easy to see that the self supporting power of the new Confederacy has been exposed to the severest tests and rudest trials. And yet the Confederate armies have conquered in every pitched battle, and that with great odds against them. At Bethel and Manassas, in Virginia, and at Springfield, in Missouri, the United States troops have been routed at great loss and without dispute. The foothold which the United States troops at first acquired within the Confederate States is being rapidly lost, and the United States Government has given manifest evidences of its fears that its seat of government may be wrested from it. This exhibition of strength on the part of the Confederate States, which was so unexpected by its enemies, proves that its *morale* is greater even than its physical resources for the purposes of this struggle.

Without an army and with a new government, whose necessary establishments were all to be formed in the midst of a civil war, the Confederate States not only manifested their military superiority in the first pitched battles, but have already placed more than two hundred thousand men in the field who are armed, equipped and regularly supplied by the necessary establishments. These sprang into existence almost by the spontaneous efforts of the people, and came into the field faster even than the Government could prepare for

them. But voluntary contributions and aid supplied all deficiencies until the necessary military establishments were formed. It would seem then that the new Confederacy has given all the evidence, in proof of its power to maintain its independence, which could reasonably be asked. That its organization is such as to ensure its responsibility for the discharge of international duties will also appear upon an impartial examination of the question.

The action of the Confederate States in their separation from the old Union presents within itself the evidence of their persistency of purpose, and affords a guaranty for the stability of their institutions, so far as these may be dependent upon their own will. They have preserved the same form of government which their forefathers established, with the exception of such changes alone as would make its machinery more suitable for the ends and purposes for which it was created. It was not to change, but to preserve the ends and purposes for which the original constitution was adopted, that they separated from a union which had ceased to respect them. They have neither changed their form of government nor the objects for which it was framed; they have only changed the parties to the Confederacy to secure a faithful execution of the compact upon which alone they were willing to unite. The former Union had failed to accomplish its original ends for the want of a homogeneous character in the parties to it; and having left it for that cause, there can be no reason to expect its reconstruction with the same discordant elements whose jarring had destroyed it before. The whole course then of the Confederate States argues a consistency of purpose and promises a stability for the government which they have formed, which, together with the resources already exhibited by them, give a reasonable assurance of their entire responsibility for the discharge of all their duties and obligations, domestic and international. A people who present themselves under such circumstances for a recognized place amongst nations would seem to be entitled to the grant of such a request. They do not seek for material aid, or assistance, or for alliances, defensive and offensive. They ask nothing which can endanger the peace or prosperity of those who may grant it. They desire only to be placed in a position in which their intercourse with the rest of the world may be conducted with the sanction of public law, and under the protection of agents whose authority is recognized by nations. They seek the moral influence which the act of recognition may give them, and nothing more. If it be manifest that the war of conquest now waged against them cannot succeed, then the

act of recognition is a mere question of time. If the fact be as stated, the tendency of the act of recognition would be to prevent the further continuance of an unnecessary war and the useless effusion of blood. It may well be doubted, if under such circumstances the nation which thus refuses to throw the moral weight of its influence in the scale of peace, does not share in some of the responsibilities for the continuance of an unnecessary war, which it might have done something to conclude without risk or injury to itself.

Indeed, it may be said without exaggeration that France has a deep material and political interest in the establishment of the independence of the Confederate States. It is the event of all others which would give the most satisfactory solution to the great question of cotton supply for the manufacturing nations of Europe. That the great source of the production of this raw material which enters so largely into the manufacturing industry of Europe has been found in the Confederate States of America is an undoubted fact. That this will continue to be the case for a long time to come is in every way probable, for no other country presents the same combination of soil, climate and trained labor which is all essential to the successful production of cotton. If our country is to be the great source for the supply of this article so indispensable to the manufacturing industry of the world, the nations of the earth have the deepest interest in placing it in a position of independence and impartiality in regard to the distribution of the raw material for which the demand is so immense. If any one country is to have a virtual monopoly of the supply of raw cotton, then the world would have the deepest interest in opening it to the easy and equal access of all mankind. Such would be the case, if the depository of this great interest should be found in a country on the one hand strong enough to maintain its neutrality and independence, and on the other committed by its interests to the policy of Free Trade and an untrammeled intercourse with all the world. Such would be the precise position of the Confederate States when once their independence was achieved; and as a proof that this would be the natural tendency of their policy, we have only to look to their early legislation which reduced the duties on imports to the lowest rates consistent with their necessities for revenue, and opened their coasting trade to the free and equal competition of all mankind. Nor is cotton the only great staple of which the Confederate States are likely to become not the sole, but one of the chief depositories upon terms of equality to all the world. Tobacco, sugar, rice and naval stores are to be added to the catalogue

of their rich and important products. Nature has thus made it to their interest to buy where they can purchase cheapest, and to sell in as many markets as possible. To do this, as they will deal more in raw produce than in manufactures, they will seek to take in return the commodities of the rest of the world on the payment of the lowest duties consistent with their revenue wants. They will then virtually stand as the customers, and not as the rivals, of the commercial and manufacturing nations of Europe.

But there is another point of view in which the independence of the Confederate States would more peculiarly interest France. The immense development of her navy in a few years past, has shown not only that her capacity for asserting her equality on the seas has not been properly appreciated heretofore, but also that this relative capacity has been increased by the use of steam. In this view, the further development of her commercial marine, and an easy access to a cheap and certain supply of coal, iron, and naval stores, have become matters of primary importance to her. The commerce of the Confederate States, when disembarrassed of the enormous protective tariffs to which it was subjected under the former Union, together with the almost inexhaustible supply of cheap coal, iron and naval stores which it could furnish, present the means for a further and vast development of the commercial and naval marine of France. She could then find as cheap ships, or as cheap raw material for the building of ships, as could be commanded by any European nation. Depots of coal for her steam marine in these States could be made at less cost, and be of more convenient access for use on a large portion of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, than if they had been found originally in mines in France. That these are no new considerations for the French government, is shown by the interest which it exhibited in the negotiations by which a French company would have secured the great water line in Virginia, through which, when completed, the richest and most inexhaustible supplies of bituminous coal to be found perhaps in the world, would have been transported from its native depositories in the west, to the shores of the Chesapeake in the east. Nothing but the occurrence of civil war prevented the completion of this arrangement between this French company and the Virginia Legislature, by which France would have secured a certain and almost inexhaustible supply of cheap coal, iron and timber.

All this is fully stated in regard to the resources of Virginia, in a letter of Alfred Paul, French Consul at Richmond, to Mr. Thouvenel, Minister of Foreign Affairs, France, dated June 5th, 1860, and as it

may be well to recall the attention of the government to it, a copy will be sent you. In the enumeration of the resources of Virginia which would be thus opened to France, he says: "In coal and iron, Virginia excels all the other States of the Union. The fact is recognized—admitted."

He thus specifies the advantages which France would derive from the proposed connection which was about to be formed with Virginia: "1st. Facilities for obtaining the raw materials in France at first hand, and cheaper, which would enable French industry to encounter foreign competition with superior advantages. 2nd. A considerable diminution in the expenses of the purchase and expedition of tobacco for the government factories. 3d. The arrival, the introduction of our produce by a shorter and cheaper route into the South, the West, and the centre of the United States. 4th. A relative augmentation in the movement of our commercial marine. 5th. Rapid and advantageous provisions of copper, machine oil, tar, bacon, and salt pork of the West, and building timber for our naval arsenals. 6th. Cheapness of coal for our different maritime stations. 7th. An immense opening in the great West of the United States for French merchandise. 8th. The probability of seeing Norfolk become an *entrepot* for the productions of French industry and commerce, to be distributed in part in Central and South America by vessels, taking them to complete their cargoes."

The establishment of the independence of the Confederate States would secure to France large supplies of coal, iron and naval stores in exchange for her manufactures and other products beyond almost all the probable chances of war. Committed as these Confederate States would be to the policy of Free Trade by their interests and traditions, they would naturally avoid war and seek for peace with all the world. It may almost be said that to secure the independence of these States, is to secure the independence of the great commercial and manufacturing nations of Europe in regard to the supplies of cotton and tobacco, and to give France such an independent source for the supply of cheap coal, iron and naval stores as to place her more nearly on terms of equality with Great Britain in building up a navy and merchant marine. The European nations might then be said to be independent, so far as their supplies are concerned, because they would be dependent only on a country whose interests would open its markets to the cheap and easy access of all the world, and which would have every inducement to preserve the peace. But the independence of these States is essential to the certainty of supply and the

ease of access to their markets which are so important to the manufacturing and commercial nations of the earth. If it were possible for the United States to subdue the Confederates and subject them once more to their government, then France would have much cause for apprehension in regard to the future condition of her commerce and manufactures. The non-slaveholding States would undoubtedly use their control over the markets and staples of the South to secure a supremacy in commerce, navigation and manufactures. There are, also, political considerations, connected with this question, which cannot be uninteresting to the Government of France. By the establishment of a great Southern Confederacy, a balance of power is secured in North America, and schemes of conquest or annexation on the part of a great and overshadowing empire would probably no longer disturb the repose of neighboring nations.

Heretofore the South has desired the annexation of territory suitable to the growth of her domestic institutions in order to establish a balance of power within the government that they might protect their interests and internal peace through its agency. This reason no longer exists, as the Confederate States have sought that protection by a separation from the Union in which their rights were endangered. But with the establishment of something like a balance of power between the two great and independent Confederacies, the disputes would precede the annexations and probably do much to prevent them.

Certain it is that the Southern Confederacy would have every reason to preserve peace both at home and abroad, and would be prevented, both by its principles and interests, from intervention in the domestic affairs and government of other nations. The power of that Confederacy would undoubtedly be felt not as a disturbing, but as a harmonizing influence amongst the nations of the earth. There is yet another question of great practical importance to us and to the world which you will present on the first proper occasion to His Imperial Majesty's Government. It was declared by the Five Great Powers at the Conference of Paris, that "blockades to be binding, must be effectual," a principle long since sanctioned by leading publicists, and now acknowledged by nearly all civilized nations.

You will be furnished with abundant evidence of the fact that the blockade of the coasts of the Confederate States has not been effectual or of such a character as to be binding, according to the declaration of the Conference at Paris. Such being the case, it may, perhaps, be fairly urged that the Five Great Powers owe it to their own consistency

and to the world to make good a declaration thus solemnly made. Propositions of such gravity and emanating from sources so high may fairly be considered as affecting the general business relations of human society, and as controlling in a great degree the calculations and arrangements of nations, so far as they are concerned, in the rules thus laid down. Men have a right to presume that a law thus proclaimed will be uniformly enforced by those who have the power to do so, and who have taken it upon themselves to watch over its execution; nor will any suppose that particular States or cases would be exempted from its operation under the influence of partiality or favor. If, therefore, we can prove the blockade to have been ineffectual, we perhaps have a right to expect that the nations assenting to this declaration of the Conference at Paris will not consider it to be binding. We are fortified in this expectation not only by their own declaration, but by the nature of the interests affected by the blockade. So far at least it has been proved that the only certain and sufficient source of cotton supply has been found in the Confederate States. It is probable that there are more people without than within the Confederate States who derive their means of living from the various uses which are made of this important staple. A war, therefore, which shuts up this great source of supply from the general uses of mankind is directed as much against those who transport and manufacture cotton as against those who produce the raw material. Innocent parties who are thus affected may well insist that a right whose exercise operates so unfavorably on them shall only be used within the strictest limits of public law. Would it not be a movement more in consonance with the spirit of the age to insist that amongst the many efficient means of waging war, this one should be excepted in deference to the general interests of mankind, so many of whom depend for their means of living upon a ready and easy access to the greatest and cheapest cotton market of the world. If, for the general benefit of commerce, some of its great routes have been neutralized so as to be unaffected by the chances of war, might not another interest of a greater and more world-wide importance claim at least so much consideration as to demand the benefit of every presumption in favor of its protection against all the chances of war, save those which arise under the strictest rules of public law? This is a question of almost as much interest to the world at large as it is to the Confederate States. No belligerent can claim the right thus to injure innocent parties by such a blockade, except to the extent that it can be shown to furnish the legitimate, or, perhaps,

we might go still further and say the necessary, means to prosecute the war successfully. If it has become obvious, as would now seem to be the case, that no blockade which they can maintain will enable the United States to subdue the Confederate States of America, upon what plea can its further continuance be justified to third parties who are so deeply interested in a ready and easy access to the cheapest and most abundant sources of cotton supply.

In presenting the various views contained in this letter of instructions, you will say that they are offered as much in the general interests of humanity as in our own. We do not ask for assistance to enable us to maintain our independence against any power which has yet assailed us. The President of the Confederate States believes that he cannot be mistaken in supposing it to be the duty of the nations of the earth, by a prompt recognition, to throw the weight of their moral influence against the unnecessary prolongation of the war.

Whether the case now presented be one for such action, he is, perhaps, not the most impartial judge. He has acquitted himself of his duty to other nations when he has presented to their knowledge the facts, to which their only sure access is through himself, in such a manner as will enable them to acquit themselves of their responsibilities to the world, according to their own sense of right. But whilst he neither feels nor affects an indifference to the decision of the world upon these questions which deeply concern the interests of the Confederate States, he does not present their claim to a recognized place amongst the nations of the earth from the belief that any such recognition is necessary to enable them to achieve and secure their independence.

Such an act might diminish the sufferings and shorten the duration of an unnecessary war, but with or without it he believes that the Confederate States, under the guidance of a kind and overruling Providence, will make good their title to freedom and independence, and to a recognized place amongst the nations of the earth.

When you are officially recognized by the French Government, and diplomatic relations between the two countries are thus fully established, you will request an audience of His Imperial Majesty for the purpose of presenting your letters accrediting you as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Confederate States, near His Imperial Majesty, and in that capacity you are empowered to negotiate such treaties as the mutual interests of both

countries may require, subject, of course, to the approval of the President and the co-ordinate branch of the treaty making power.

I have the honor to be, sir,
your obedient servant,

R. M. T. HUNTER.

—

ARCHIVE OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10th, 1879.

The above is a correct copy of a letter contained in a book belonging to the records of the State Department of the Confederate States, which book is in the possession of the Treasury Department, and was loaned to this office for this purpose.

A. P. TASKER,
Chief Clerk Archive Office.

The Last Raid.

By Mrs. CLARA D. MACLEAN.

[Compiled from a Journal kept from 1859 to 1871.]

In the dim dawn of April 12th, 1861, I was awakened by a low, resonant peal as of distant thunder. It was the first gun of the war. Defiant Sumter was besieged. On the 12th of April, 1865, I heard the echoes of the last.

Such a lovely season it was! We can all remember how the trees budded and the flowers bloomed that fateful spring. As regiment after regiment filed along the road, "under the boughs where early birds were singing," past our temporary home in Chatham county, North Carolina, my eyes grew dim, and my heart ached recalling those lines:

> "And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
> Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass;
> Weeping, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
> Over the unreturning braves."

Scarcely two months before most of them had been transported southward, in box-cars or on flats in the cruelest weather, to reinforce Johnston, and keep back the advancing enemy—a puny dyke

against a rushing, overwhelming flood. Now they plodded wearily back, the foe following, to lay down their well-used arms at Hillsboro. Faithful, devoted souls! Who shall tell the story of your "high emprise"—of your sufferings and your glory?

Nothing was possible now but for us to show our sympathy and appreciation of their heroism.

Day after day we stood at the gates pouring out quarts of cool buttermilk for the exhausted men, which with cheering words was all we had now to offer. Frequently officers spent the night, while their commands encamped just beyond.

Once, a body of Federal prisoners passed (taken at Bentonville and elsewhere), and held out tempting greenbacks for bread. But bread, alas! was too scarce to be shared save with our own starving soldiers. So they went on to be exchanged soon, and feasted upon "the flesh-pots of Egypt."

On several occasions men were left in our care, unable to go further on the terrible march. Two of these, members of the First South Carolina Cavalry (Colonel Black), remained seven weeks, one quite ill with typhoid fever, and were the ostensible objects of our first visit from what the negroes called "Mister Sherman's gentlemen." Previous to this, however, were long weeks of suspense. One day we would hear the enemy was within a few miles; the next, that they would not pass this way at all. Again, a neighbor would dash in, declaring with ashen lips: "The Yankees are burning L——'s mill;" and we could actually hear and see them in every passing shadow for several days. Anon we grew careless, and, as the spring came on apace, thought only of life and love, realized only that earth was beautiful and danger impossible. A "figure in grey" rode gallantly through waking dreams, but it was always to glory and victory. Defeat! Death! there was no thought of these.

The two young cavalrymen grew convalescent, and were eager to join their regiment; but such an undertaking was doubtless to run into the teeth of the enemy. So they lingered day after day. Meanwhile, we women busied ourselves in packing away silver, china, &c., &c., which was duly buried, and as duly taken up when the "scare" seemed overpast. Once, when the rumors came thick and fast, the mules and stock and "men folk," including the two soldier boys, went into the swamps, and camped for several days. Scouts returned to reconnoiter; and after much wasted anxiety and amateur cooking, they came back hungrier, if not wiser men.

But the first of April arrived, and the boys decided at last to start

homeward. The war-steeds, two well-fed but somewhat superannuated animals, were brought round, heavily-laden knapsacks were donned, and we saw them set off with some sentiment and a few tears. Gallant young fellows as they were! not knowing if they would ever be allowed to reach home, or, indeed, if that home still existed, as it lay in Sherman's path. Later on we knew they found only a few charred ruins of what was once a well-known mansion of almost palatial size and splendor in the Longtown neighborhood of Fairfield District.

That afternoon we three girls walked down to the creek's edge and formally buried our silver cups, some jewelry and a watch or two. It was a difficult ceremony, and would have even been solemn and impressive, but for the fact that we had scarcely got out of sight before one suggested that we might forget the precise site of the interment. Forthwith we returned, pushed aside the old stump (left as a monument) and, gathering our few but inestimately precious chattels, went back to the house to devise some more original, and, therefore, safer method of preservation. None suggested itself, however, and we were reduced to the old, yet apparently reliable strategem of hiding them about our persons. Packages of cherished letters, pictures and lace were sewed in the hems of skirts, and I fashioned what seemed a very "Maid of Saragossa" arrangement, by which the wide folds of a dress concealed an Italian stiletto. This exquisite little weapon had belonged to my father when a medical student with Dr. Dickson in Charleston, and had attached to it a strap of chamois leather with a very suggestive button-hole. I used to look at the mother-of-pearl handle, the fine steel, two-edged blade embossed with military emblems, and *very* sharp, and then at this button-hole, and wonder "What for?" During the war, and especially towards the end, this question had come to haunt me. I wondered if it *could* do anything, and I lived to prove it—almost!

For several days I wore my dagger, and then losing interest in the tragic accoutrement, as the danger seemed delayed, I laid it on the dressing-table with watch, jewelry, etc. Thus one may sleep on the very crest of Vesuvius.

A few days after, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I was sitting quietly in my room reading; there came a tap at the door, and a girlish face appeared.

"The Yankees are coming, Miss C.," she said.

Was ever *aplomb* carried further?

"At last!" 'Twas my rejoinder, imitating her in a fair degree.

Going to the window, I looked out and saw a half-dozen horses fastened to the palings. As usual, these unwelcomed visitors had made themselves "at home," and entered by the back gate. I believe this was invariably the case. At least I never heard of their first approach ever being made by the front door. Is there a phsychological reason for this?

I had always determined to appear in my best dress before these guests. Southern women knew why. It was desirable to preserve one, and naturally that one would be the choicest when choice was so limited. But I found that the notification was too brief, and was obliged to content myself with putting on my cuffs (to save the buttons) cramming watch, ear-rings, broaches into my capacious pockets. We had reached the door in our downward career, when I remembered the *role* of the "Maid of Saragossa," which I had actually forgotten. Smiling sardonically to myself, I bade V. wait a moment, and returned, found the dagger under a lot of feminine small-wear and thrust it into the receptacle where the other valuables were reposing, not having on the dress arranged for it, and very deliberately we two advanced to the charge.

At the foot of the stairs a man was standing, as if uncertain where to proceed.

"Who are you?" I asked. "Do you belong to Johnston's command?"

"Yes," he replied very promptly.

"And this uniform."

The fellow hesitated a moment and then burst out laughing. "Well, we is what you call the Yankees," he allowed.

"Indeed! We had given you out, you were so long coming."

A gun lay near, a sort of folding affair, it seemed to me, as it was bent double. I drew my skirts away as I passed it going to the rear of the house.

"Oh! you needn't mind that," he cried, much amused; "it won't hurt anything now. It's broke."

Then I recognized Mr. DeG.'s honest, old-fashioned rifle that was accustomed to lie on a rack just overhead, and had never "hurt" anything but birds or squirrels. They had halved it at one blow.

Mrs. DeG. now appeared, bathed in tears and wringing her hands pitifully. "Oh! Miss C., what shall we do? Isn't it awful?"

"Yes, it is; but don't let these creatures see that you are frightened, or it may be the worse for us. Bear up and be brave. They can't kill us."

But my exhortations were useless. She continued to moan and wring her hands and weep as if over the grave of her best-beloved. Her mother-in-law, an elderly lady—and an invalid—was lying in a small bed when the invaders arrived. They had forced her to rise, suspecting some ruse to protect valuables in or under the bedding. Then thrusting in their sabres they literally disembowelled the mattress and feather-bed, the *debris* of which was now strewn far and wide. The poor old lady was deeply distressed at the indignity of their treatment, but she opened not her lips, and surveyed the ruins with Roman fortitude. I spoke a few encouraging words to her, gave a glance at the side-board with doors broken off their hinges, and empty decanters and a sugar bowl lying about; then hastened back to watch, and, if possible, prevent the work of destruction. V., still entirely self-possessed, remained, trying to quiet her distracted mother.

Sounds of discordant music issued from the parlor, and thither I went. One of the blue-coats was seated at the piano, strumming away quite complaisantly, while another, in some seeming embarrassment at my sudden appearance, dropped a plated water-pitcher which had attracted his artist eye. At this moment my little sister rushed up from some unexpected quarter, crying wildly: "Oh, where is mamma's picture? They will get mamma's picture?"

"Hush!" I whispered, grasping her arms. "Or they will get it just to provoke you."

But she would *not* hush, and was not to be intimidated.

"Horrid old things!" She went on crying angrily. "Called me 'Sis!' They shan't call me 'Sis!' Oh, where is mamma's picture?"

The silver connoisseur, relieved by the diversion, made a hasty exit from the parlor, and dashed by me up-stairs. My heart was with my Lares and Penates (two trunks!) and I as hastily followed, M at my heels. When or why she turned back I never could exactly discover, nor did I miss her for some minutes. She was still in pursuit, however, of "mamma's picture," which she now recollected had been given, with others, into the safekeeping of Aunt Pony, the household factotum and V.'s former nurse.

The investigating Federal proceeded to open drawers and wardrobes upon reaching my room; and, after watching him a few moments, I asked quietly what he wished. (I had heard that these conscientious creatures never stole anything right under one's nose! Hence my persistent presence.)

"We have come to look for arms," was his somewhat sullen reply.

Then in a tone of abrupt harshness, he added, "Open these trunks!" indicating one by a kick of his foot.

I felt the better policy was to obey. So, taking out my keys, and drawing up a chair, I deliberately sat down, unlocked the trunk, and began taking out one little dainty after another, shaking each carefully. "You can perceive," I said, inviting scrutiny of each bit of ribbon and lace, "that there is no mounted cavalryman or loaded cannon in here."

He turned off with a horrid oath, and drawing an immense navy revolver from his boot—there was one in each Hessian-top—he presented it to my head.

"Be in a hurry!" was his order, evidently warming to his work.

I was just excited enough to be utterly reckless of consequences. "I am not used to such commands," I said, and therewith folded my hands.

He advanced to the other trunk, and was about to break it open when I left off my dignity and came forward with the keys. The first object that met his eye—well trained in such service—was a tiny morocco purse. "Ha! what's that?"

I took it up and unclasped it tenderly. There lay one poor little silver sixpence, my only remaining bit of specie, which I had kept "for luck." There also nestled a miniature Confederate flag that had been wont to adorn my toilette as a breast-knot in happier days, and was endeared by a thousand sweet memories.

"This is all the money I have in the world," I said, holding up the sixpence, "but you can have it if you wish."

He threw it aside with an impatient gesture and another oath and walked off. Before I was aware of his intention, he had locked the door. I rose and walked toward it. "Come," I said, "and I will show you the trunks in the other room, as there is nothing here, you see, in the way of arms."

But he had stationed himself in front of the door, his back toward it. For a moment, nay, a long minute—centuries it seemed to me—we stood thus. There he was, a stalwart blonde of perhaps twenty-three or four, over six feet in height; his breath hot with the peach brandy they had unearthed on this raid; his eyes blood-shot, a reckless demon looking out of their grey-green depths, ready for any atrocity. I measured him from cap to boots, then fixed my eyes steadily on his, not fearful in the least, calm to petrifaction almost, only as I pressed my left hand against my side I felt there a strange, wild fluttering, as of an imprisoned bird. With the other I slowly

and stealthily unloosed the stiletto from its sheath, for it stuck tightly in the silver scabbard, and still gazed at him with unflinching nerves and tense muscles.

Whether he saw and divined the movement, or whether he heard his companions galloping away, I know not; or if, indeed, any "means" were necessary in this wonderful intervention of a protecting Providence; I only spoke these words very low, and my own voice was strange to me in its vibrating intensity: "What do you mean, sir? Open that door!"

One moment more his eye retained its fiendish brightness, then drooped. He turned, unlocked the door, and went down, I following.

Down stairs all was quiet. "They had gone to find Mr. DeG.," somebody told me. As the "big blonde" threw himself into his saddle I remarked in a stage-aside to V., "I think I see some of Wheeler's men coming down the lane." This dashing corps had been lingering in our vicinity for several weeks, and were in some sort "household troops" for us.

"Who's afraid of Wheeler's men?" he cried, adding an oath that made one's blood curdle. Then he sped after his comrades.

A brief season of grace was left us to collect our scattered senses and pacify, if possible, the still distracted wife and mother. The negroes came flying in from the fields, ashen and trembling. They had never seen the "Yankees" before, and to their excited imaginations, visitors from the lower world could not be more appalling; though one little chap, a spoilt and petted page about the house, exclaimed to me in a relieved tone after they left: "Why, they is *folk!* I thought they was *animals.*"

We soothed the terrified darkies with the only available panacea, peach brandy, which is indigenous to this country, and was probably one of the main objects of the raid. Several demijohns of it were emptied upon the ground, the amber, oily, penetrating liquid bubbling out in the evening sunlight with a dozen regretful black faces bent above. Scarcely was this done when the clattering of hoofs was heard. Back dashed the blue-coats, more desperate and intent upon destruction than ever, having been baffled in their search for gold, which they had heard Mr. DeG. carried about with him in *rouleaux.* When they came upon him, superintending the hands at work in the field, they had rifled his pockets, finding only a roll of Confederate notes, which they tore up before his eyes in intense disgust and disappointment; then informed him that one of those "d—d

Rebel women" at the house had tried to frighten them about Wheeler's men, and they intended to burn the house to avenge the insult.

I was sitting in the back porch when they returned; V. with me and my little sister (still pouting over the indignity of having been called "Sis"), a half-dozen small dark pickaninnies nestled under and around our skirts in abject terror, silent, but staring with the curious animal gaze of their kind at the creatures which could cause such excitement and alarm in this hitherto placid abode.

The first soldier to dismount and enter was one I had not observed before, a dark, wiry, middle-aged man, with a brigandish face and air, a sort of American "Devilshoof." "Say, old woman," he began, addressing Mrs. DeG., "where is that watch I told you to hide when I was here two or three weeks ago?"

In vain the poor lady protested she had no watch, did not recollect ever having had a watch, and would not have hidden it if she had *ever* had a watch! The fellow laughed at her incoherency and iteration with demoniacal sarcasm.

"You wouldn't, hey? Well, let's see if your memory is better than mine," and deliberately putting his hand into her pocket he drew forth a small tin box of snuff, stick-brush, a knife, and—*a watch!* Without a word, but with a gesture of infinite mockery, and a leer I have never before or since seen on a human face, he transferred the two latter articles to his own pocket, and then addressed the elder Mrs. DeG. in a similar manner.

At this moment, my attention was distracted by the striking of matches in the inner room, and I saw only with divided mind the next outrage—the same man tearing open the dress-neck of the dignified old mother, and drawing thence a silk handkerchief in which was wrapped sixteen golden dollars. My blood boiled at the sight, but I dared not speak. The consciousness of my own heavy-laden pocket weighed upon me and fastened me to my seat. No attempt, however, was made to search either V. or me, and the little poniard rested quietly in its hiding-place.

Meanwhile, a very inoffensive looking youth in sergeant's uniform, sat upon his horse in front of us as if keeping guard. The attitude and expression of the colored children huddled around us seemed to interest and amuse him.

"They haven't recognized their deliverers yet," I said, as he remarked how frightened they were.

The animal he rode was so beautiful that I could not repress my

admiration, a dark bay mare I think, glossy as satin, and graceful as a young antelope. Seeing my eyes fixed upon her, he informed us she had belonged to Colonel Rhett, of South Carolina, whom they had captured a few days before.

"I don't believe you," I said, "though it is handsome enough to have belonged even to Colonel Rhett."

"You South Carolina women are the very devil to whip," he remarked, not so irrelevantly as it seemed. "You ain't scared a bit."

Scornful silence met this observation, but he meandered on, his comrades doing the indoor work the while, which, I presume, they "pooled" afterwards.

"You hadn't ought to kept them two Rebs here so long," (alluding to our cavalry friends who had so luckily departed). "We came after them."

"And after watches," I could not help adding, but he smiled serenely.

"Oh, well! We must make the thing pay somehow."

Poor fellow! how little he dreamed that the "pay" for this little diversion would be his life.

The sun was setting when the horrible comedy ended, and the order to mount was given. Somehow the matches had gone out which were thrown on beds and into closets. But they imagined and hoped that a dozen incipient fires had been left burning which would effectually destroy what could not be carried off. So mounting in hot haste, as they had come, the dreaded enemy fled away through the falling twilight to death and destruction.

A few miles off they were intercepted by a half-dozen "home-guards" led by a disabled Confederate officer. A skirmish ensued, and the "big blonde" dragoon was wounded—John Miller, of the One Hundred and First Ohio cavalry. He and a comrade made their way across the river to a farm-house, and there stopped, unable to proceed. Captain C. kept them in view, while the others were followed and dispatched by his men. Only one escaped to tell the tale, the young sergeant. About the same hour that he had talked with us, so careless and free, the next evening, he was shot by general orders at the headquarters of Kilpatrick's command, stationed in Chapel Hill. They had violated the truce of ten days which was in force previous to Johnston's surrender, and thus was the punishment of the only survivor.

Captain C. traced his two men to their lurking place. In the dim

moonlight he saw that one stood sentry at the front door. Following their example, he made a *detour*, and entered from the rear.

"Surrender!" he cried. But before the poor wretch had time to speak, he was ushered into eternity:

"Unshrived, unhouseled, unannalled."

Passing swiftly to the inner room, the Confederate officer found John Miller in bed, the woman of the house bending over him with a bottle of camphor, or spirits of some kind, in her hand. He had heard the report and was struggling violently to rise. But it was too late. In another moment his soul had sped to join those of his companions in evil-doing, and an untold list of atrocities and cruelties was at last avenged.

Within two hours, I held in my hand the little morocco purse, which I had not even missed. The tiny flag was still there; the silver sixpence gone! The sides of the purse had been burst open as if too tightly packed. Some of old Mrs. DeG.'s gold had no doubt filled it; but it, too, had disappeared.

The gallant Captain offered me the huge revolvers, one of which had presented its cold muzzle to my head. Shudderingly, I refused. They were stained with human blood—associated with nameless crimes.

When I went to my room that night it was not to sleep. In the flickering fire-light, which did duty as lamps and candles in those make-shift days, I lived again, over and over a hundred times, the fearful experiences of that brief afternoon. Not until then, in the silence and loneliness of midnight, did I realize the unutterable peril with which I had been threatened. As the ghostly shadows danced over the wall, I seemed to see the athletic frame looming up out of the darkness, the fierce fair face, pallid, yet lit up with a baleful glare, staring at me till I was turned to stone. For weeks and months this fearful vision filled my waking hours as it did my dreams; and not even the distance of twenty years has dimmed a memory so fraught with horror. No wonder that under the pressure of scenes like these many lost reason and some life itself.

The excitement and fright of this time speedily brought a fatal termination to the disease of poor old Mrs. DeGe. She had long been threatened with a heart trouble; and a few days later fell from her chair unconscious, and died within twenty-four hours.

For weeks Captain C. was compelled to keep himself *perdu*. The neighborhood was filled with Kilpatrick's men, seeking to take re-

venge for the death of a man who was at once the terror and the admiration of the corps. Nothing was too desperate for him to dare, we heard; and one of his comrades remarked: "In liquor, old Belzebub himself couldn't head John Miller." But the gallant man who rid the world of such a wretch, lives still, for aught I know, in prosperous security, and John Miller's ghost was never laid. It lingers yet in the cold shadows of that ruined house on Haw river.

C. D. M.

The Medical Profession in the War.

By CLAUDIUS H. MASTIN, M. D., *of Mobile, Alabama.*

[Extract from an address delivered at the University of Pennsylvania March 12th, 1874.]

* * * * * * *

With the lengthening of the session in 1847 the classes had gradually increased in numbers until the winter of 1859-60, at which time the register of matriculates marks the greatest number of students which had ever before attended the Medical Department of the University.

The school may then be said to have reached the highest point in the history of her prosperity, and everything seemed to foreshadow a bright future. With a reputation which was annually drawing to her classes large numbers of students from all sections of the Union, and in the keeping of a faculty, which was of established character and position, there seemed to be no cause to forebode calamity, or even diminished usefulness.

Unfortunately, just at this point in our history came that terrible convulsion which made countless thousands reel in agony and the bloody sweat of anguish. In the midst of a prosperity unequaled in the annals of our race, the great political storm which, from the first days of the Republic, had been slowly gathering on the horizon of the nation's happiness, culminated with gigantic force and burst forth with resistless fury.

The numbers of Southern students, who for many years had sought the rich treasures of learning to be found in the various med ical schools of the North, had no choice but to turn their faces Southward. They could do no otherwise, nor were they to be censured. Actuated by an impulse natural in the heart of man—the love of home—and fired by all the enthusiasm of youth, it would

have been a strange thing had they not gone home to share the dangers and distresses of their kindred.

War was upon us, and from the Potomac to the Rio Grande a whole people was convulsed. In the mad rush to arms, the former student threw aside the slipper and the gown, and seized the musket and the knapsack; he exchanged the shady groves of science and the pleasant porticoes of learning for the camp and the bivouac; Materia Medica gave place to Military Tactics and the Manual of Arms. How sudden, yet how natural and how inevitable was this metamorphose from the student to the soldier! The whole Southern country was a camp. Where late was heard only the quiet hum of peaceful avocations, now resounded the wild din of martial music and the tramp of armed men. The sons of the South, whose veins still tingled with the hot blood of the Cavalier, made no delay in their resolves. They wheeled at once into the line where, side by side, stood rank and wealth and genius and poverty, arrayed for battle "*à l'outrance.*" The ease and luxury of home were cheerfully abandoned for the hardships and privations of the field. The time had come when, in the natural development of national life, the opposite convictions of the sections must at last be settled by the stern arbitrament of the sword. Neither party shrunk from the dread ordeal of battle. The gauntlet had been thrown down in defiance, and was promptly taken up. It was a piteous spectacle, and yet a brave one; for I think our Anglo-Saxon race believes that many things are worse than open, manly, generous warfare.

But I shall forbear, gentlemen, to lead you through the shifting fortunes of the tented field. It would be out of place and inappropriate here, for me to point you to those blood-stained fields, whitening with the bones of our brothers, or to bare their gaping wounds and hold before your eyes the bloody mantle. It is not my task to chronicle the events of that dire struggle, nor to echo in your ears the sighs and lamentations of the widow and the fatherless. You, though victorious, have heard, as well as we, the groans of dying heroes, and have witnessed the pathetic anguish of bereaved relations.

Our part then, and now, and always was, and is, to heal, never to wound. Ours is the holier mission; for it is to follow in the steps of HIM who was the *Great Physician*, that *Divine Man*, whose whole ministry was one of mercy; and who, after curing "all manner of diseases," finished its majestic self-denials in the reconciliation of the Cross. I trust that, with these sentiments, you will not think

it out of place nor utterly irrelevant to the subject, if I dwell a moment on the part which the physicians of the country, South and North, took in this unhappy fratricidal war. The assembling of great armies and the unavoidable privations of war tend to engender disease. The conflict of arms results in wounds and death. Here we are of avail to the State, for—

> "A wise physician skilled our wounds to heal,
> Is more than armies to the public weal."

I believe that the real feeling which actuated the great body of our medical men who entered the service of their respective sections, was that they were called by Providence to a great work of mercy and compassion to their fellowmen; and I believe that, as a body, they did do their duty in that generous and catholic spirit which has ever characterized the actions of our noble profession. As good Samaritans, they went to pour the oil of consolation into the lacerated wounds of their bleeding countrymen. When the turbulent, self-interested politician was employing all his powers to rouse the baser passions of his fellowmen, and add fresh fagots to the already blazing pyre of national prosperity; when even some misguided members of the Christian Ministry forgot the gentle teachings of the Prince of Peace, the meek and lowly JESUS, filled the pulpit with the hoarse cries of the hustings, and profaned the surplice to the purposes of mere political intrigue; at such a time, consider how the surgeons of both armies were employed. They, verily, were doing CHRIST'S work, and in no unworthy way. Think of their weary watches through the lonely nights, and their long days of never-ceasing toil while following a vanquished or victorious army through the dreary marches of a four years' campaign! See them at the earliest dawn, before the "reveille" has roused the soldier from his troubled sleep, rising at the first "sick call!" Watch them on their rounds through the hospital tents, bearing a gentle hand for this wound and a soothing word for that distress! Follow them in imagination as the grim battalions rush into the heat of battle! Take one last look at them, worn out with work and misery at midnight, after some victory or defeat! and then tell me who the men were in both armies, who displayed the most faith, hope and charity in the tremendous struggle through which we have just passed?

In those dark days of the Republic, when we met amid the clash of arms and the red glare of battle, I honestly believe that the one sentiment which actuated the high-toned medical men of the armies

was, that they were God's ministers on those ensanguined fields, and that "*le vrai chirurgien ne regarde pas l'uniforme.*"

True it was, as it must ever be, when men are maddened by the blood-thirst of a deadly fray, that there were instances of cruelty and outrage. Yet neither by report nor by my personal knowledge, did I ever know a case in which the wounded on either side did not receive the most humane attention possible from the medical officers to whom they were committed.

On the Confederate side, cut off from the outer world by a rigid blockade, with the armies confined entirely to an agricultural region—with no manufactories, and with the scantiest supplies of medical resources, it was in many instances impossible to furnish adequate relief to sick or wounded, whether they were friends or foes. The far more fortunate armies of the North were differently situated. With thousands of workshops, with unrivalled chemical laboratories, and with unrestricted commercial intercourse with the entire globe, they were supplied not only with the necessaries, but with all the luxuries that were desirable ; and they possessed the best appointed medical staff which in the history of the world ever marched into the field. It was not astonishing that broad and even invidious comparisons were drawn between the two. The truth is, there was no just measure of comparison between them, save in this one thing—their willingness to give, and their unfailing gladness to distribute what they had for the relief of suffering. Here, at least, the one had no advantage of the other ; for I must repeat again, and still again, that, in the hospital, the surgeons of both armies disregarded uniforms and gave the best they had to all who lacked.

As an evidence of the true sentiments which governed the medical men of the sections in their actions toward each other, I need but refer to the kindly relations which existed between them when, by the fortunes of war, they were thrown together. Let those who were so situated answer, whether an instance can be cited where they were not met as brothers and as equals, from the first shock of arms at Manassas, to the going down of the "Southern Cross" on the fatal field of Appomattox !

At the closing of the war, the action of the American Medical Association in its first meeting, attests the feelings which have bound the profession together. While the politician has been tearing open the wounds which were inclined to heal—and might have healed by first intention—while the whole State has been unsettled in transition from the storm of war to peace, look at the course which has been pur-

sued by the medical men of the Union. Their conventions, their social intercourse with their professional fellows, whether of the North, South, East, or West, is a beautiful illustration of that unity of sentiment and feeling, which has ever been a marked characteristic of our profession.

Fortunately, Time, that great healer of all our woes, is silently, yet surely working, and the day is surely come when the dead past should bury its dead issues and the living join hands in reconciliation. Among us, at least, there are no explanations to be made, and no apologies to be demanded. You feel that you have done your duty. We know that we have done ours. We both feel that the dead of the *revolution* of 1861 are sanctified in our memories. Now the war is ended, and—

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards, with solemn round,
That bivouac of the dead."

As medical men, our duties do not lead us in the path of political struggle, but indirectly we may be drawn into the whirl of excitement incident to the great political questions of the day. May we not then exert an influence in *quieting* the passions of men, and by our efforts, aid in effecting the consummation so devoutly wished of rebuilding the fabric of our national prosperity? May we not, by precept and example, help to restore the harmony and unity of feeling, which, as one sentiment, dear to the great American heart, should pervade the entire Union of the States?

The Wee Nee Volunteers of Williamsburg District, South Carolina, in the First (Gregg's) Regiment—Siege and Capture of Fort Sumter.

By Colonel J. G. PRESSLEY.

When it became apparent that the Republican party would triumph in the Presidential election of 1860, every person of sufficient age will remember how enthusiastic the whole State of South Carolina became for a Southern Confederacy. Apprehending that the consummation of their hopes would probably not be peacefully attained,

the patriotic sons of the State organized military companies in almost every neighborhood, and stood ready for the emergency. None could be found from the mountains to the seaboard who doubted the absolute and unqualified right of the State to assert her sovereignty whenever she deemed it expedient. There were very few who did not believe that the time for such assertion had come. In the month of November many of the young men, and some middle aged ones, of Kingston and the vicinity, assembled in the courthouse, enthusiastically signed the roll, and resolved to call their company "The Wee Nee Volunteers."* The following officers were elected: Captain, John G. Pressley; First Lieutenant, S. W. Maurice; Second Lieutenant, R. C. Logan; Third Lieutenant, E. C. Keels. One hundred of as brave men as ever confronted a foe constituted the non-commissioned officers and privates. Among the members of the company were two members of the State Convention, both members of the Legislature, the clerk of the court, the ordinary, the sheriff and one magistrate. Williamsburg was left almost without a civil government.

On the night of the 26th of December, 1860, Major Robert Anderson, commanding the Federal forces stationed at Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, abandoned that fort and transferred his whole garrison to Fort Sumter. The excitement caused by this movement was intense. Many persons, who, up to that time, believed that the State would be permitted to withdraw peaceably from the Union, now came to the conclusion that war was inevitable. The services of the Wee Nees were at once tendered to the State, and were accepted by Governor Pickens. Kingston had thus the honor of sending the first company into service that went from Williamsburg, and, except some militia from Charleston, called out temporarily, the third in the State. On the third day of January, 1861, the company was embarked on the cars of the N. E. Railroad Company for Charleston. On the same train were the Hons. R. W. Barnwell, J. H. Adams and James L. Orr, the commissioners sent by South Carolina to treat with the Federal Government at Washington for the transfer to the State of the forts, arsenals and other Federal property within her limits. These gentlemen were returning from their unsuccessful mission. They had no words of assurance that the soldiers who had so promptly come forward in defence of the threatened rights of their

* Wee Nee is the Indian name of Black River, the stream upon which the town of Kingston is situated.

State were not hastening to a bloody conflict. But the Wee Nees were composed of men who did not stop to count cost, consider danger, or falter in the path of duty. After their arrival in Charleston they were sent over to Sullivan's Island, and quartered at the Moultrie House. There they were organized with ten other companies into a regiment, of which Maxey Gregg was appointed Colonel. The month of January and a part of February were spent on Sullivan's Island, the officers almost constantly drilling the men and instructing them in their new duties, and the latter submitting to the hardships and privations incidental to the life of soldiers, not without some complaint, but generally with a cheerfulness born of genuine patriotism.

While on the island, the company was sent to the north end, and did duty there for a few days. A battery had been constructed and guns mounted to guard the passage between Sullivan's and the island next north. Both men and officers enjoyed the change, and were sorry when the order came to return to the Moultrie House. That house was a magnificent hotel, which had been built on the front beach to accommodate the summer travel to the delightful village of Moultrieville. The military authorities took possession, and it was used for barracks. It must not, however, be imagined that the soldiers were enjoying the comforts and elegancies for which the house was famous in times of peace; on the contrary, the constant round of drills, dress parades, and guard mountings soon became both arduous and monotonous.

The tedium of garrison life was occasionally relieved by events out of the usual order of occurrences, and sometimes by practical jokes of both a ludicrous and humorous character. A good deal of fun often grew out of mistakes which citizens in a state of transformation to soldiers would naturally make.

One night, a short time after arms were distributed, and before the men had learnt the manual, the long roll was beaten. The Wee Nees were promptly in line. The enemy's ships were reported to be entering the harbor to reinforce Sumter. Every man was in a hurry to get a ball cartridge down his piece, and many were the questions asked the Captain as to how to use the ammunition then in the hands of the men for the first time. "Captain," sung out a gallant fellow, who afterwards made effective use of many a cartridge, and who came out of the war on one leg, "how do you bite this cartridge?" When the excitement was over, this appeal for information caused much merriment among the men.

It turned out to be a false alarm. The steamer Planter had been outside the bar to one of the islands near the coast for a load of palmetto logs, and in coming in, one of our own batteries, by mistake, opened fire upon her. Fortunately, South Carolina's artillerists were then as green as her infantry soldiers, and no damage was done. The regiment was drawn up near the Moultrie House. The firing from the batteries did not cease till after the line was formed. The moon was about half full, and was shining in an unclouded sky. One shell burst high up in the air between the orb of night and the men. One little fellow on the left of the next company to the Wee Nees, exclaimed, "Well, well, they have shot a piece off the moon!"

There was no man in the company more fond of a practical joke or more able to carry one out than Corporal F. J. Lesesne. Once he went through the quarters of the company assuring the men that a night assault had been planned, and was about to be made on Fort Sumter; and that he had been directed by the Captain to call for volunteers. The Corporal had his pencil and paper in his hand taking down the names, as volunteers for the storming party announced themselves. One brave fellow got very much excited, and began to find fault, "I came here to fight," he said, "and I will obey any order, no matter how great the danger, but it is not fair to call for volunteers for so hazardous a service, and I will be —— if I will volunteer for anything."

One afternoon Major Anderson sent an officer with a flag of truce to inquire after something which was left on the island in his hasty evacuation. Corporal Lesesne, who was on guard at the wharf, aided in the reception of the flag, and was a part of the escort of the officer to headquarters. The garrison was full of excitement, and every man anxious to know the purpose of the communication. Lesesne professed to them to know all about it, had heard the communication read, and was fully posted. He gravely informed them that Major Anderson had demanded the evacuation of Fort Moultrie in two hours.

The improbability of so grave a matter being communicated to a Corporal did not occur to the men, who began at once arranging their affairs for battle. After many letters had been written and messages left for family and friends at home, to be delivered in case of death, the Corporal's laugh exposed the sell. Much hilarity was occasioned in discussing the manner in which the belief of an impending battle had affected the different men of the command.

Particular attention was paid to guard duty, and the men instructed

according to the forms prescribed by army regulations. Upon one occasion, N—— F—— was on post on the beach. The Captain carefully instructed him in the duties of a sentinel, and explained particularly to him how he should receive the grand rounds, in case he should be honored with a visit from an officer entitled to make the rounds. After the Captain had repeated the instructions two or three times, he left, and not long after returned with the rounds. Upon their approach, N—— F—— promptly commanded, "halt," then a long pause—Captain and the rounds shivering in a cold January breeze—"What next," said the Captain? F——, still thinking, finally came slowly and hesitatingly from him, "Stand, rounds, advance Sergeant and give the *copper sign.*" The Sergeant advanced, gave the countersign, and the laugh at the expense of N—— F—— firmly impressed on his mind the difference between "the countersign" and "copper sign."

Once, Robbins F—— was the sentinel at the guard room. The Captain instructed him that when he saw the officer of the day approaching, he must call out, "officer of the day, turn out the guard," and that the officer of the guard would then form his guard for inspection. The Captain, who was himself the officer of the day on that occasion, after a brief interval, approached to see whether his instructions were remembered. Imagine his surprise to hear Robbins call out, "officer of the day, stand out of the way."

Fort Sumter was closely watched by the sentinels, and every movement that could be tortured into a signal promptly reported to headquarters. The sentinels were particularly directed to look out for signal rockets. One night a brave fellow, who subsequently learnt a great deal more about pyrotechnics than he then knew, was on post on the front beach, and was heard calling lustily for an officer. The Captain went to the sentinel's post, "Well, what is it, sentinel?" "Why, Captain, I saw a rocket!" "Where, sentinel?" "Right over yonder, Captain; it went up and up, and came down and stopped over yonder, and yonder it is now," pointing to a light on Morris Island.

While we were at the Moultrie House on the 9th of January, 1861, we witnessed the firing of the first hostile shot of the war. One morning about sunrise the "Star of West," a fine steamer, crossed the bar and came gallantly up the "ship channel," having supplies and reinforcements on board for Fort Sumter. A shot was thrown across her bows from a battery on Morris Island manned by the Cadets from the Military Academy. She ran up a large United

States flag, and continued on her course. Several other shots were promptly fired at her, when she put about, recrossed the bar and was soon out of sight. It was said that Cadet Haynesworth, of Sumter District, pulled the lanyard of the first gun fired. No damage was done the troops on board, but we afterwards heard that two shots struck the vessel, doing very little injury. The repulse of this vessel caused intense excitement among the soldiers and people. Major Anderson sent a communication to Governor Pickens, demanding an explanation, and threatening, if a satisfactory one was not made, to fire on every vessel from Charleston in the service of the State that came within reach of his guns. The Governor sent him a spirited reply, in which he took all of the responsibility, and informed him that no vessel would be allowed to bring him reinforcements or supplies. The battery which thus inaugurated the war was thereafter known as the "Star of the West Battery."

One cold day, about the middle of January, orders were issued transferring the Wee Nees to Morris Island. The march from the Moultrie House was commenced in a pouring rain, and before reaching the boat at the Cove the men were thoroughly soaked. The greater part of the afternoon and all of the night was spent in crossing the harbor. What caused the steamer to move so slowly was never made known to the officers commanding the troops on board. The bay was rough, and the wind ahead and high, but all this is insufficient to account for the extraordinary delay. All who remember that night on that miserable steamboat will say that very little of their war experience was more disagreeable. We were received by the Irish Volunteers, of Charleston, commanded by Captain Edward McCrady, Jr., and breakfasted in handsome style. Never was breakfast more heartily enjoyed, nor hospitality more gratefully appreciated than by these cold, wet, tired, and hungry Wee Nees.

We went into camp near the "Star of the West Battery." I had the use of the guns of that battery for the purposes of instruction, and rapidly taught the men the heavy artillery drill. I was aided by Major P. F. Stevens, then Superintendent of the Citadel Academy. The company took to this new drill with great alacrity, and it was not long before they became as proficient in artillery as they were in infantry tactics.

Morris Island was then commanded by Colonel J. Johnson Petigrew, of the First Regiment of Rifles, South Carolina Militia. The Wee Nees were much pleased with their new commanding officer.

Though this gentleman had not received a military education, he was a man of such rare talents that he soon fitted himself for any position he was called to fill.

On Friday, the 22d of February, news reached the Governor that the Daniel Webster, a Federal steamer, was expected with supplies and reinforcements for Fort Sumter. I was detached with twenty-three non-commissioned officers and privates of the Wee Nees and put in charge of the "Star of the West Battery." The cadets had been relieved from duty in the field and sent back to the Citadel. The weather was bitter cold, and being entirely without fire (no lights were kept after dark that could aid an incoming ship in finding the channel), we suffered considerably, but the expectation and hope of a fight kept up our circulation, and we endured our discomforts like old soldiers. An artillery company that was to have relieved us did not report till twenty-four hours after it was expected.

Shortly after this time a detachment of the company was put under the command of Captain A. F. Warley, of the Navy, and with that officer took charge of the battery of two Dahlgren guns which was built about three hundred and fifty yards south of the famous "Star of the West Battery." With the rest of the Wee Nees I was put in charge of a four-gun battery built on Vinegar Hill about three hundred yards still further south. Both these batteries were designed to prevent vessels coming into the harbor through the ship channel; the guns of neither were trained for operations against Fort Sumter.

Our camp was delightfully located. The high sand-hill in front, on the crest of which our battery was located, cut off the rough sea breezes. The rear rested on a bold salt creek affording oysters and crabs in abundance. The men made themselves very comfortable, rations were plenty and of excellent quality. No doubt in the later years and privations of the war many a Wee Nee remembered the camp at Vinegar Hill with longing for the comforts of those halcyon days.

The 4th of March, 1861, so long and anxiously waited for, came at last. President Lincoln was inaugurated, and the all-absorbing question still asked and discussed by the citizens at every fireside and by the soldiers around every camp-fire was, "Shall we have war?" Various were the opinions entertained, but a majority of the people, as well as a large number of the army, had at length reached the conclusion that the separation of the States would be peaceable. The

opinion of the arch enemy of the South, who had done more, perhaps, than any other one man to bring about the unhappy condition of the country, "that the wayward sisters should be allowed to go in peace," seemed to be gaining ground at the North. Almost hourly vessels loaded with supplies and ammunition for the besiegers were allowed to pass unmolested almost within hailing distance of the sentinels on the ramparts of Fort Sumter. Batteries were allowed to be built and guns mounted immediately under control of Anderson's guns. Some of these batteries were so formidable that, as an artillerist and engineer, he must have known that the walls of Sumter could not oppose to them a successful resistance. The same training which had made a soldier of him, had prepared the officers directing the operations of those who were preparing to assail him. All these were facts which seemed unanswerably to indicate that the General Government was preparing to acknowledge the right of South Carolina to resume the full exercise of her sovereignty. Scarcely a man could be found south of Mason and Dixon's line who denied this right. The hesitation and vacillation of the North plainly showed that her people were not clear in their denial of the right, or satisfied that one of the constitutional powers of the Government was to make war on a State. Never was there a people more entirely satisfied or thoroughly convinced of the righteousness of their cause, than were the people of South Carolina. They were very generally of the opinion that the sober second thought of their brethren of the North would and must bring them to see and acknowledge this right. They found it hard to believe that New England could forget that when Carolina was the pet colony of the British crown she willingly gave up all of the advantages of the Union with the mother country, to aid her sisters of the North in the struggle for common independence. The descendants of the patriots who fought at Fort Moultrie could not see why the sons of the heroes of Bunker Hill could desire their conquest, and the subversion of the government guaranted to the Palmetto State. It is not at all surprising that there should have been so many who believed that Anderson and his garrison would be withdrawn.

There were those among us, however, who did not desire a peaceable withdrawal. They said that if South Carolina is permitted to go in peace, the Southern States will not follow her. That she was too small and weak for a separate and independent nation; that in a few years she would be knocking at the door of Congress for readmission into the Federal Union. But that the first blood of a son

of South Carolina, drawn by a Federal bullet, would indissolubly cement the Confederacy of the Southern States. There was plausibility in this opinion in the light of the fact that a majority of the delegates elected to the Georgia State Convention were opposed to secession. Virginia was in the same condition. The Union sentiment in North Alabama and parts of North Carolina was overwhelming.

On the 7th of March there was considerable excitement among the troops. A gun in one of the batteries bearing on Sumter, supposed to be charged with a blank cartridge, was ordered to be fired. To the astonishment of the officers in command, it was found to be shotted. The ball struck Fort Sumter. For a while it was thought that Major Anderson would return the compliment in kind. Major P. F. Stevens was dispatched, under flag of truce, to apologize for the accident. The apology was accepted, and the hopes of those who desired a fight, and the fears of those who did not, failed of realization.

On the 21st of March, Captain G. V. Fox, United States Navy, reached Charleston, and was permitted to visit Major Anderson. Captain Hartstein, one of our people who had resigned from the Navy and was in the service of the State, accompanied him. It was generally thought that this visit portended the early removal of Anderson and his garrison. Many of the newspapers, both North and South, confidently expressed the opinion that the troops would be withdrawn. Yet, day after day the flag went up, and no preparations could be seen for an evacuation.

On the 22d, General P. G. T. Beauregard, by the authority of the Confederate States, assumed command of all the troops in South Carolina and established his headquarters in Charleston. His presence greatly encouraged us and raised our spirits. He visited and inspected the works around Charleston and did not slight the Wee Nees at Vinegar Hill. Many of them had the pleasure of making the acquaintance and grasping the hand of their new commander. He fully agreed with the Captain in his views as to strengthening the post so as to prevent the approach of troops that might be landed on the south end of the island.

On the 25th Colonel Ward C. Lamon, the former law-partner of Mr. Lincoln, was sent by the Government at Washington to bear another communication to Major Anderson, Colonel U. S. Duryea, of Governor Pickens's staff, was detailed to accompany him. We began to think it very suspicious that so many messengers came

from Washington to Anderson and no apparent results from their visits.

About the 3d of April a vessel attempted to come into the harbor and was fired into by one of our batteries. She proved to be the schooner, R. H. Shannon, loaded with ice, on her way to Savannah, coming into Charleston by mistake. Some flags passed between the Governor and Major Anderson, and the Major sent Lieutenant Theodore Talbot to Washington with a communication to his Government in relation to the matter. The vessel was allowed to proceed on her journey. Lieutenant Talbot returned on the 8th with a message to Governor Pickens that the Government at Washington intended to provision Fort Sumter.

At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th General Beauregard sent Colonel James Chesnut and Captain Stephen D. Lee to bear a demand to Major Anderson for a surrender of Fort Sumter. The sailing of the fleet from New York was known to both Anderson and Beauregard. Anderson refused to accede to the demand, but stated that his provisions were nearly out. This refusal and the information communicated by Anderson were conveyed to Beauregard. That officer, still anxious to avoid a collision, sent Colonel Chesnut, Colonel Pryor and Captain Lee to inquire of Anderson what day he was willing to evacuate if he was not attacked. They reached the Fort about eleven o'clock P. M. Anderson named the 15th, at noon of that day, provided that he did not receive fresh instructions or was not relieved by that time. In view of the approach of the fleet with supplies and reinforcements, it was plainly out of the question for Beauregard to delay. Anderson was therefore notified on the 11th of April that fire would be opened on Fort Sumter at half-past four o'clock A. M. on the 12th.

On the afternoon of the 11th the commanders of batteries were informed, in orders from General Beauregard, of the demand made upon Major Anderson, of his refusal, and of the time at which firing would begin. They were also notified that the first shot would be fired from a battery at Fort Johnson, on James Island, commanded by Major James. Soon after the order was received, the Wee Nees manned both of the batteries in their charge. Though these men afterwards learnt to sleep under fire, it can well be understood that there would not be much sleep that night. We looked anxiously and often towards Fort Johnson, all intending to hear the first shot, and determined not to lose the opportunity of witnessing one of the most notable events in the history of the State. Very

near the appointed time, the report of a gun was heard, and a shell was seen coming from the Fort Johnson battery. The firing soon became general. All of the batteries bearing on Sumter on Sullivan's Island, Morris Island, Mount Pleasant, and James Island commenced pounding away. The bombardment was grand. Anderson made no reply till some time after daylight. He then sent his salutations to the iron battery near Cummings Point. Very soon after, all of the casemate guns bearing on any of our works opened, and continued without cessation through the day. There had been much discussion and a good deal of doubt expressed in military circles as to whether he would be able to use his casemates. It was said that in all probability the concussion from his heavy guns would cause the blood to gush from the noses and ears of his men, and that he would be forced to depend on his parapet battery. It soon became very evident that there was nothing in that opinion. The guns on the parapet were not used. All of the firing was done from the casemates. Not a shell was seen to come from the Fort. If any were used they did not burst, and were not, in their flight, distinguishable from solid shot. I have never heard any satisfactory reason for this peculiarity of Major Anderson's defence. It was said at the time that there were no fuses in the magazine of the Fort. It does not seem possible that the able and scientific corps of officers in charge of Sumter could not have manufactured fuses. That there was nobody killed on our side is entirely owing to the fact that nothing but solid shot was used by the enemy. Very few of our batteries afforded much protection to the gunners. In fact, they were safe in none except the iron battery. Any of the Wee Nees who were in Fort Wagner with me in 1863 know that had Anderson used shell as effectively as did Dahlgren and Gilmore, our batteries on Morris Island, and some of them on James Island and Sullivan's Island, would have been almost untenable.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the 12th, the fleet hove in sight. We felt sure that our turn to take a hand in the fray had come. The Wee Nees were anxious for a fight, and were disappointed when the vessels anchored beyond the reach of our guns.

I do not think that any of the guns of Sumter were aimed at us, though some of the balls fired at the batteries nearer to Cummings Point came uncomfortably near to us—so near, indeed, as to interfere with my dinner on that day. When I reprimanded my faithful servant, James, for his delay of the meal, he excused himself because the balls had come so near. When I told him, with a little impa-

tience, that the Yankees were not trying to kill black people, he made use of an expression which sounds very much like one since become famous in the mouths of our late enemies.

"Why, sir," said he, "them balls make no distinction on account of color."

The bombardment continued all day and the following night. Anderson did not reply after nightfall—perhaps because his ammunition was scarce, or more probably because his garrison was tired, and he saw that he was doing no harm. A breeze sprung up on the morning of the 12th, and blew towards Sullivan's Island. The wind was not very high, and I think it was favorable for the coming in of the fleet. At times the sound of the guns on Sullivan's Island could not be heard, though but two and a-half miles off. The direction of the wind was from us towards that island. Up in the country they were distinctly heard more than sixty miles away. All day the Wee Nees watched the fleet, but there was no movement among the vessels indicating that we would have the opportunity of pulling a lanyard. We felt sympathy for Anderson and his brave garrison, fighting like veterans, and a corresponding contempt for their friends with the fleet, apparently too cowardly to come to his relief. My subsequent experience convinces me that though none of the ships could have gotten up to the Fort, they might, with their superior armaments, have made it very uncomfortable for many of our batteries. They could have done my company a great deal of damage, and remained beyond the reach of our 24-pounder smooth bores.

A day or two before the fight General James Simons was sent to Morris Island, and had the immediate command of the troops on that island. Colonel Gregg's regiment, except the Wee Nees, was sent towards the southern end of the island. Our battery was supported by the militia regiment of Colonel John Cunningham on our left, and Colonel Johnson Hagood's First South Carolina volunteers on our right. Colonel J. B. Kershaw's Second South Carolina volunteers were not far off.

On the 13th we could discover the fleet as soon as it was light enough to see, but we saw no indications that we would be other than, as yesterday, spectators of the bombardment. Once or twice the officers' quarters in Fort Sumter were set on fire by the shell from Fort Moultrie, and the fire was put out. But about ten o'clock A. M. the shell and hot shot had started the fire so well that it soon became apparent that Anderson could not extinguish the flames. The fire from our batteries quickened, and a shout went up from the

troops as it thus became evident that the end was near. We, at Vinegar Hill, thought that now our time had surely come. We felt sure that the officers commanding the fleet would not look on and quietly see Anderson and his garrison roast, or surrender, to prevent such a catastrophe. But they continued quiet spectators of the scene.

The fire from the burning buildings soon silenced the guns of the Fort. Many of the garrison had to come out of the port holes to the stones at the base of the wall. Once they went back and resumed the fight. The men on our side felt like cheering the brave fellows. At length the flag disappeared, and we thought that the fight was over; but not so, it soon reappeared with the staff lashed to a gun-carriage on the parapet. Finally, however, after thirty-two and a-half hours' fighting, the white flag appeared, and firing ceased.

We soon learned that Anderson had agreed to surrender, and afterwards heard that Senator Wigfall, with W. Gourdin Young, of Charleston, had gone over to the Fort and offered to receive Anderson's surrender. It was agreed that he might salute his flag and march his command out with the honors of war, retaining their arms and private baggage. Everything else in the Fort was to be surrendered to the Confederate States. After these terms were agreed upon, the white flag was raised. Wigfall had come before the firing ceased, and had made his way into the Fort through one of the port holes of a casemate.

Beauregard, seeing the white flag, sent Colonel James Chesnut, Captain Lee, Colonel Pryor, and Hon. William Porcher Miles, to communicate with Anderson. These gentlemen were astonished to find Colonel Wigfall in the Fort, and told Major Anderson that he had no authority to treat in Beauregard's name. Anderson threatened to run up his flag and renew the fight, but, after further parley and communication with Beauregard, substantially the same terms were allowed. So ended the battle of Fort Sumter. The Fort was ours without the loss of a man.

While the negotiations with Anderson were pending, we saw from our battery at Vinegar Hill a sailing vessel coming across the bar with all of her canvass spread. We did know the meaning of this manœuvre, and thought that perhaps the commander of the fleet had concluded to practice a strategem on us, and send reinforcements to Sumter in a vessel that would be taken for a merchantman engaged in trade on her way to Charleston. We did not think that a vessel bearing the United States flag would attempt to

pass our batteries without so much as asking permission. When she got within easy range I directed a shot fired across her bows. She continued on her course, and I sent another a little nearer. She then came about and lowered a boat, which came ashore under our guns. The boat contained the captain and some of his sailors. He reported that his vessel was a schooner from Maine loaded with ice. Probably he thought that as things were somewhat warm inside he would find a good market for his cargo. We thought that we had a lawful prize and that we would turn over to the Confederate Government the first property captured since the opening of hostilities. General Simons soon came to my tent, and when he had heard a statement of the affair directed me to release the captain and allow him to proceed with his vessel. We were strongly inclined to the opinion that after a fight of thirty-two and a-half hours, the war had commenced, but as our commanding officer did not seem to be of that opinion, of course we had to acquiesce. I don't yet think that the burnt-out garrison of Major Anderson considered that we had been engaged in a sham battle with them. The commander of the fleet who had witnessed the fight "from afar" must certainly have thought that there was some very rough amusement going on inside the harbor; in fact too rough to suit his refined taste. I never heard any more of the vessel or her ice.

The next morning—Sunday the 14th of April, 1861,—the steamer Isabel went down to the fort, and about 12 o'clock took Major Anderson and his garrison out to the fleet and transferred them to the Baltic.

In saluting his flag, one of Anderson's men was killed and five were wounded. One of the guns went off prematurely, probably not being properly sponged, and killed the gunner. The others were wounded by the explosion of a pile of cartridges near by, which were ignited by the fire from the gun.

There was nobody killed or wounded on either side during the bombardment, though the Northern papers shortly afterwards persisted in stating that the Confederates met with considerable loss.

The first Confederate garrison of Fort Sumter consisted of the Palmetto Guards, Captain George Cuthbert, and Captain Hallonquitt's company of South Carolina Regulars. A splendid silk flag, made by the ladies of Charleston, was run up, instead of the stars and stripes. The name of the member of the Governor's staff who, in behalf of the State of South Carolina, participated in the ceremony, is not worthy of a place in these papers and is omitted. A great

many people came down from the city in all kinds of craft to witness the evacuation and occupation.

We who had now been in service nearly four months were looked upon as veterans by the new regiments just called out. We were in a condition to enjoy the fun made by the mistakes and awkwardness of the fresh troops just from the country. The officers were very zealous and the men vied with each other in learning and properly discharging all of the duties of soldiers. The sentinels of one of these new regiments were one night posted on the beach inside of high water mark. It was very natural that an up-countryman should not make proper allowances for the rise and fall of the tide. A sentinel of this regiment was instructed not to allow any person to pass without the countersign, and was particularly instructed not to leave his post on any consideration whatever till regularly relieved or withdrawn by a duly authorized officer. Before the relief guard came the tide had risen and the sentinel was waist-deep in water. Upon the approach of the officer with the relief the sentinel went through with his part of the formula in a manner that would have done credit to one of Napoleon's Old Guard. When it came to the officer's turn to advance and give the countersign, he said :

"Come out, sentinel, and I will give you the countersign."

"Advance and give the countersign," said the sentinel.

"Come out of the water," said the officer.

"Advance and give the countersign," said the sentinel, "and you had better do it quick; I have orders to fire on everybody attempting to pass my post without the countersign, and I shall be obliged to shoot you."

The officer seeing that he had "a strict constructionist" to deal with, thought it best to comply with the sentinel's orders, and plunged into the surf regardless of damage to his shining uniform, and gave the countersign. The sentinel was then marched out and relieved in true military style. It is likely that the next time this officer posted a sentinel on the beach, he instructed him that old Neptune, as well as a properly accredited Confederate officer, might require a change of his beat.

The term of service of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers was for six months. The regiment had been organized under a resolution of the State Convention, and was peculiarly a creation of that body. The siege of Sumter and the defence of South Carolina, pending the formation of the Southern Confederacy, was the emergency for which the regiment had been called together.

Believing that, should the war continue, it would be better to give the men who had so promptly tendered their services the opportunity to reorganize with a view to a longer term of service, the Convention, on the 5th of April, 1861, passed a resolution expressing the sense of that body to be, "that the sudden call which was gallantly answered by the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers now in the service, and the valuable services which that regiment has rendered, give it a just claim to an honorable discharge, as soon as the pressing exigencies of State affairs will, in the judgment of the Governor, permit," &c.

After the capture and occupation of Sumter, the Governor, deeming the time arrived for the exercise of the power given him by the Convention, sent his orders, mustering out of service so much of the regiment as remained on Morris Island. The following order was sent to the Captain, and a similar one to each of the other Captains, except as to place:

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Charleston, S. C., April 26, 1861.

SIR,—You are hereby ordered to conduct the company under your command to Kingston, and there be honorably discharged from the service of the State of South Carolina, as volunteers in the First regiment, under the command of Colonel M. Gregg.

The Quartermaster General is herewith directed to furnish you the necessary transportation for the execution of this order.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

S. R. GIST,
Adjutant-General of South Carolina.

In obedience to this order, the company returned to Kingston on the afternoon of the 26th of April, 1861. They were warmly received by their fellow-citizens, and were commended for all that they had done. The appreciative gratitude of the people found expression in a public dinner given them a few weeks after their return. The tables were spread under the trees at the old Patterson House, opposite the Methodist Church. Congratulations were extended and thanks returned around the generous board.

The first term of service of the Wee Nee volunteers was now ended. The most of them returned to their homes, not with the intention of remaining, but only to put their business in order for a more prolonged term of service in the great war for State's rights,

then fairly beginning. A few young and restless spirits became impatient for the fray, and could not be retained for the reorganization, which followed in a short time, but went to Virginia, and in other commands sealed with their blood their devotion to the cause of the South.

It is true that this had been a bloodless campaign, but the very highest quality of the soldier is necessary to enable him to endure with patience the weary waiting and watching of such campaigns. This company was composed of the material out of which patriots and soldiers are made.

Official Report of Colonel J. P. Simmes's Operations from June 2d, 1864, to December, 1864.

HEADQUARTERS SIMMES'S BRIGADE,
December, 1864.

MAJOR,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this brigade since I have been commanding. On the night of the 2d of June, General Bryan turned over the command of the brigade to myself, while occupying a position on the line at Cold Harbor. Immediately after he left I received orders to destroy the works which we occupied and withdraw before daylight, the line having been changed previously and works thrown up in rear of us by General Law's brigade. Accordingly, at the time specified, the brigade was withdrawn and moved in rear of General Law's position for the purpose of allowing the men to rest, they being very much fatigued by the arduous labors of several days previous to that time. About the time that the men had stacked arms preparatory to rest, an attack was made upon General Law's line. He sent a courier to me asking that I would move up to his assistance, as his works had not been well supplied with ammunition. The brigade was put under arms immediately, and moved up to General Law's line through a heavy fire of musketry. The men moved up in gallant style, and very soon the enemy were forced to retire. The brigade lost several men and officers killed and wounded, amongst whom was Lieutenant McClendon, acting Aid-de-Camp, while nobly discharging his duty.

On the 4th we were ordered to take position on the line again, to the right of the position occupied by General Law, which position

was occupied by the brigade for several days. Here our line was in such close proximity to the enemy's works that a constant fire was kept up during the day between us and the enemy, resulting in loss to us, and to be supposed in greater loss to them, as we finally almost silenced their sharpshooters entirely. During the night of the 12th the enemy abandoned their works in our front, and on the morning of the 14th we moved from there to Frazier's Farm, at which place we remained until the 16th, when we moved in the direction of Petersburg, reaching there on the 18th. Very soon after our arrival we were ordered upon line, and before the troops could be arranged upon the line the enemy made an attack, which was very easily repulsed. The brigade occupied this line until the 23d. The enemy had thrown up works within sixty yards of ours, and when we were placed there the works were incomplete, and we were compelled to complete them under the incessant fire of musketry and artillery, and on some parts of the line the works were begun without any protection whatever. The number of casualties occurring in the brigade at this place will give some idea of the difficulties which had to be contended against. There were fifteen killed and thirty-one wounded, most of which proved fatal. When relieved from this line the brigade was held in reserve about three-fourths of a mile in rear of the line. Here we remained until the 23d July, during which time nothing occurred worthy of special notice, except an occasional march down the Weldon railroad in quest of the enemy, but failing to find him, we returned to our same place of bivouac each time. On the morning of the 23d received orders to move, and set out for the north side of the James; on the 26th took position upon the New Market road and fortified. The enemy, ascertaining that a force was at that point, crossed over a heavy force and made disposition of their forces in order to attack, and did attack the troops on our left, when the General Commanding thought it prudent to withdraw, and accordingly orders were given to fall back to Russell's Mill on the Darbytown road prolongation of the line at New Market Heights. The enemy advanced, but the Major-General disposed of the troops in such a manner as to extend the line to such an extent, and make them believe that we had so great a force, as to deter him from an attack, and thus he delayed the enemy until reinforcements came to our aid. At this place the enemy advanced their skirmishers, and I was ordered to send out two regiments to drive them back. Colonel McGlashan was sent out with the Tenth and Fiftieth Georgia Regiments, with which he attacked their line and succeeded in capturing the greater

part of the enemy's skirmish line which he had so advanced, and for the skilful manner in which he managed to accomplish this he deserves credit.

On the 29th the enemy withdrew from our front, and recrossed the river to the south side, and went into camp near Chester Station, on the Telegraph Road. Here General Bryan returned and resumed command about the 3d of August, and remained with the brigade until the morning of the 21st, when he again left, during which time we moved from Chester Station to the Valley—nothing of importance having occurred during the time. When I took command again on the 21st, the brigade was near Winchester, and with orders to move. The division was moved in the direction of Charlestown, with this brigade in front. After moving some six or eight miles, we encountered the cavalry of the enemy.

The Major-General ordered me to send forward two regiments to attack, which was done, driving the enemy a short distance, when it was found necessary to reinforce with another regiment. I suppose we met about one brigade of the enemy's cavalry, driving them about six miles, when they fell back upon a division of their cavalry, strongly posted and with artillery. Here I halted the brigade, thinking it not prudent to advance further, when the Major-General brought up the remainder of the division, and ordered an advance. By this time the enemy had retreated hastily in the direction of Charlestown. In this affair we lost a few men wounded, and one or two killed. After this, we moved on to Charlestown, the enemy falling back to Harpers Ferry. We remained at Charlestown a few days. The skirmish line was engaged slightly near Charlestown on the 30th. On the 31st the brigade, with others of the division, moved back in the direction of Winchester. On September 3d we left Winchester and moved towards Berryville, arriving near Berryville a little before sunset in the evening. The enemy being immediately in our front, line of battle was formed by order of the Major-General, in conjunction with the other brigades of the division, and an attack made upon their lines. Our men moved forward with great spirit and gallantry. The enemy only held their position long enough to fire one round, then fled precipitately. By this time night interposed, and we slept upon the field, and next morning found that their line, which had crossed the road, now ran parallel to it, and they had made use of the time allowed by night to fortify. We remained in line confronting them next day and night, and were then ordered to withdraw, and return to Winchester.

The loss of the brigade in this battle was four killed and twenty-six wounded. We remained at Winchester until the 16th September, and then marched in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse. On the 19th, the General having received information that a raiding party was in the vicinity, and that they were going towards Stevensburg, ordered me with this brigade to a certain point on that road to intercept them. The brigade was put in motion immediately, and moved at double-quick for nearly two miles, but upon arriving within about five hundred yards, the enemy were opposite to us in the road, having proceeded so far as to render it impossible to cut them off. Finding that this was the only opportunity we would have of inflicting damage upon them, I gave orders to fire. We killed and wounded several of them. Our loss was nothing. We recaptured from this party quite a number of horses and mules, which they had captured from a Government lot near Rapid Ann Station.

On the 20th we left Culpeper, marching in the direction of Gordonsville, which place we reached on the 25th; camped there one night, and then again we moved in the direction of the Valley, passing through Swift Run Gap, thence up by the foot of the mountains in the direction of Port Republic. On the —— of September we came in sight of Port Republic, at which place the enemy's cavalry was distinctly visible, driving ours before them across the river and through the town. By an order from the Major-General I placed my brigade in the edge of a wood, near by the road leading from the town, in such a manner as not to be observed by the enemy, and awaited their advance in that direction, our cavalry having already retired. As he had anticipated, it was not long before they came dashing down the road moving by the flank, but by the untimely firing of some shots from the command we failed to inflict such loss upon them as otherwise would have been done. The enemy escaped with slight loss and the loss of the brigade was nothing. From this time until the 14th October the brigade was marching from point to point, camping at different places for a short space of time. When, on the 14th, General Connor's brigade was engaged at Huff's Hill this brigade was held as reserve for his support, but that brigade having accomplished the work assigned to it so handsomely that it was not thought necessary to bring it into action, therefore the brigade was not engaged, but lost in wounded some eight or ten men. On the evening of the 18th I received orders to move out in the direction of Strasburg at 12 o'clock that night, preparatory to an attack that was to be made on the enemy's works next morning. In compliance with

the order the brigade moved out at the time specified and to the point designated, each man having been supplied with sixty rounds of ammunition. Soon after our arrival at the place designated by the Major-General on the turnpike, the other brigades of the division came up, and we marched in the direction of Strasburg by the turnpike road in front of the division. Having passed through Strasburg, we left the turnpike and moved upon a little road turning to the right, which was followed until we came in sight of the enemy's campfires. Here a halt was ordered until near five o'clock, when I was ordered to move down this road until the brigade had crossed over, and then turn down the creek and form line of battle parallel to the creek, and to advance immediately to the front until a certain clump of woods was passed, and then to change direction to the left in such manner as to cause the line to confront that of the enemy ; to drive the enemy's pickets in without firing upon them; and not to fire until the enemy's line was reached; all of which was strictly complied with, the gallant men moving forward steadily and firmly, receiving the shots from the enemy's picket line without replying, but continuing to move forward with unbroken front, through the volleys of musketry and cannon which they were now exposed to, until they reached the enemy's works. The enemy made a stubborn resistance. Some of them were shot down while firing upon our men at a distance of a few feet. The works were of a formidable character, with a strong abattis covering most of the front and in a favorable position for defence.

After capturing the works and sweeping through the camp (which was just inside the works), there being no troops either on our right or left, I thought it prudent to fall back to the captured works and await the arrival of other troops. Here the brigade captured a large number of prisoners, seven pieces of cannon which were mounted on the works, beside some other pieces which were parked in rear, the whole of the camp equipage which was upon that part of their line. While waiting for the other troops to come up, the captured artillery was turned upon the enemy; very soon the brigades of Generals Connor and Humphreys came up on the right and left, and again we advanced, encountering a second line of works, but driving them like chaff before the wind, and again came in contact with their third line, but here did not meet with as much resistance as upon the other lines; we continued to drive the enemy until about eleven o'clock, when a halt was ordered. Our position was changed by moving to the right, and rested until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when

an attack was made upon the troops to our left. They broke and fled in confusion, forcing upon us the necessity of falling back. The line was formed about one-fourth of a mile in rear of the one which had been abandoned, which was held until it was found that the troops on the left of my brigade had abandoned the field. I placed a regiment on my left, formed perpendicularly to the rear, to protect the flank. The enemy soon attacked it with such force as it was not able to withstand. I then determined to throw back the entire brigade so as to protect the flank of the line. and while carrying into execution this purpose, I observed the troops on my right moving by the right flank, which rendered it necessary I should move likewise. By this time the enemy had gotten completely in our rear, and were pressing from the front and flank; and in moving out amongst the confused masses of troops from other commands, our organizations also became confused, and it was impossible to reform the command in proper order. We moved back that night to Fisher's Hill, and next morning in the direction of New Market, which place we reached the same evening.

In this battle the brigade had about five hundred and twenty arms-bearing men. Of four regimental commanders, three were wounded, two have since died of the wounds—Colonels Ball and Holt. Colonel McGlashan was wounded through both thighs. The loss of the brigade was heavy in officers and men—about two hundred killed and wounded—complete lists of which have been sent in prior to this time. I take pleasure in bearing testimony to the gallantry, and acknowledging my indebtedness to Captain C. C. Kibbee, Assistant Acting Adjutant-General, for his efficient services throughout the entire time which I have had the honor to command the brigade.

After remaining a few days at New Market, we marched to —— and came by railway to Richmond.

I am, your obedient servant,

J. P. Simms,
Commanding Brigade.

Major J. H. Goggin,
Acting Adjutant-General.

Return of a Refugee.

By Mrs. Clara D. Maclean.

The end had arrived. All prayers and tears had availed nothing; all prophecies of success were null; all forebodings fulfilled; all hopes blasted. When, one morning, as the joyous spring came dancing over the hills, and one's very heart seemed bursting with the brightness and beauty, two battle-scarred and thread-bare soldiers came in with the news of Lee's surrender, it fell upon us like a thunderbolt of doom.

"No, no!" I cried, "you heard falsely. It cannot be!"

"I saw him with my own eyes," said one, as those very eyes rained strange tears; "I heard him with my own ears read the general orders telling us he had to give up."

His voice grew too husky to speak, and his comrade took up the fateful tale. He was a harder man, but the furrows in his bronzed visage seemed worn as by "rivers of waters." With suppressed oaths and many bitter words he rehearsed the scene at Appomattox.

"We are going back to old South Caliny," he ended, "where we left four years ago, and a-never seen sence, jest a-fightin' faithful, and all for nothin'! I hear my house is burnt, and my wife and chil'en turned into the woods. Now I'm going to do some fightin' on my own hook. I'll bushwhack Yankees till I die."

They had their breakfast and went on. I sat down at my window and looked out at the leafing trees and the sward breaking into emerald. A little breeze touched my hot cheek; I heard the far-off whistle of a quail, the nearer piping of some listless boy. Above, the blue heaven was flecked as with the foam of a cirrus-sea; the smell of fresh-turned earth came in its rich suggestiveness from the garden below. The lovely, lovely day—and the Confederacy lying dead! All sights and sounds were lost in that one overwhelming thought. What availed beauty, sweetness, light, life itself!

"I must go home," was my first thought. It was comparatively easy to endure the separation from dear ones when the excitement of suspense or continual action kept the mind at fever-heat. But now my heart fled like a frightened bird to its nest. I longed to see my mother, to hear her tales of woe, to pour my own eventful story into her sympathetic ear. She alone had remained in the home at Columbia when the rest of us were scattered; my father to take a servant

to the two boys who were in the Cadet corps of Hardee's command; one sister with the Treasury department, hurrying from point to point to escape capture; the other with me in the interior of North Carolina, whither we had been sent when it was considered unsafe to remain in the possible line of march of Sherman's merciless myrmidons.

So, without friend or family, the noble woman, Roman in fortitude, Spartan in patriotism, met the dreaded enemy face to face when they took possession of the "nest of treason" and wreaked their vengeance upon it with fire and sword and nameless atrocities.

Letters with some hints of these things had come to me, but they were brief and few. The railroads had been destroyed, and mail-service was a mere name. Moreover, the very necessaries of correspondence, pen, ink and paper, were often unobtainable, or of such miserable sort that one dreaded the task of an epistle, however short. I knew, therefore, but little of the particulars which had occurred since our departure, and less, still, of the important events that were thrilling the ears of Christendom, and we in total ignorance within a few score miles of their transaction.

In this hour of darkness and despair I longed to escape from the prison-like solitude surrounding me, and fly to the great centers where I could hear and know all the terrible truths, meet it with courage, and endure, if necessary, with undismayed firmness. But not alone! It is easier to bear afflictions when surrounded by affection and soothed by sympathy. My one thought, the only one which sustained me at this time of trial, was to go home. Nothing would be so hard if I were but there.

But time went on and there seemed no prospect of the fulfilment of this hope. Transportation was impossible. Railroads were destroyed; horses and mules of any worth had been seized by friends or foes; vehicles of all sorts were appropriated or in a state of utter dilapidation. More than all, we were forty miles away from everywhere! Raleigh, Greensboro, Hillsboro, all lay at that distance, more or less.

So the "slow, sad days" dragged on, and hope deferred made the heart sick indeed. The spring fled away and a blazing summer came down, sapping one's very life-blood. In vain I tried to take an interest in the feeble gayeties of the young people of those primitive parts. The soldiers were all at home. One saw at church or at picnics (which was the rural standard of happiness) all sorts of worn gray clothes, alternating with resuscitated black or linen garments

that provoked a sorrowful smile with their ludicrous incongruities. A man who had fulfilled the ideal in his uniform, however shabby, lost all beauty and glory in a superannuated black frock coat or a linen "duster." It was doubtless more comfortable and more appropriate, this latter attire, but the glamour faded from many a manly figure when it ceased to wear the gray.

Girls, too, began to doff their jaunty jackets, *a la militaire*, and their home-made gypsy hats and don imported calicoes of gorgeous hues and "do up" their hair with hairpins—unheard-of luxury for four long years. Bill Arp's children and many others tasted "reesins" for the first time; and there were rumors of a circus! In short, "the cruel war was over."

Alas! to how many it was just beginning. Starvation stared in the face of hundreds. The negroes—the traditional laborers of the land—were idle and impudent. Broad fields lay fallow, their fertility a matter of regret, since the rank vegetation produced malaria, hitherto unknown, and hundreds of rich and poor experienced for the first time the depressing influence of the "fever-'n-ager," while scores fell victims to typhoid diseases. The mighty army of speculators that had preyed upon the land since the attempted entrance of the "Star of the West" into Charleston harbor rendered war inevitable, now redoubled their ranks and energies, and bartered in human hearts. There was no comfort in the past, no relief in the present, no hope in the future, for the conquered country. We were at the mercy of our captors, and a questionable mercy it proved.

Some such words as these were getting themselves written down in a voluminous journal one day in mid-summer, when Mr. DeG. came in hot and hurried to say a neighbor was going to undertake the (almost) fabulous journey to Greensboro, and as I was so anxious to start homewards, I might be accommodated with a seat that far *en route*. I clapped my hands, turned over the home-made ink, and gathered the confidential companion to my bosom, exclaiming, "I shall be ready."

Those "forty miles" next day were the shortest on record. My heart flew so fast that it had accomplished the journey to Columbia a hundred times over, and returned to meet the spavined mule and dilapidated buggy, toiling over the dusty road at a snail's pace, and hail it as a chariot-and-four of unprecedented speed and lightness. Dawn had started us; dusk found us creeping into the suburbs of Greensboro. What a city it looked! How busy, how prosperous, how metropolitan, after those long months spent in the woodland

ways, "far from the madding crowd." Eagerly I welcomed now this "madding crowd." I craved life, energy, excitement. The enforced quiet of the country, always distasteful, had become doubly so, when one of the world's tragedies was being enacted just beyond the prison confines, where was heard but the echo of the victor's shout and the victim's wail. Here I was upon the very stage whence the historic actors had just passed. In fancy I saw through lowering evening shadows, the hapless head of the Confederacy, the broken remnant of an army whose devotion had never been equalled, the exulting enemy, drunk with success—all these flitted by me ghost-like, and the pageant of prosperity and every-day life vanished as these were evoked. Such alternations of gloom and brightness followed me the long journey through.

The night was spent at the house of the Rev. Mr. B., at that time presiding elder of the circuit. His wife was an invalid, and absent; but seven children surrounded the hospitable board. *Apropos* of the dainty and elegant supper, the host, a tall, dignified and cultured man, informed me of the numerous and varied accomplishments he had acquired perforce since, in the expressive dialect of the negroes, "freedom broke out." Mrs. B. was frequently unable to rise from her couch, and the entire work of the household devolved upon him, aided by his two eldest sons, boys of nine and seven. The rolls, preserves and cake were of his own making; and on one urgent occasion he had *done a day's ironing!* This man was the pride and ornament of his church. Does one doubt the position he occupied in his home, and in the respect and affection of his family? He has since gone to his reward, but his children who survive, and the community he served, "rise up and call him blessed."

Next morning found me awaiting the train at this improvised depot, with a motley crowd, consisting chiefly of "citizens of African descent" and Yankee soldiers. The latter made themselves conspicuous in their character of conquerors on all possible opportunities—now ordering "Cuffee" about in a most masterful and patronizing manner, and anon befriending (?) him against the encroachments of his quondam masters. It was the first time I had met the blue-coats since my encounter with "John Miller," and hot flashes of indignation and wrath, and something possibly worse, kept me at fever-heat from the first glimpse of them upon arriving at the station. Still I kept my lips compressed even when several of these creatures, "dressed in a little brief authority," abused and insulted an old man for not giving a "colored lady" the entire sidewalk as he came down

breathless, with bag, basket and umbrella, to meet the approaching train.

Once embarked, I ceased to hear or see them, as only two or three had entered the same car—one of them an officer. Fortunately, as it then seemed to me, I found an acquaintance aboard, returning from New York. We fell into conversation, and as time went on our mutual war experiences became naturally the theme of discourse. I told him of the recent encounter I had had with a raiding party of Kilpatrick's men, and received some thrilling incidents of his own in return.

At Salisbury, as the train stopped, a party of half a dozen or more Federal soldiers pressed noisily into the car, and approached my companion.

"See here!" the spokesman began; "you have been talking too much. You can't abuse us that way, you and her" (indicating me), "and not get paid up for it. Come out here and we'll fix you," adding the usual accompaniment of oaths and imprecations.

I saw the face opposite blanch, and knew it was no time for me to shrink. I rose and stood between him and them.

"I am the person to blame," I said, "and *I* will meet the consequences."

"We don't fight women," one of them said, doggedly.

"You don't!" was my indignant response, roused now to the pitch of recklessness. "You have conquered the Confederacy by fighting women. If you had met the men alone upon the field, and not skulked into their homes and murdered their wives and children by fire and famine, we would now be free and not subjected to such insults as this. Even now you don't dare to fight man to man, but come, six of you, to fight one, as is your cowardly habit."

Something and much more to this purpose I hurled at the waiting combatants, and then turned to the officer who had passed silent "on the other side."

"Do you stand there and see your subordinates committing such outrages, and not exert your authority? Will you allow this sort of thing in your very presence?"

He rose as I spoke and came forward, said a few words in a peremptory voice, and the men went out, muttering and cursing.

The train moved on, but it was long before I recovered calmness. After a while the officer approached with a handful of ripe peaches, stood for a few moments in the aisle by my side, while I gazed steadily out of the window, apparently unconscious of his presence.

Then he laid the luscious fruit cautiously upon the seat and departed. Ten minutes after, the peaches were all lying by the track. It was a foolish act, but I could not help it. To eat one, I felt, would have choked me to death.

No other incident marred the journey, and we reached its close by railway at sundown that evening. All along, however, mute yet powerful witnesses met us of the scourge that had swept over the land. Road-iron twisted like ribbons about the telegraph poles was the first sign of destruction. Below Chester began the "desolation of desolation." Not a fence or house or living animal where once I had remembered such happy homesteads and pleasant farms embowered in orchards and gardens. A chimney here, a blackened ruin there, the silence as of death, attested the pathway of the destroyer. One wondered where all the former dwellers in these homes had gone. Where were their cows and chickens, and hogs, and cattle? We knew afterwards that every living creature had been sacrificed to the Molock which the invaders worshipped. What could not be used was left to decay and pollute the air upon the very thresholds that had sheltered them.

At my grand-aunt's, Mrs. Barkeley, of Rocky Mount, whose fine old mansion was Sherman's headquarters when his army crossed the Catawba into Lancaster, the great American chieftain gave his pledged word that nothing should be damaged on these premises. Hardly had he ridden out of sight when his well-disciplined (?) soldiers plundered the house, the occupants of which were three old, decrepid, helpless women, one a cripple; and not satisfied with their luck, destroyed the green-house, piled up dead animals within it, and with deliberate energy dragged the decaying bodies of two horses into the front colonnade of the residence. This is the very climax of dastardly invention in the annals of a march which will forever disgrace the nineteenth century. Overwhelmed by these painful scenes, and the privations and distress which followed, Mrs. Barkeley died suddenly two weeks after General Sherman's self-invited visit—as truly murdered as if she had been the victim of his sword. And this is the man that the South is urged to honor, to shake heartily by the hand "across the bloody chasm!" It is, doubtless, our duty as Christians to forgive him, and pray that he may have a "saving sense of his sins." But let us at least maintain our self respect. As I once heard a distinguished minister say: "We must entertain the love which is benevolence towards our enemies; but we are not called upon to bestow upon them the love which is

complaisance." A nice, yet just distinction, which some of us would do well to remember.

The railroad came to an end about three miles north of Winnsboro, and there I found a courier waiting me with a team consisting of a very spare horse and a very small mule hitched to a wagon. Passing through the "burnt district" of my native village, my courage nearly failed as I saw the town garrisoned by the first black regiment it had ever been my misfortune to meet. Stories of their manners and habits towards the citizens were not calculated to restore my equanimity, which fairly gave way when, upon reaching the home where I had spent so many happy days, I found the old associations broken and fled forever. "Where is Maum' Renas? Where is Mitty?" These were the servants I loved best, the latter the third generation of a favorite family, to whom I was especially attached. When I found they were gone I broke down. I had pledged my faith (to myself) upon *their* faithfulness, and they had failed. Yet now I see how natural it was. They wanted to "feel free," and could not so long as they remained in their master's service, or even upon his premises. So they had gone to themselves, though living in the same town. But I did not want to see them; disloyalty always seems so much worse than death. I was not angry or indignant, but sorely hurt at the failure of an affection upon which I had implicitly depended all my life.

Two or three days of the sad sights in this unfortunate village were enough. To see that uniform in possession of the scenes of my youth was hard enough, but when it was worn by the race which is regarded by the whole civilized world as inferior and subordinate in every possible sense, I shuddered with a feeling I could neither express nor hide. The indignities which these poor imitators of their white comrades heaped upon the citizens can scarcely at this time be credited; one doubts that they would have been borne quietly by a race known perhaps justly as "fire-eaters." But in the power of a military despotism more arbitrary than that of Rome, more cruel than that which degraded Russia, the helpless and oppressed victims could make no protest, offer no resistance. Truly it might have been inscribed on the banners of the invading army "*vae victis!*"

I must not allow myself to dwell upon the incidents which yet remain fresh in the memory of many who lived through that heart-sickening time. Suffice it that I saw grey-haired gentlemen forced to clean the streets under a negro guard as a punishment for

having spoken, acted, or *looked* any sense of superiority to the race so lately their servitors, now their masters. I saw delicate, refined women summoned and taken before the military tribunals to answer to the charge of having asserted authority in their own houses. It was unsafe for young girls to walk in the streets in open daylight, the pavements being reserved strictly for the use of the "colored ladies," and even their escorts elbowed white citizens into the gutters, and took vengeance if resistance was made or a protest entered. It is hard to believe that such things were possible only a few years ago; but we of the South have good memories, and the generations to come must not remain ignorant of what was inflicted and endured for the sake of that two-faced goddess called liberty.

Next to Columbia, Winnsboro suffered more than any other town in the State. The license given to the army in the former city had not yet glutted itself, and this town had to pay the penalty of lying in the line of march. The country around was one holocaust of flame that night of February 20, 1864. From the doorway of her dwelling in Winnsboro, my aunt, Mrs. James Stewart, counted sixteen distinct fires in the country around. Her own plantation, two miles west, was entirely destroyed. Not less than one dozen buildings were burnt, every head of cattle driven off or killed, horses and mules seized, stores and supplies consumed in the burning houses or poured out wantonly upon the ground, the frightened negroes robbed of their new supply of winter shoes. A three-years' crop of cotton disappeared in the blazing gin-house, together with our wagons, carriages, and every inflammable bit of material on the premises. One huge bonfire rejoiced the sight of these Parsees, who laughed and sang and shouted as the crackling flames licked the ancestral oaks, and that beloved homestead, which had sheltered so many warm and happy hearts, vanished into smoke and ashes.

Among such scenes as met me here I could not linger. A few days more and I went on to Columbia. An old-fashioned stage-coach, revived by the necessities of the case, ran between the two towns, and in this my seat was taken one August evening. The passengers consisted of a merchant from Baltimore, two way-farers of the indefinite sort which leaves no vivid impression, and a very fat old lady, who was going as far as Ridgeway. The condition of the road rendered sleep impossible, and probably it was years before the footprints of Sherman's army were obliterated. Every available path was cut up by the wheels of heavy ordnance and wagon-trains;

and even at this favorable season of the year the hoof-marks of cavalry were plainly visible in the sun-baked mud over each side of the main track.

But this was not the only enemy to repose.

Rumors of highwaymen were rife, and only a night or two previous the stage had been intercepted, the driver intimidated, and the mails and passengers robbed. As we jolted along over clay cañons and through dense woodlands, we saw a modern Robin Hood in every passing shadow, and heard with fluttering heart a signal in the idle whistle of every laggard freedman.

About midnight the coach stopped at a wayside shanty for a change of horses and supper. Provided with a lunch I did not get out with the other passengers, but shared my frugal meal with the Baltimorean, a middle-aged gentleman of refinement and widely travelled. As we sat there discussing our chicken and sandwiches in the fitful glare of a lightwood fire blazing in front of the temporary hostelrie, a trio of rough-looking men, carrying guns, came out of the forest and approached us. Mr. F. glanced at them, and then put his hand behind him with a significant gesture. In another moment I heard the click of a revolver. The men came nearer, looked at us searchingly for several minutes, met my casual eye as I sat with a chicken-wing in one hand and a biscuit in the other, the personification of confiding assurance, Mr. F. being in the shadow, and then passed on to inspect the other passengers at supper. Finding these, doubtless, unworthy of their steel, or unsuggestive of concealed gold, the mysterious foot-pads vanished as they came, silently and stealthily. Perhaps they were merely harmless hunters, for in those days many lived almost solely on the results of the chase ; but their proceedings were certainly suspicious, and Mr. F. maintained that their object was plunder.

Day-break found us entering Columbia. The approach was made from the north over bleak, bare sand-hills, and it was from the nearest of these that I first saw the ruined city spread out like a neglected kiln below. At the sight I burst into tears.

Down the long straight street we drove, through Cotton-town, southward towards the new capitol, its white walls gleaming ghastly in the *chiar-oscuro* of a summer's dawn. I recalled how I had last seen this avenue on Christmas eve of 1864, as one of a merry party we had dashed along to the Charlotte depot ; bursts of music, gold and gray and scarlet uniforms brightening the motley crowd, laughter, light, and life everywhere, and now—darkness, silence, death !

The hot tears streamed over my face. My heart ached as if it would break. How cruel, how hard it all seemed.

"Oh, Liberty!" I cried in those words of historic eloquence, "what crimes are committed in thy name!"

My companion was silent with a great sympathy. I saw his broad chest heave, and he hid his face from the distressing sights around. He had been one of that noble band. "The Old Maryland Line," and his heart was with the cause for which he was expatriated. When we drew up at last before the door of my home, he held out his hand, "God be with you!" he said, "for man has no comfort for grief like yours."

Then the coach drove away, and I never saw him again.

I must pass over that meeting with dear ones in the desolated home. It was enough that we were "all there" once more; brothers from the war, sisters from exile, father from long wandering in search of food for a dependent family, and a heroic mother, who had met single-handed and alone under this roof the vandals of the notorious Fifteenth Army Corps. I heard her story a few days later, and though it may be similar in some points to many others, there are details so characteristic that I cannot forbear the recital.

"On that fatal day, February 16th, hearing of the approach of Sherman, I went," she said, "to the third story, and, looking across the river, caught the gleam of bayonets and heard the echo of sharp-shooting. About noon the servants came flying in breathless, exclaiming that the Yankees were entering the city. A triumphant burst of brilliant music was the first verification of what seemed a hideous dream. Down the main street they came, with waving banners and resounding bands. A few moments later the stars and stripes floated over the State-house. That sight was too much for me. I went down to my own room and remained there alone with my only Refuge and Comforter."

During the day a few stragglers appeared, and demanded food or drink; the orchard and garden were filled with bivouacs and camp-fires. With closed doors but steadfast heart the lonely woman awaited the worst. She saw the signal-rockets go up which announced the inauguration of a night of license and diabolic orgies unparalleled in the annals of civilization. She heard the wild shouts of frenzied bacchanals mingled with the shrieks of women and children surrounded by a belt of fire, and yet freezing under the pall of a wintry sky. She saw the glare of burning homes, and the huge *debris* hurled by a pitiless wind through the lurid air, like

torches in the hands of invisible demons. But the God of Jacob was with the solitary watcher; her faith failed not even in this hour of awful extremity.

As she still sat there listening to the far-away sounds of tumult, roaring flames and hurrahs and screams, there came a sudden crash in the direction of the dining-room, which opened upon a long piazza fronting a side street. She knew what it meant, and hastened thither. The windows had been burst through, though the doors were unfastened, and a horde of what scarcely seemed human creatures came pouring in, each with one or two lighted candles in his hands. There were a score or more, with faces smoke-blackened and eyes bloodshot and glaring with drink and a blind rage, which vented itself on any and everything. Several of them addressed her simultaneously.

"Hello, old lady! where's your family? Got any sons or husbands?"

"My husband is off attending to his profession," was the reply. "My two sons, thank God! are in the army, though they are mere boys. If I had a dozen I would give them all to my country."

I know how she said it—grand woman as she was!—dignified, proud, yet ever feminine. But nothing appealed to these insensate barbarians, however sweet or stately, however innocent or helpless. Some had already begun the work of pillage and burning, and while the terrified servants stood in the doorway with starting eyes, beseeching their beloved mistress to come away from the scene of destruction, she stood fearless and unmoved in the midst of starting flame and blasphemous plunder.

Two had entered a closet, and were handing out to their *confrères* jars of preserves and such choice delicacies, as others applied their lighted candles to the upper shelves.

At that moment, as a silent prayer of agonized entreaty went up from the heart of the lonely woman, a figure clad in the uniform of a Federal officer, with bare head and long, dark, dishevelled hair, his face pale and set—"like an avenging angel" he looked, my mother said—rushed in at the open door, a naked sword glistening in his hand. Without a word, but with apparently superhuman strength, he drove the incendiaries forth at the point of his weapon, caught the bending figure of the preserve-depredator by the waist-band, and applying his foot, sent him headforemost into the street. My mother fell on her knees before him. "God has sent you!" she said, and would have kissed the hem of his garment; but he raised her with gentle deference.

"You are alone, madam. You shall have a guard;" and an hour after a sentry appeared, who walked the piazzas till dawn.

The long and terrible night passed. Next morning a sick soldier was found asleep on one of the galleries, and waking, he begged for water. My mother, kind as she was courageous, and generous as patriotic, not only obeyed the merciful injunction, "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink," but for the two following days, during which the army remained in the city, furnished him with food and a cot on which to lie. He seemed deeply grateful, the poor, simple boy who had come into this affair as an adventure, but which was likely to prove fatal fun to him. He spoke of his home with misty eyes, and the Christian mother who watched over him prayed God to guard her own absent ones, and to send them a friend in the hour of need, as she strove truly to be to this alien. On the last evening he tottered away to join his command, and she saw him no more; but at the judgment bar this one deed of pure charity will be remembered and rewarded to her who fulfilled the highest and hardest commandment: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good unto them that persecute you and despitefully use you."

Individually, we lost little or nothing by this calamitous visitation. While so many thousands were rendered homeless, our home was spared. The old family plate had been concealed in a pigeon-house, and thus escaped confiscation. One cow of three was taken and a number of fowls; the fencing was destroyed, and the orchard much cut up; but not an article of the smallest value was taken from the house. The mysterious midnight visitor, with his flashing sword and bare head, remained ever a blessed memory, and Heaven was invoked for him henceforward till her death by the sainted woman he had rescued.

The fearful fatigue and excitement of this time left its lasting marks upon my mother, and she never recovered from the cold contracted on that night of nights. When the last "bummer" had departed, and the charred ruins of the devoted city alone remained to prove that all this had not been a fearful vision, she sat down for the first time to rest, and drawing off the stockings from feet numb with long standing, the entire epidermis peeled off as if a blister had been applied. One may judge of the state of mind which rendered her up to that moment unconscious of such a contingency.

The afternoon of my arrival was spent in sauntering mournfully over the capitol grounds, and contemplating the stretches of black desolation which lay southward for over a mile, and extended east

and west for several squares. Around the superb promise of a building, which was to be the pride of the State, and to rival the public edifices of the national capital itself, was piled the *débris* of costly material destroyed in every conceivable and inconceivable manner. The exquisitely carved pilasters were calcined and broken; immense blocks of dressed granite, which could not otherwise be injured, were smoked and defaced by huge fires; on either side of the great front door-way was work, in *basso-relievo*, of acorns, fasces, and medallion heads, all wrought with the famous chisel of Henry Duke Brown, the sculptor, and now with wanton and malicious ingenuity so mutilated as to be a mere blot upon the lintels. In the hall below were pillars of pink Tennessee marble, supporting the groined arches, so highly finished that it resembled translucent agate; these were literally *carved* by some sharp instrument in long, jagged streaks, as a child's careless pencil delights in marring a sheet of clean paper.

Similar in its defacement was the bronze statue of Washington, whom these so-called "defenders of the Republic" evidently regarded as a traitor and rebel—probably because he was not only a Virginian by birth, but a gentleman by principle. That work of art, also, the palmetto tree of wrought iron, erected to the memory of the regiment that gave so many noble lives for the preservation of American liberty and an inviolate constitution, was so defaced as to be utterly useless until entirely renewed in later years. It seemed a motto with this Grand Army of Destruction to leave nothing that could possibly be marred, broken, burnt, or annihilated. It was therefore not to be expected that any monument of State pride or tradition should be spared by them, or that the "Father of his Country" should be recognized by the foreign mercenaries which in this case, as a hundred years before, composed the main body of the army of invasion. Even the native conscripts, fighting ostensibly for the "Old Flag," were, to all intents, but mere machines of destruction and death, and were so regarded by their general officers. They neither knew, nor could know, anything of that divine enthusiasm which nerves the

"Freeman battling on his hills,"

and which fired the rank and file of the Confederate Army, educated men as well as voluntary soldiers.

The secret history of the burning of Columbia has not yet been written. It lies not within the province of the present narrative to enter into the details of heartrending cruelties and savage outrages of

which we have all heard, and yet which no one has fully recorded. It remains for some eloquent pen, guided by the feeling heart of some unprejudiced eye-witness, to tell the tale of that night of horrors. Four hundred decades have rolled away since the sack of Troy, and yet the veriest school-boy of to-day is as familiar with the thrilling experiences of the faithful Æneas and his devoted comrades, as were the breathless audiences of the "Blind old bard of Clio's rocky isle." Twenty years only have elapsed since our own fair city fell by as foul a strategem as that of the Greek horse, and was subjected to a pillage and fire equally unrestrained and outrageous. Yet the children ask in vain for the story of our wrongs and sufferings. In those very capitol grounds, where such drunken orgies were enacted in the name of Liberty, they see the sleepless sentinel leaning upon his marble musket and keeping silent watch over the busy city, which has risen from the flames, adorned with new beauty, inspired with new energies. But have they been taught to love and honor the cause which he represents, and which went down in flame and smoke to a deathless immortality, grander than Ilium's and worthier of a more glorious song?

Who shall be the Homer of the Southern Confederacy?

CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN.

Paris, Texas.

The Kilpatrick-Dahlgren Raid Against Richmond.

Compiled by J. WM. JONES.

We have several times expressed our purpose to publish a full account of this celebrated raid, together with incontrovertible proofs that the infamous "*Dahlgren Papers*" were not (as charged by Northern writers) a "*Rebel forgery*," but were actually found on the person of Colonel Dahlgren. We have delayed this publication from time to time for various reasons, chief among which was a desire to secure a paper prepared for Hon. A. H. Stephens by the late Rev. R. H. Bagby, D. D., who stood within a few feet of Colonel Dahlgren when he was shot.

But we have determined to delay our task no longer, but to put the facts in our records, not to stir up bitter memories, but to vindicate the truth of history and to refute the slander against the Confederate authorities that they forged these papers in order to blacken

the character of an honorable foe, and make an excuse for cruelty to his officers.

We first give a *Federal* account, by one of Dahlgren's staff, which appeared in the *Detroit Free Press* of March 11th, 1882.

STATEMENT OF LIEUTENANT BARTLEY, OF THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL CORPS.

The expedition of General Kilpatrick and Colonel Ulric Dahlgren to Richmond in the spring of 1864 is, perhaps, less understood by the general public than any event of the late war of the same magnitude and importance, more especially the part Dahlgren's column played in that singularly unfortunate move. This comes from two causes; one that Colonel Dahlgren was killed and the rest of us captured and lay in prison till the following year, and no report of our doings was ever sent to the War Department; and the next was the disposition on the part of General Kilpatrick to keep as quiet as possible on the subject, as there was a desire on the part of some to hold him responsible for the sacrifice of Colonel Dahlgren and his command.

I will now try and give your readers a short account of that memorable raid as I saw it. I was the signal officer with Dahlgren—had all his plans—was to carry out the details in regard to the destruction of public property—had the torpedoes, turpentine, signal rockets, etc., all in my charge, with orders how and when to use them. Being the only staff officer he had, I feel pretty certain I knew what he intended to do, and how it was to be done.

The expedition started from Stevensburg, near Culpeper Court-house, Virginia, on the night of February 28th, 1864, at seven o'clock. It was composed of details from the First Maine, First Vermont, Second New York, Fifth New York, and Fifth Michigan cavalry regiments—in all four hundred men—Major E. F. Cook, Second New York Cavalry, in command. I was sent from army headquarters as signal officer, to act in conjunction with Captain Gloskoski, who was General Kilpatrick's signal officer.

We proceeded to Ely's Ford on the Rapidan, where we captured a commissioned officer and thirteen men, who were on guard at the ford. This was done by Lieutenant H. A. D. Merritt, Fifth New York Cavalry, who had been put in command of the advance guard. It was done so quickly that there was no alarm, and we passed into General Lee's lines and left the gate open for the main body under

General Kilpatrick, who was in our rear but not united to our column. As soon as we were safe in Lee's rear, we took the road to Chancellorsville, and thence to Spotsylvania Courthouse. Keeping to the right we struck the road leading to Frederickshall station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, where we intended to make the first strike, as there were at that time sixty-eight pieces of artillery parked around the station, and only guarded by artillerymen armed with sabres.

About two miles from the station we met an intelligent (?) contraband who had just left it, and learned from him that there had been troops sent from the front to guard the guns and commissary stores. The Colonel concluded not to risk a fight, for it might prevent him from carrying out the main object of the expedition, which was to get in the rear of Richmond and make an attack at the same time Kilpatrick was to make an attack on the Brooke pike, enter the city, liberate the prisoners in Libby, Castle Thunder, and Belle Isle, capture as many of the officers as possible, destroy the arsenal, commissary, and quartermaster stores, and all endeavor to escape down the peninsula to General Butler's lines.

The Colonel found another contraband who said he could take us on a by-road about two miles south of the station, where we could cross the railroad and get on one that would take us into Goochland county. We took him along, and while going through the woods captured a four horse wagon and seven men getting wood. We had them throw off the wood and climb on the wagon and turn into line. We had not gone more than a mile when our attention was called to a number of horses hitched around a log cabin. Lieutenant Merritt was ordered to make a dash with the advance guard and see what was going on. The result was the capture of eight commissioned officers and a few privates, being the sudden adjournment of a court-martial. In the number was one colonel and two majors. We soon after came to the railroad and set to work tearing it up, which we did for a considerable distance, also the telegraph—but time was of as much importance to us as the railroad, so we did not stay long but struck across the country for Dover Mills on the James river. We travelled as fast as our horses could carry us and by night the rain began to fall, but we had a long ride yet to the river, which we wanted to cross at daylight next morning. So on we plodded through mud, rain, and darkness, such as I never experienced, guided by a contraband sent from Washington city to take us through to Dover Mills and show us a ford where we could cross to the south side of

the James. We finally had to stop, as we were losing men in the darkness, and about 2 A. M., March 1, we halted at a small country store, fed our horses, and cooked some rations.

As soon as it was light we were on the way, and by 8 A. M. we came out on the hill at Dover Mills, on the farm of John A. Seddon, who was then Secretary of War of the Confederate States of America.

Up to this, our success had been remarkable—two nights and one day in the Confederate lines and not a shot had been fired at us. We were beginning to think we would go right through with the whole programme, but now things took a turn that looked rather bad for us.

It was now necessary to make the final arrangements for the assault on the city which was to be made that night at about eight o'clock. Our column was to divide, one part to cross the river and go as far as the Appomattox bridge, where the Richmond and Danville Railroad crosses, destroy that, then turn and strike toward Richmond, coming into Manchester opposite Belle Isle, secure the bridge, liberate our men on the island, cross them over and unite with the other prisoners from Libby and Castle Thunder. But, when all the arrangements were made and all had received their final instructions, we found our guide had sold us out. There was no ford at the place at all, but a steam ferry, with the boat at the opposite side of the river, and no ford short of twenty miles up the river. This is the most mysterious case I ever heard of. This man came down from Washington city, sent by Stanton, who was a personal friend of the Colonel. He made a bargain with Kilpatrick and Dahlgren to take them to a ford at Dover Mills and take them over, when his services would cease, and in case of any mistake or treachery on his part he was to be hanged, and if it came out all right he was to receive a large sum of money. He took charge on those terms, took us safe through and had plenty of chances to make his escape, but still kept on with us. When asked why he had misled us, he did not, or could not give a satisfactory answer. The Colonel then told him he would have to carry out his part of the contract, to which the guide assented, and admitted that was the agreement and made no objection to his execution. He went along to the tree without any force and submitted to his fate without a murmur.

A change was now necessary, so Dahlgren then determined to go down on the other side of the river and make the attack on the upper part of the city with his whole force, and trusted to circumstances to

get the men off Belle Isle. This shortened our route considerably, and gave us plenty of time to get under cover and rest before making the attempt to enter the city. We went down the pike within about three miles of the city and captured three pickets guarding the road. We then went into a thicket and kept out of sight, letting no one pass into the city. Everything still looked hopeful, and we were in high spirits, when just about 4 P. M. we heard cannon on the Brooke pike, and knew at once that Kilpatrick had made his attack four hours before the time agreed upon with Dahlgren. This seemed to be something the Colonel could not comprehend, and he feared the whole thing would now be a failure, as his own force was too small to uncover in daylight, and he did not think Kilpatrick could possibly gain an entrance through the fortifications before night. But soon the firing began to get farther off; then we knew it was defeat with Kilpatrick. Dahlgren reasoned that General Kilpatrick might make a stand near the city and at night renew the attack, when he would hear our guns or see our signals, for Captain Gloskoski and myself had arranged a special code of rocket signals, so as to communicate at night and bring all the forces together in case of defeat. But Kilpatrick did not make a stand—did not return at night, and never had one rocket sent up to let us know how to get out of the scrape. He made a rather precipitate, and, as one of his officers told me in Libby, demoralized run, with Hampton on his rear.

Dahlgren waited till dark, and then came out and formed his men and made the attack on the north side, and drove the enemy (who had no artillery) back to the inner line of works, when, reinforcements coming up, it soon got too hot, and he sounded the retreat, leaving forty men on the field, but getting closer to the city than any of our troops ever did up to the day of the surrender. Our column was then turned east, and we came round and crossed the railroad at Hungary Station, from there to the Brooke pike, and finding from a citizen that Kilpatrick was in retreat down the Peninsula, he determined to cross through King William county and King and Queen county, and try and reach Butler's lines at Gloucester Point. We crossed the Pamunkey at Hanovertown Ferry. The Mattaponi at Dabney's (Walkerton) Ferry, having at this place a little skirmish with bushwhackers. I would here state that coming round the city part of our column got separated from the advance, and never got with us again, but, by good fortune, got in with Kilpatrick's forces and escaped. We were not so fortunate. When daylight came, we had Colonel Dahlgren, Major Cook, Lieutenant Merrit and myself,

commissioned officers, and seventy-five men, besides about fifty contrabands and a number of extra horses.

After leaving Dabney's Ferry, we took the road to Stevensville ; when on a hill between the ferry and Aseamancock Creek we saw a company of infantry in the road, but a charge sent them to the woods. We went on with all the speed we could, and at dark crossed the creek and stopped to feed and rest for about half an hour—then off again, and had not gone but a short distance when Lieutenant Merritt, who was still in advance, came back and told Dahlgren he would have to have more men, as the road was stopped with mounted troops, who seemed determined to make a stand.

At this, the Colonel, Major Cook and myself hurried forward, sending an order back along the line to hurry up the men. When we came up, Dahlgren took the lead, and with his revolver in hand rode close up to the men in the road and demanded their surrender. This was answered by a defiant demand on their part for *us* to surrender. At this Dahlgren attempted to shoot the officer in charge of the Confederates, but the weapon hung fire. Almost instantly a volley was fired into our left flank along our line by the enemy who lay in ambush not over twenty feet from the road. This stampeded us for about one hundred yards, every horse in our column turning to the rear. When we pulled up we found that Dahlgren was killed (this some knew before, having seen him fall). Major Cook had lost his horse, but all the balance were all right. We then moved out into a field on our right and waited their coming, but they did not come. We then held a council, and determined to abandon the horses, and all try and make their escape. We succeeded in getting away that night, but on the next were captured.

Colonel Dahlgren's body was mutilated to the extent of cutting off a finger to get a ring he wore. I can name the man who did it, and I was the means of his sister, Miss M. M., getting it after the war. But the worst indignity was having his body taken up after we had him decently coffined and buried at Stevensville and taken to Richmond, and then taken out of the city and buried in an *unknown* grave so he could never be found His sister did find him, however, and he is now lying north of Mason and Dixon's line. This was done on their part on account of the papers said to have been found on his dead body. As to the papers, I don't believe he had any such, as has been claimed by the Confederates. The unfortunate raid cost me and others over five months' close confinement, and treatment such as no brutes should receive.

If M. Quad's query, "Who sacrificed Dahlgren?" has not been satisfactorily answered yet, let some one else try his hand.

R. Bartley,
Signal Officer United States Army.

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On the above we make now only two comments:

1. We happened to be present at the time at Frederick's Hall depot, around which the artillery of Ewell's corps was in winter quarters, and we state of our own personal knowledge that *there were no infantry to protect the guns*, and Colonel Dahlgren might have made his raid a brilliant success, if (instead of putting so much confidence in the statement of the "intelligent contraband") he had dashed into camp, captured the guns and equipments of Ewell's artillery (at least a third of what belonged to the whole Army of Northern Virginia), and, abandoning his wild scheme of capturing Richmond, had carried them into the Federal lines, as he could easily have done.

2. The hanging of the poor negro who acted as guide, and offered to show them a ford near Dover Mills, was an utterly unjustifiable *murder*. We were in that neighborhood several years ago, saw the tree on which he was hung, and were told by an old resident of unimpeachable veracity that there was, and is, a ford at the point to which the negro conducted the column, which is passable nearly the whole year, but that the winter rains had swollen the James so that it was at that time unfordable.

A statement in the *Philadelphia Times* several years ago by one of Dahlgren's officers, to the effect that a proof that there never was a ford there, and that the negro guide was a traitor, was found in the fact that he himself "*saw sloops passing up the river*" at that point, is as wild as the attempt to prove that the "Dahlgren Papers" were forged by Confederates. Every resident of this section, every schoolboy who has studied the geography of Virginia, knows that the James is not navigable above Richmond, and that no "sloop" was ever seen at Dover Mills.

THE CONFEDERATE ACCOUNT.

We give first the following official reports:

FROM GENERAL REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

In the beginning of the spring of 1864 the enemy made an expedition, which may be regarded as the beginning of operations in the last campaign. This was the attempt made by Kilpatrick, with a heavy body of cavalry, to capture Richmond. As my command was called into service on this occasion, I begin my narrative of active operations of my division by inserting the official report which was sent in by me at that time. Before doing this, however, the following letter, which throws some light on the movements, is given:

HEADQUARTERS, March 6th, 1864.

GENERAL,—In advance of the report that I shall make, I write to suggest some considerations which have occurred to me. In the first place, my observations convinced me that the enemy *could have* taken Richmond, and in all probability would have done so, but for the fact that Colonel Johnson intercepted a dispatch from Dahlgren to Kilpatrick, asking what hour the latter had fixed for an attack on the city, so that both attacks might be simultaneous. Kilpatrick had said on his retreat that with Butler's force he could and would take the city. I regard the force to defend Richmond inadequate as at present located; and if a determined and concentrated attack is made, grave apprehensions of the result are to be entertained.

But if Kilpatrick will not risk another attack, there are but two modes of egress from his present position, not, of course, including that by water. He may, under cover of a feint from the Peninsula, endeavor to pass by Hanover Courthouse, across Little Page Ferry, and thence to the Rappahannock; or he may cross into Gloucester, go to Urbanna, cross the river there and escape by the Northern Neck. A judicious disposition of a proper force of infantry can defeat either attempt to escape. The Mattadaquin and the Totopotomoy creeks, with very little work, would make most excellent defensive lines, where an enemy can be checked by a small force; and both of these creeks head near the railroad. A force distributed along the line of

road from Richmond to Fredericksburg would not only be in position to cut off any advance from the Peninsula, but also to defend the city itself. If a force of infantry was posted at Fredericksburg, it could put such works across the Northern Neck that Kilpatrick could not get by without very great assistance from Meade. Perhaps, too, a battery on the lower Rappahannock might be of great service in preventing transports from approaching Urbanna. I advise that scouts should be sent from my command to obtain reliable information of the movements of the enemy at Gloucester and Yorktown.

The boats on the Pamunkey and the Mattapony should be removed. Whilst at Tunstall's Station I made a reconnoissance of the positions there and up to Hanover Courthouse. The Mattadaquire Creek can be forded only at two places with artillery—one, the lower ford, near Hampstead, Mrs. Webb's place, where the ground is very defensible, and the other at Rowland's Mill, the dam of which is now broken. If this dam is repaired, a large inundation would be formed, preventing any crossing for some distance up. There is an intermediate ford which can be used only by horsemen, and which, I am told, can be easily blockaded. I have not availed myself of my leave of absence, as the weather has been so favorable for the movements of troops; and if my presence here is longer necessary, I will cheerfully forego my visit home. I beg you will let me know what disposition, if any, you have made for the proposed relief of Butler's brigade, and what orders have been given to General Rosser. I forward General Young's report as to the recent crossing of the enemy at Ely's Ford. From this it appears that no blame can be attached to the officer commanding the pickets, but the line of pickets and couriers seems to have been defective. I shall give such instructions as will guard against the recurrence of a similar unfortunate affair. I make the suggestions contained in this letter merely to bring them to your attention, and if you think them of any value, you can communicate them to the General Commanding, or can make whatever use of them you think best.

I am, very respectfully yours,

WADE HAMPTON,
Major-General.

MAJOR GENERAL STUART,
Commanding Cavalry.

The official report, to which reference is made in the foregoing letter, was sent in a few days after this, and is as follows :

HEADQUARTERS, March 8th, 1864.

MAJOR,—At 11 o'clock A. M. on the 29th ultimo I received a dispatch from one of my scouts, conveying information which I embodied in the following dispatch to Major-General Stuart, dated "Millford, 11:30 A. M. Sergeant Shadbourne reports enemy moving. Gregg moved to front Thursday. Tuesday whole army paid off, and prepared to march last night. Kilpatrick receiving marching orders. Three days' rations passed Sheppard's, near Madden's, supposed to be coming to Ely's Ford. Part of Second Corps on same road. Whole army seems in motion. Sutlers and women ordered to rear. Acknowledge receipt of this." At 12:30 I sent the following message to General Stuart: "Citizens report to General Young a Yankee cavalry brigade at Mount Pleasant, moving towards Central Road. No reports from pickets." Not hearing from General Stuart, at 10:30 P. M. the following message was sent to him: "Enemy were at Beaver Dam at seven o'clock. North Carolina brigade has moved down with artillery. Have ordered Maryland cavalry to join me. Young at Spotsylvania Courthouse. Have received nothing from you." These dispatches gave all the information I had received of the movements of the enemy. As soon as I could learn what direction he had taken, I sent all the mounted men of the North Carolina cavalry brigade who were present, 253 from the First regiment and 53 from the Second, with Hart's battery, to Mount Carmel Church. On the morning of the 1st March I joined the command and moved to Hanover Junction. Not hearing of the enemy here, proceeded to Hughes Cross Roads, deeming that an important point, and one at which he would be likely to cross. When the column arrived here, the camp-fires of the enemy could be seen in the direction of Atlee's Station, as well as to the right on the Telegraph or the Brooke road. I determined to strike at the party near Atlee's, and with that view moved down to the station, where we met the pickets of the enemy. I would not allow their fire to be returned, but quietly dismounted one hundred men, and supporting them with the cavalry, ordered Colonel Cheek to move steadily on the camp of the enemy, whilst two guns were opened on them at very short range. The attack was made with great gallantry; the men proving by their conduct that they were fully equal to the most

difficult duty of soldiers—a night attack—in which officers and men behaved in a manner that not only met but surpassed my highest expectations. The enemy, a brigade strong here, with two other brigades immediately in their rear, made a stout resistance for a short time, but the advance of my men was never checked, and they were soon in possession of the entire camp, in which horses, arms, rations and clothing were scattered about in confusion. Kilpatrick immediately moved his command off at a gallop, leaving one wagon with horses hitched to it, and one caisson full of ammunition. These were taken possession of by Colonel Bradley Johnson, who came up to that point in the morning from the direction of Meadow Bridge. He also picked up a good many prisoners, whose horses had been captured in the night attack, and who were cut off from their command owing to the extreme darkness of the night, for the attack was made in a snow-storm. I could not push on till daylight, when I found that the enemy had retreated rapidly down the Peninsula. We followed to the vicinity of Old Church, where I was forced to discontinue the pursuit, owing to the condition of my horses. Under orders from the Secretary of War, I took my cavalry, together with some other commands around Richmond, and moved subsequently to Tunstall's Station, in the hope of being able to strike a blow at the enemy. But he retreated to Williamsburg, under cover of strong reinforcements, which had been sent to meet him. My command was then brought back to its old camp, having been in the saddle from Monday night to Sunday evening. We captured upwards of 100 prisoners, representing five regiments, many horses, arms, &c. When it is taken into consideration that the force with which I left camp numbered only 306 men, and that this number was reduced by necessary pickets and scouts, I hope the Commanding General will not regard the success achieved by the command as inadequate. They drove a picked division of the enemy from his camp, which they occupied from one o'clock at night till daylight. They forced this body of the enemy to take a route which they had not proposed to follow, whilst the other force under Dahlgren was prevented from forming a junction with Kilpatrick by the interposition of my command between the two. This brought about the precipitate retreat of Dahlgren and his ultimate death, with the destruction of his command.

I beg to express my great satisfaction at the conduct of officers and men. Colonel Cheek, who was in command of his detachment, displayed ability, gallantry and zeal. Major Andrews, of the Second

North Carolina, also bore himself well, and gave assistance; while the artillery behaved admirably. I cannot close my report without expressing my appreciation of the conduct of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson and his gallant command. With a mere handful of men he met the enemy at Beaver Dam, and never lost sight of him until he had passed Tunstall's Station, hanging on his rear, striking him constantly, and displaying throughout the very highest qualities of a soldier. He is admirably fitted for the cavalry service, and I trust that it will not be deemed an interference on my part to urge, as emphatically as I can, his promotion.

Captain Lowndes, Lieutenant Hampton and Dr. Taylor, of my staff, accompanied me, and rendered me great assistance. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully yours,

WADE HAMPTON, *Major-General.*

MAJOR MCCLELLAN, *Acting Adjutant-General.*

When the attack on Kilpatrick was made, Dahlgren, who had been repulsed by the local troops in a feeble attack made on the city, was camped either on the Brooke turnpike or the Telegraph road. He had a body of picked men with him, and his object was, in case Richmond was taken, to free the Federal prisoners, to destroy the city, and to assassinate our authorities. Having failed in his assault, and hearing the attack on Kilpatrick, he immediately sought safety in flight. With a portion of his command he crossed the Pamunkey, was attacked the same night by a few furloughed men of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, under direction of Captain Fox and Lieutenant Pollard, together with a small detachment of the Home Guard of the county, was killed, and most of his men were captured. Upon his person were found the papers which proved the execrable and atrocious nature of his enterprise. As the authenticity of these papers has been denied, it may not be out of place for me to state here what I know regarding them. As already stated, I followed Kilpatrick when he retreated, and I halted on the night of the 2d March near the house of Dr. Braxton, and not far from that of Mr. Lewis Washington. I remained during the night at the house of the former, and moving off at a very early hour the next morning, I met Mr. Washington, who asked me if I had seen a courier who was in search of me. Replying to him in the negative, he informed me that this

courier had stayed at his house the night previous, and had exhibited to him the note-book of Dahlgren, in which he read the diabolical plan, which was subsequently made public. The details of this plan, as stated to me by Mr. Washington, were precisely similar to those published; so, unless the parties who killed Dahlgren, or the courier who bore the dispatches on to Richmond, not finding me, wrote the orders and memoranda in the captured note-book—a supposition entirely incredible—there can be no shadow of a doubt but that Dahlgren was the originator of the plot to burn and sack Richmond, to assassinate the President of the Southern Confederacy, and that, though not as successful as Booth in his attempt on the life of the Federal President, he deserves as fully as the latter the execration of all honorable men.

Kilpatrick having recruited at Yorktown, moved out, as if to attempt to force a passage through my lines in order to rejoin the Federal army. Anticipating a movement of this sort, I had concentrated my command near Fredericksburg, and was prepared to meet him on more equal terms than at our last encounter. To prevent his crossing the river below me, I had the wharves at Urbanna destroyed. When he found that he could not cross there, and that my command was in position to dispute his passage, he returned to Yorktown, and placing his cavalry on steamers, he transported them safely but ingloriously to Washington. Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, with a small body of cavalry, co-operated with me during these movements against the enemy, and rendered most efficient service.

The following extract from "General Orders No. 10, Headquarters, Department of Richmond, March 8th, 1864," conveys the thanks of Major-General Elzey, commanding, to my command:

"The Major-General Commanding begs leave to tender to Major-General Hampton and his command his sincere thanks for their co-operation in following up the enemy, and their gallant assault upon his camp at Atlee's Station on Tuesday night, in which the enemy's entire force was stampeded and completely routed, leaving in the hands of General Hampton many prisoners and horses.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL ELZEY.

(*Signed*) T. O. CHESTNEY,
Acting Adjutant-General.

REPORT OF GENERAL W. H. STEVENS.

HEADQUARTERS RICHMOND DEFENCES,
March 8th, 1864.

Major T. O. CHESTNEY,
Acting Adjutant-General:

SIR,—I have the honor to make the following report of the operations of this command during the recent raid of the enemy against this city:

On Monday night, Feburary 29th, 1864, in obedience to instructions from your office, I ordered Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Lightfoot, commanding the light artillery, to repair to Camp Lee by daylight, with Captain Hankins's and Captain Rives's batteries, and to send one section of Thornton's battery to the vicinity of the New Bridge, on the Nine-Mile road, and at the same time ordered the forces of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Howard, commanding Second Division, Inner Line, and of Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Atkinson, commanding First Division, Inner Line, to be at the intersection of the Brooke turnpike, and Intermediate Line by daylight Tuesday morning. Lieutenant-Colonel Howard being ordered at the same time to double his guards, posted at the intersection of the Mechanicsville, the Meadow Bridge, the Brooke and Deep-Run roads and the Intermediate Line.

On Tuesday morning I proceeded to the intersection of the Brooke turnpike and Intermediate Line, and at half-past ten (10½) o'clock A. M., ordered Captain Rives to proceed to the same place—there being no light artillery at that point—and in obedience to verbal instructions from the Major-General commanding, returned to your headquarters.

While there, I received a dispatch from Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, stating that the enemy had appeared in his front and driven in his pickets. I immediately returned to the intersection of the Brooke turnpike and Intermediate Line, and upon my arrival there, found out that upon the appearance of the enemy, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Howard had ordered Captain Rives to push forward one section of his artillery and engage them. This command Captain Rives executed, being supported by Company D, Tenth Virginia battalion, heavy artillery, commanded by Captain C. S. Harrison. After advancing some two hundred yards, the enemy's skirmishers, closing

upon him, fired so rapidly and accurately, that he was obliged to retire to the shelter of the fortification, with the loss of two men wounded and eight horses wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Lightfoot had also, with commendable promptitude, ordered Hankins's battery to the intersection of the Intermediate Line and the Mordecai Mill road. At the same time sending him an infantry support from Lieutenant-Colonel Howard's command.

Soon after my arrival the enemy opened upon my position a rapid and tolerably accurate fire from five pieces of artillery, and his skirmishers advanced under cover of ditches and the neighboring houses to within two hundred (200) yards of our works, and annoyed our artillerists so much that, at the suggestion of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, I ordered him and Lieutenant-Colonel Atkinson to detach a portion of their commands and drive them from their shelter.

This was handsomely performed on the right by a volunteer force from Lieutenant-Colonel Howard's command, under First Lieutenant William M. Chaplain, Company B, Twentieth Virginia battalion, heavy artillery, who charged the enemy who were in the house of Mr. J. A. Parker, from which they were immediately driven; and on the left by Company D, Tenth Virginia battalion, heavy artillery, Captain C. S. Harrison, commanding. Lieutenant Chaplain's party lost five men in the charge, as per list of casualties enclosed.

A demonstration was made by the enemy against Captain Hankins's position on the Mill road, but it was repulsed, and in the artillery duel that ensued, Captain Hankins several times drove the gunners of the enemy from their guns.

Captain Rives's fire caused a large body of the enemy, massed between the Brooke turnpike and the Mill road, to seek shelter in the thick wood to the right of Brooke turnpike. The firing lasted about two hours, after which the enemy retreated towards the Meadow Bridge road. Later in the day, a small body of the enemy's cavalry made its appearance near the residence of Mr. J. P. Ballard, about three-fourths of a mile in front of one of my siege batteries on the Intermediate Line and Deep Run road, served by a detachment of twenty men of the Twentieth Virginia battalion, commanded by Second Lieutenant B. F. Holstead, of Company B, Twentieth Virginia battalion. After exchanging ten rounds, the enemy withdrew with no casualties on our side.

In closing this report, I have the honor to express my gratification at the behavior both of the officers and men of this command; the artillery was handled exceedingly well, and the infantry

responded with alacrity to every call made upon them. I had about five hundred men engaged between the Brooke pike and the Mill road and six pieces of artillery. The enemy supposed to be between 3,000 and 3,500 men with five pieces of artillery.

Lieutenant Hudgin, with four pieces of artillery, was ordered to report to General Barton on the Mechanicsville road, and one section from Hankins's and one from Rives's batteries were sent to report to General Lee, before the fire of the enemy on my front had ceased—they having left my command for the time, I have not traced their operations, though I have been informed that they were not elsewhere engaged.

The loss of the enemy is not known, they being able, under cover of a dense fog, to carry away their killed and wounded.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. H. Stevens,
Commanding Richmond Defences.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT JAMES POLLARD.

Headquarters Co. H, Ninth Va. Cavalry,
March 7th, 1864.

Major-General Fitz. Lee:

General,—Early on the morning of the 2d I received information from my scouts that the portion of the column which attacked Richmond on the 1st March was attempting to escape through King William and King & Queen counties to Gloucester Point. I immediately sent a dispatch to Captain Magruder (Forty-second battalion) to join me, and started in pursuit with the remainder of my company (about twenty-five men), having sent the rest to scout and picket the numerous roads and ferries.

I overtook the enemy about 4 P. M., and attacked his rear, skirmishing with him for several miles. I then turned off on a by-road to head him, sending a few men to harass his rear, was reinforced by Captain Magruder with about thirty men and a number of the Home Guards, and placed them in line of battle at a point that the enemy was obliged to pass. I then sent for Captain Fox (Fifth Virginia Cavalry) and he joined me with as many of his company as he had been able to collect (about fifteen men) just in time to meet the

enemy, who advanced upon our position about 11½ P. M. The Colonel commanding (Dahlgren) was killed at the first fire, and several wounded. They then retreated in confusion, leaving the roads and taking to the fields.

As soon as it was light we discovered them scattered about in a field dismounted, when we advanced and found that the whole force had surrendered to a Confederate officer, who was a prisoner with them, except the commissioned officers and a few men who had dismounted and fled to the woods. The officers and most of the men have since been captured.

The whole number captured will amount to about one hundred and seventy-five—forty negroes and one hundred and thirty-five soldiers.

I am indebted to Captains Magruder and Fox and the Home Guards for their cordial co-operation, as well as the coolness and bravery of their men in meeting the enemy.

I have the honor to be,

General, your most obedient servant,

JAMES POLLARD,
First Lieutenant, Commanding Co. H,
Ninth Va. Cav. on detached service.

—

ENDORSEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS LEE'S CAVALRY DIVISION,
March 7th, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded in the absence of intermediate commander.

FITZ. LEE, *Major-General.*

—

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS,
March 9th, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded for the information of the Commanding General.

Lieutenant Pollard deserves great credit for his gallantry, and his men and officers who so zealously co-operated with him should share the praise due them.

Lieutenant Pollard is First Lieutenant of Company H, Ninth Virginia cavalry, Chambliss' brigade, Lee's division, cavalry corps.

J. E. B. STUART, *Major-General.*

—

HEADQUARTERS, 11th March, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded for information of the Department. Heartily concurring in the commendations of General Stuart.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

—

Respectfully submitted to the Secretary of War.

SAMUEL W. MELTON,
Major and Acting Adjutant-General.

Acting Adjutant-General's Office, March 17th, 1864.

—

A gallant exploit, and one which exhibits what a few resolute men can do to punish the enemy on their marauding raids.

J. A. S.

21st March, 1864.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN E. C. FOX.

RICHMOND, March 9th, 1864.

Major-General FITZ. LEE :

GENERAL,—According to instructions, I have the honor to report the facts concerning the little fight we had with the raiding party of the enemy around Richmond on the 5th day of March.

I was informed by Lieutenant Pollard, of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, that the enemy were advancing through King William county. I immediately ordered my men to report for duty, and succeeded in assembling twenty-eight at King & Queen Courthouse.

Lieutenant Pollard came up in their rear and engaged their rear-guard near Bruington Church, skirmishing for several miles. They halted and fed near Mantipike.

The portions of the different commands were then collected together and put in ambush to await the advance of the enemy. After an hour or two's rest, they moved on slowly. Our fire was reserved until the head of their column rested within a few yards when they opened fire, which was instantly returned. Colonel Dahlgren fell dead, pierced with five balls. We captured ninety-two prisoners, thirty-eight negroes, a number of horses, arms, &c.

Our force numbered about one hundred and fifty men. Lieutenant Pollard, twenty men; Captain Magruder, of the Forty-Second Virginia battalion, seventy; Captain Bagby, Home Guards, twenty-five; Captain Todd, Home Guards, nine; King & Queen Cavalry, twenty-eight.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. C. Fox,
Captain Company E, Fifth Virginia Cavalry.

—

ENDORSEMENTS.

Headquarters Lee Cavalry Division,
March 10, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded.

Lieutenant Pollard's report of this matter has already been sent on, but as it appears that Captain Fox was in command of the various detachments of our forces resulting in the death of Dahlgren and capture of his troops, I forward this report also.

Fitz. Lee,
Major-General Commanding.

—

Headquarters Cavalry Corps,
Army Northern Virginia,
April 13th, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded.

From Lieutenant Pollard's report it is apparent that the place of ambush, and the dispositions which resulted so successfully in the capture of Dahlgren's party, were made by him prior to Captain Fox's arrival.

J. E. B. Stuart, *Major-General.*

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
14th April, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded for the information of the War Department.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

—

Respectfully submitted to the Secretary of War.

By order,

SAMUEL W. MELTON,
Major and Acting Adjutant-General.

Org. Office, 21 April, 1864.

—

Noted. File. J. A. S.

23 April, 1864.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN FOX.

ASHLAND, April 1st, 1864.

Major H. B. MCCLELLAN:

MAJOR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the reception of your communication on yesterday, dated March 19th.

I received notice through one of the Home Guards, who had been notified by one of Lieutenant's Pollard's company, of the advance of the enemy. I immediately sent orders to my lieutenants to assemble my company at King & Queen Courthouse with orders to come up to Dunkirk. I started for Dunkirk immediately; when within half a mile of the place, learned that the Yankees had swam the river at Aylett's, four miles below, when I returned and went to the Courthouse, having sent a dispatch to Captain Bagby, of the Home Guards, to keep me advised of the movements of the enemy. On my arrival at the Courthouse found about seventy men present from different commands. I went into ambush just below the Courthouse, having received information of the advance. Received information through two members of my company that the enemy had gone into camp, when I moved up the road.

On my arrival at Mantipike hill, found some sixty or seventy men in ambush. It was about nine o'clock at night. Captain McGruder, of the Forty-Second Virginia battalion, was present and Captain Bagby, Home Guard. I immediately took command of the entire force. I determined, after finding out my strength, to charge the camp. Sent up to Stevensville after Lieutenant Pollard (some two or three miles above), but before his arrival, received information that the Yankees were again advancing. The whole force was put in ambush. It was about twelve o'clock when the action took place. The enemy then went into Mantipike field, which has a canal running through it that cannot be crossed except at one place, and the river on one side. Knowing that it was impossible for them to make their escape (except by place in canal above spoken of), I took the command below it, barricaded the road and waited until day, when I sent in a flag of truce by Lieutenant Nunn, demanding unconditional surrender. Before his return, I saw from the confused condition they were in that they had determined not to fight. When I moved in, I found no commissioned officers present. They were afterwards captured by Captain Bagby. I cannot say by whom the place of ambush was chosen.

I have the honor to be

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

EDWARD C. FOX,

Captain Company E, Fifth Virginia Cavalry.

—

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS,
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 4, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded. This additional report was called for by me because Captain Fox's former report seemed to throw some doubt as to whom the credit of the ambuscade was due.

His concluding remarks, however, I think show that this credit was due, as at first supposed, to Lieutenant Pollard, who, according to his report, chose the ground, stationed the men, and then sent to King & Queen Courthouse for Captain Fox.

J. E. B. STUART, *Major-General.*

HEADQUARTERS, 5th April, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded for information of the Department.

R. E LEE, *General.*

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT POLLARD.

COMPANY H, NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY,
April 9th, 1864.

GENERAL,—I have the honor to report, in reply to your order of March 19th, received to-day, that early on the morning of —— I got information from my scouts that the enemy were crossing into King William moving towards King & Queen. I immediately started with my company to meet him at Dunkirk, the only ferry at which a boat had been left on the river, but he secured a wood boat at Aylett's several miles lower down the river and crossed his men, swimming his horses. I pursued and attacked his rear, skirmishing with him for several miles, when I turned off to get ahead of him at a point which I knew he must pass. On my way to this place, I met Captain Magruder, Forty-second battalion Virginia cavalry (to whom I had sent in the morning to join me) and some Home Guards, who placed their men at my command, and I put them in the position which I had chosen about dark. Later in the evening I heard that Captain Fox, Fifth Virginia cavalry, with some of his men, was at King & Queen Courthouse and sent for him to join me, which he did, arriving on the ground about ten or eleven o'clock, and a few minutes before the enemy advanced and Colonel Dahlgren was killed. Captain Fox then took command and we remained in position until daylight, when he ordered me to take my company and find out the position of the enemy and they surrendered without showing fight.

I have the honor to be, General,
Your obedient servant,

JAMES POLLARD,
First Lieut. Com'g Co. H, Ninth Va. Cavalry.

ENDORSEMENTS.

HEADQUARTERS LEE'S CAVALRY DIVISION,
12th April, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded.

FITZ. LEE,
Major-General Commanding.

—

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS,
ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 13, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded. To Lieutenant Pollard's skilful dispositions and to his activitv it is mainly owing that Dahlgren was killed and his party captured.

J. E. B. STUART, *Major-General.*

—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
14th April, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded for the information of the War Department.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Received, A. & I. G. Office, April 15, 1864.

———

STATEMENT OF JUDGE HENRY E. BLAIR.

In the winter of 1863–'64 the Army of Northern Virginia was in winter quarters on the south side of the Rapidan and Rappahannock rivers, the cavalry and infantry occupying the front of our lines and the artillery in the rear. I was First Lieutenant of the Salem Artillery, Captain C. B. Griffin. Our company at that time was attached to the First Virginia regiment of artillery, Colonel J. Thompson Brown commanding. We were stationed near Frederick's Hall in the county of Louisa. A court-martial, of which I was a member, was being held in a house about one mile from our camp, and on the 29th day of February, 1864, (the day of the month is impressed on my mind as significant of leap year). On that day a portion of

Dahlgren's command surrounded the house and captured the whole of our party. The first intimation we had of any of the enemy being near us was the Yankee cavalry on their horses, pointing their pistols at the windows. They then dismounted, came in, and took us all prisoners. I recollect of our party Colonel Hilary P. Jones (now teaching at an academy in Hanover county), Captain David Watson, Captain Dement, of Maryland, and there were some others whose names I have forgotten.

At the time of our capture Colonel Dahlgren had about six hundred cavalry under his command.

As soon as we were captured we were mounted and carried off by the enemy. Towards evening a light rain set in and the night was very dark. Early in the night all the officers who had been captured made their escape except Captain Dement and myself. While we were preparing to make our escape the Yankees stopped, struck up lights, and camped or bivouacked, and then, discovering that the rest of the officers had made their escape, had us closely watched.

They started from their place of encampment before day the next morning, and a little after sunrise halted in a large yard in front of a house that I then learned belonged to Mr. Arthur Morson. The Federal soldiers regaled themselves on Mr. Morson's fine wine, drinking it from his silver goblets, and, as mementoes of the feast, carried off the goblets with them. I understood it was the intention of Colonel Dahlgren to cross James river at that point, and enter Richmond from the south side of the river, crossing Mayo's bridge, but the river was then flush and too deep to be forded. So, after spending a short time in Mr. Morson's yard, they left there, went down to the canal and burned the Dover Mill. They then kept down on the north side of James river. A negro man named Martin, who was said to be a guide employed by the Yankees, was riding with the party. For some reason they supposed he was attempting to play them false and get them entrapped, and they hung him with a leather strap to a tree on the road side until he was dead, cut him down and left him dead in the road.

Towards evening we came in the neighborhood of Richmond, and it became evident that our authorities were on the lookout, and Dahlgren moved very cautiously.

Shortly after night, somewhere between the Brooke and Mechanicsville turnpikes, Dahlgren's force, which was then about six hundred, encountered our Confederate troops and was a good

deal worsted in the encounter; and a large portion of his command separated from us and united with General Kilpatrick, and went off with him. Colonel Dahlgren, with about one hundred of his men, who were unable to get to Kilpatrick, continued to retreat through Hanover, King William, and King & Queen counties. I was carried along with this party. We rode the whole of that night as fast as as the men and horses could stand it. A little after sunrise the next morning we stopped awhile and took breakfast, and then rode all day long. When we got to a stream near Aylett's store, I think—that divided the counties of King William and King & Queen—we found a boat sunken, and when we attempted to cross, some Confederates, from the other side of the stream, commenced firing into us, which created considerable consternation among Dahlgren's men. He abused his men, went in front of them and made them return the fire of the Confederates, who were only a small party, and were driven off. We then crossed the stream. But all that evening the Confederates annoyed Dahlgren's command by firing into them from the woods—they killed one Yankee corporal. A little after dark that night, we stopped on the roadside a mile or two from the village of Stevensville; some time after midnight we were called up, and Dahlgren started his command on the march. I was riding in the main line near the front. We had gone perhaps half a mile when I perceived there was some trouble in the front. Dahlgren rode forward; I heard him challenge some one, and heard him snap his pistol, which was at once followed by a fire in return from some one. That shot I suppose killed Dahlgren. And then the Confederates opened fire against the Yankees, and gave a shout and cheer, which cheered my heart to the very bottom, for I felt satisfied there were other men than Home Guards then present, and that the time of my relief had come; the Yankees were greatly alarmed and confused. The road, as I recollect it, was dug from the side of a hill on our left, a bridge in our front had been blockaded, and there was a fence on the right of the road. In the darkness, I got off my horse, opened the fence, and the Yankees retreated into the field. I remained inside of the fence, until I thought the Yankees were gone far enough not to hear me. I then called to our men, who informed me where they were and I went to them; they then informed me that they had killed a man with one leg, and I told them that was Dahlgren; they searched his person, and found the papers that were delivered to the Confederate Government.

The Confederate forces consisted of some disbanded cavalry, who

were at home recruiting their horses, and some citizens under command of Captain Fox and Lieutenant Pollard. At that time I think the Yankees numbered about one hundred; they were all captured the next morning in the field that they had escaped into, except some of their officers, who were captured during the evening of that day, and the whole party carried to Richmond. I remained several days in King & Queen county. I was ragged and dirty and broken down, but was taken by Dr. Walker to his house near Stevensville, and treated like a brother until I was sufficiently recruited to go up to Richmond. And so ended my capture and ride with Dahlgren on his raid around Richmond. Colonel Dahlgren was a gallant and dashing soldier, a man of polish and education, but of unbounded ambition, which induced him to undertake the desperate adventure he was on. He treated me and the other prisoners with all proper courtesy and consideration, shared his rations with us, and conversed quite freely.

HENRY E. BLAIR.

Salem, Va., August 22d, 1874.

THE DAHLGREN PAPERS.

The following is a copy of the papers which were found on the person of Colonel Dahlgren, after he was killed, which excited such indignation among the Confederates, and the authenticity of which (though denied with such persistency) we shall establish beyond peradventure:

[Published in the Richmond, Virginia, *Dispatch* of March 5th, 1864.]

ADDRESS TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN.

The following address to the officers and men of the command was written on a sheet of paper having in printed letters on the upper corner, "Headquarters Third Division, Cavalry Corps, ——, 1864:"

Officers and Men:

You have been selected from brigades and regiments as a picked command to attempt a desperate undertaking—an undertaking which, if successful, will write your names on the hearts of your countrymen in letters that can never be erased, and which will

cause the prayers of our fellow soldiers, now confined in loathsome prisons, to follow you and yours wherever you may go.

We hope to release the prisoners from Belle Island first, and, having seen them fairly started, we will cross the James river into Richmond, destroying the bridges after us, and exhorting the released prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city, and do not allow the Rebel leader, Davis, and his traitorous crew to escape. The prisoners must render great assistance, as you cannot leave your ranks too far or become too much scattered, or you will be lost.

Do not allow any personal gain to lead you off, which would only bring you to an ignominious death at the hands of citizens. Keep well together and obey orders strictly, and all will be well, but on no account scatter too far, for in union there is strength.

With strict obedience to orders, and fearlessness in the execution, you will be sure to succeed.

We will join the main force on the other side of the city, or, perhaps, meet them inside.

Many of you may fall; but if there is any man here not willing to sacrifice his life in such a great and glorious undertaking, or who does not feel capable of meeting the enemy in such a desperate fight as will follow, let him step out, and he may go hence to the arms of his sweetheart, and read of the braves who swept through the city of Richmond.

We want no man who cannot feel sure of success in such a holy cause.

We will have a desperate fight, but stand up to it when it does come, and all will be well.

Ask the blessing of the Almighty, and do not fear the enemy.

U. Dahlgren, *Colonel Commanding.*

SPECIAL ORDERS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

The following special orders were written on a similar sheet of paper, and on detached slips, the whole disclosing the diabolical plans of the leaders of the expedition:

Guides—Pioneers (with oakum, turpentine, and torpedoes)—Signal Officer—Quartermaster—Commissary—Picket.

Scouts and pickets—men in rebel uniform.

These will remain on the north bank and move down with the force on the south bank, not getting ahead of them; and if the communication can be kept up without giving alarm, it must be

done; but everything depends upon a surprise, and NO ONE must be allowed to pass ahead of the column. Information must be gathered. in regard to the crossings of the river, so that should we be repulsed on the south side we will know where to recross at the nearest point All *mills* must be *burned* and the *canal destroyed*, and also everything which can be used by the Rebels must be destroyed including the boats on the river. Should a ferry boat be seized and can be worked, have it moved down. Keep the force on the south side posted of any important movement of the enemy, and in case of danger some of the scouts must swim the river and bring us information. As we approach the city the party must take great care that they do not get ahead of the other party on the south side, and must conceal themselves and watch our movements. We will try and secure the bridge to the city (one mile below Belle Isle), and release the prisoners at the same time. If we do not succeed, they must then dash down, and we will try and carry the bridge from each side.

When necessary, the men must be filed through the woods and along the river bank. The bridges once secured, and the prisoners loose and over the river, the bridges will be secured and the city destroyed. The men must keep together and well in hand, and once in the city it must be destroyed, and *Jeff Davis and Cabinet killed.*

Pioneers will go along with combustible material. The officer must use his discretion about the time of assisting us. Horses and cattle, which we do not need immediately, must be shot rather than left. Everything on the canal and elsewhere, of service to the Rebels, must be destroyed. As General Custer may follow me, be careful not to give a false alarm.

The signal officer must be prepared to communicate at night by rockets, and in other things pertaining to his department.

The Quartermasters and Commissaries must be on the lookout for their departments and see that there are no delays on their account.

The engineer officer will follow to survey the road as we pass over it, &c.

The pioneers must be prepared to construct a bridge or destroy one. They must have plenty of oakum and turpentine for burning, which will be rolled in soaked balls and given to the men to burn when we get in the city. Torpedoes will only be used by the pioneers for destroying the main bridges, &c. They must be prepared to destroy railroads. Men will branch off to the right with a few pioneers and destroy the bridges and railroads south of Richmond, and then join us at the city. They must be well prepared with

torpedoes, &c. The line of Falling Creek is probably the best to work along, or, as they approach the city, Goode's Creek, so that no reinforcements can come up on any cars. No one must be allowed to pass ahead for fear of communicating news. Rejoin the command with all haste, and, if cut off, cross the river above Richmond and rejoin us. Men will stop at Bellona Arsenal and totally destroy it, and anything else but hospitals ; then follow on and rejoin the command at Richmond with all haste, and, if cut off, cross the river and rejoin us. As General Custer may follow me, be careful and not give a false alarm.

PROGRAMME OF THE ROUTE AND WORK.

The following is an exact copy of a paper written in lead pencil, which appears to have been a private memorandum of the programme, which Dahlgren had made to enable him to keep his work clearly in mind.

Saturday—Leave camp at dark (6 P. M.); cross Ely's Ford at 10 P. M.

Twenty miles—Cross North Anna at 4 A. M. Sunday; feed and water one hour.

Three miles—Frederick's Hall Station, 6 A. M.; destroy arty. 8 A. M.

Twenty miles—Near James river, 2 P. M. Sunday; feed and water one and a half hours.

Thirty miles to Richmond—March towards Kilpatrick for one hour and then as soon as dark cross the river, reaching Richmond early in the morning. (Monday.)

One squadron remains on north side, and one squadron to cut the railroad bridge at Falling Creek, and join at Richmond—eighty-three miles.

General Kilpatrick—cross at 1 A. M. Sunday—ten miles.

Pass river 5 A. M. (resistance.)

Childsburg—fourteen miles 8 A. M.

Resistance at North Anna—three miles.

Railroad bridges at South Anna—twenty-six miles—2 P. M. Destroy bridges—Pass the South Anna and feed until after dark—then signal each other—After dark move down to Richmond, and be in front of the city at daybreak.

RETURN—In Richmond during the day—feed and water men outside.

Be over the Pamunkey at daybreak—feed and water, and then cross the Rappahannock at night, (Tuesday night), when they must be on the lookout.

Spies should be sent on Friday morning early, and be ready to cut.

AUTHENTICITY OF THE DAHLGREN PAPERS.

The publication of the "*Dahlgren Papers*" excited, of course, the deepest indignation on the part of the Confederates, and the atrocious sentiments and purposes they revealed were denounced in no measured terms by the Confederate press. The answer of the Northern papers was a charge that the papers were "*forged by the Rebels*," and that no such documents were found on the person of Colonel Dahlgren. That this charge should be made by a partisan press amid the bitter passions of the war is not to be wondered at.

But Rear-Admiral Dahlgren, in a memoir of his son, published in 1872, distinctly and emphatically reiterates it, and gives what he deems conclusive proof of his charge.

We are willing that the whole case should go into our records and be judged by the future historian, and we cheerfully quote as follows all that Rear-Admiral Dahlgren says bearing on the question of the authenticity of these papers. We quote from an article written by Mrs. Dahlgren, but have verified the quotations by reference to the book [pp. 226, 227, 228, 229, 233, 234, 235] now before us.

He says:

"After the news had reached Richmond that Colonel Dahlgren had fallen, and that the handful of men with him had been dispersed or captured, it was bruited about that the purpose of the expedition was solely to destroy Richmond, and to slay the chief of the rebellion. The publication of orders asserted to have been found on the person of Colonel Dahlgren followed in a few days, and on Monday the body of the gallant youth was disinterred and brought to Richmond where it was exposed to public view at the depot of the York River railroad. Nothing better was permitted to the precious remains, than a common pine box, the coarse shirt and pantaloons of a rebel soldier, with an ordinary camp blanket for a shroud. When the gaze of the tiger-horde had been sated the body disappeared from public view. It was doomed to concealment in some nameless spot, and it was denied to the repeated requests of his

father and the United States Government. It was to justify these ruthless acts that the announcement already mentioned had been spread about in regard to the orders alleged to have been found on Colonel Dahlgren after he fell, which were said to have directed the death of the insurgent president and the destruction of Richmond. The document alleged to have been found upon the person of Colonel Dahlgren is utterly discredited by the fact that the signature attached to it cannot possibly be his own, because it is not his name—a letter is misplaced and the real name Dahlgren is spelled Dalhgren; hence it is undeniable that the paper is not only spurious, but is a forgery. Evidence almost as positive is to be found in the writing of the Christian prefix of the signature. The document is signed 'U. Dahlgren,' whereas Colonel Dahlgren invariably signed himself 'Ulric Dahlgren,' never with the bare initial of the first name. Among all the letters of his writing which can be collected not an instance to the contrary occurs, down to the last that he ever wrote, just before starting for Richmond. It is entirely certain that no such orders were ever issued by Colonel Dahlgren. All that he gave were verbal, as might have been expected under the circumstances, and in no case intimated in the least degree the intention conveyed by the obnoxious passages of the spurious order.

"Nothing of the kind was received by the officers or privates of the command, even to the time when Richmond was in view, and it is highly improbable that they would have been uninformed of any important purpose of the expedition when they were supposed to be on the verge of action. Lieutenant Bartley, the signal officer of the column, in a published letter December 29th, 1864, after giving an account of the treatment received when a prisoner, says:

"'All this brutal punishment was inflicted upon us, according to the statement of the Confederate prison officials, on account of those papers said to have been found on the body of Colonel Dahlgren at the time he was killed. But the name of Colonel Dahlgren can never be injured by any slander or forgery that can be concocted by all the enemies of our country. His deeds speak for themselves. His career with Sigel, Burnside, Hooker, Meade and Kilpatrick, together with his exploits at Fredericksburg, Beverley Ford, Chambersburg and in front of Richmond, will live when the name of the last traitor in the land is forgotten.

"'I pronounce those papers a base forgery, and will give some of my reasons for so doing. I was with the expedition in the capacity of signal officer, and was the only staff officer with him. I had

charge of all the material for destroying bridges, blowing up locks, aqueducts, etc. I knew all his plans, what he intended to do and how he intended doing it, and I know that I never received any such instructions as those papers are said to contain. I also heard all the orders and instructions given to the balance of the officers of the command. Men cannot carry out orders they know nothing of. The Colonel's instructions were, that if we were successful in entering the city, to take no life except in combat; to keep all prisoners safely guarded, but to treat them with respect; liberate all the Union prisoners, destroy the public buildings and government stores, and leave the city by way of the Peninsula.'"

Now, we have no harsh word for the father, who, in deep affliction at his sad fate, is defending the memory of a gifted and gallant son, and we pass by without comment many of the bitter things in the above quotation, and the still more bitter things in Rear-Admiral Dahlgren's book. But we shall show by the most incontrovertible proofs that these papers were *not* "forgeries," but were taken, *in the exact form in which they were afterwards published*, from the person of the fallen chieftain.

The question at once arises: *If these papers were forgeries, who forged them?*

We first introduce a witness who was our college-mate at the University of Virginia in 1858–9, whom we knew afterwards as an earnest Christian, and then as a useful minister of the Gospel, and for whom we can vouch as every way worthy of credence. We refer to Mr. Edward W. Halbach, whose sworn affidavit was published years ago, and has never been impeached, and we give his statement in full as follows:

STATEMENT OF EDWARD W. HALBACH IN RELATION TO "THE DAHLGREN PAPERS."

"In the summer of 1863, I, Edward W. Halbach, was living at Stevensville, in King & Queen county, Virginia. I had already been exempted from military service on account of the condition of my health, and was now exempt as a schoolmaster having the requisite number of pupils. But feeling it my duty to do what I could to encounter the raids of the enemy, I determined to form a company of my pupils between the ages of thirteen and seventeen years. My commission and papers prove that the company was formed, and accepted by the President for "Local Defence." A member of this

company, thirteen years of age at the time, captured the notorious 'Dahlgren Papers.' The name of this boy is William Littlepage.

"Littlepage and myself were at Stevensville when the rangers passed that place on their way to the appointed place of ambush. Being determined to participate in the affair, we set off on foot, having no horses to ride, and reached the rendezvous a little after dark. The Yankees came up in a few hours, and were fired on. Immediately after this fire, and while it was still doubtful whether the enemy would summon up courage enough to advance again, in a word, before any one else ventured to do so, Littlepage ran out into the road, and finding a 'dead Yankee' there, proceeded to search his pockets to see, as he said, if he might not be fortunate enough to find a watch. The little fellow wanted to own a watch, and, as the Yankees had robbed me, his teacher, of a gold watch a short time before, I suppose he concluded that there would be no harm in his taking a watch from a 'dead Yankee;' but his teacher always discouraged any feelings of this kind in his pupils. Littlepage failed to secure the prize by not looking in the overcoat pockets, and the watch (for there was really one) was found afterwards by Lieutenant Hart. But in searching the pockets of the inner garments, Littlepage *did find* a cigar-case, a memorandum-box, etc.

"When the Yankees had been driven back and thrown into a panic by the suddenness of our fire and the darkness of the night, a Confederate lieutenant, whom the enemy had captured at Frederick's Hall, embraced the opportunity presented to make his escape, and actually succeeded in getting over to our side.

"We could, by this time, hear the enemy galloping rapidly over the field, and arrangements were soon made to prevent their possible escape. Our force determined to go down the road towards King & Queen Courthouse, and barricade it.

"But, as before mentioned, myself and the only member of my company I had with me. were on foot, and unable to keep up with the horsemen. It was therefore decided that the prisoners whom we had captured should be left in my charge. In the confusion, however, all the prisoners had been carried off by others, save the one claiming to be a Confederate officer, which he afterwards proved to be—and a gallant one at that. But, under the circumstances, I felt compelled to treat him as an enemy, until time should prove him a friend.

"Wishing to find a place of safety, and feeling that it would be hazardous for so small a party to take any of the public roads (for

we knew not how many more Yankees there were, nor in what direction they might come), I decided to go into the woods a short distance, and there spend the night. My party consisted of myself, Littlepage, the 'lieutenant,' and several other gentlemen of King & Queen county. We walked into the woods about a quarter of a mile, and sat down.

"Up to this time, we had not even an intimation of the name and rank of the officer commanding the enemy. In fact, we felt no curiosity to know. All we cared for was to punish as severely as possible the raiders with whom we were contending. We knew that *one* man was killed, but knew not who he was. We were just getting our places for the night, and wrapping up with blankets, garments, etc., such as we had, for the ground was freezing, and we dared not make a fire, when Littlepage pulled out a cigar-case, and said: 'Mr. Halbach, will you have a cigar?' 'No,' said I; 'but where did you get cigars these hard times?' He replied that he had got them out of the pocket of the Yankee who had been killed, and that he had also taken from the same man a memorandum-book and some papers. 'Well,' said I, 'William, you must give me the papers, and you may keep the cigar-case.'

"Littlepage then remarked that the dead Yankee had a wooden leg. Here the lieutenant, greatly agitated, exclaimed: 'How do you know he has a wooden leg?'

"'I know he has,' replied Littlepage, 'because I caught hold of it and tried to pull it off.'

"'There!' replied the lieutenant, 'you have killed Colonel Dahlgren, who was in command of the enemy. His men were devoted to him, and I would advise you all to take care of yourselves now, for if the Yankees catch you with anything belonging to him, they will certainly hang us all to the nearest tree.'

"Of course it was impossible for us to learn the contents of the papers, without making a light to read them by, or waiting till the next morning. We did the latter; and, as soon as day broke, the papers were read, and found to contain *every line and every word* as afterwards copied into the Richmond newspapers. Dahlgren's name was signed to one or more of the papers, and also written on the inside of the front cover of his memorandum-book. Here the date of purchase, I suppose, was added. The book had been written with a degree of haste clearly indicated by the frequent interlineations and corrections, but the orders referred to had also been re-written on a separate sheet of paper; and, as thus copied, were published to the

world. Some of the papers were found loose in Dahlgren's pockets, others were between the leaves of the memorandum-book.

"The papers thus brought to light were preserved by myself in the continual presence of witnesses of unquestionable veracity, until about two o'clock in the afternoon of the day after their capture; at which time myself and party met Lieutenant Pollard, who, up to this time, knew nothing in the world of the existence of the Dahlgren Papers. At his request, I let him read the papers; after doing which he requested me to let him carry them to Richmond. At first, I refused, for I thought that I knew what to do with them quite as well as any one else. But I was finally induced by my friends, against my will, to surrender the papers to Lieutenant Pollard, mainly in consideration of the fact that they would reach Richmond much sooner through him than through a semi-weekly mail. The papers which were thus handed over to the Confederate Government—I state it again—*were correctly copied by the Richmond newspapers.*

"A thousand and one falsehoods have been told about this affair—by our own men as well as by the Yankees. Some of our own men were actuated by motives of selfishness and ambition to claim, each one for himself, the whole credit of the affair; when, in fact, the credit belongs to no particular individual, but collectively, to the whole of our party. We were a strange medley of regulars, raw troops, old farmers, preachers, schoolboys, etc. But I believe that all present did their duty, only to find that all the credit was afterwards claimed, with a considerable degree of success among the ignorant, by those who were not present.

"The credit of the command of our party belongs alone to Captain Fox, than whom there was no more chivalric spirit in either army. In making this statement, I am actuated only by a desire to do justice to the memory of one who was too unassuming to sound his own trumpet. I am also told, by soldiers, that Lieutenant Pollard deserves a considerable degree of credit for the part he played in following and harassing the enemy up to the time they took the right fork of the road near Butler's Tavern.

"You are, of course, aware of the fact that the enemy has always denied the authenticity of the Dahlgren Papers, and declared them to be *forgeries*. To prove the utter absurdity and falsehood of such a charge, I submit the following:

"1. The papers were taken by Littlepage from the person of a man whose name he had never heard. It was a dark night, and the

captor, with the aid of the noon-day sun, could not write at all. I afterwards taught him to write a little in my school.

"The question occurs: Can a boy who cannot write at all, write such papers, and sign to them an unknown name? If they had been forged by any one else, would they have been placed in the hands of a child? Could any one else have forged an unknown and unheard of name?

"2. The papers were handed to me immediately after their capture, in the presence of gentlemen of undoubted integrity and veracity, before whom I can prove that the papers not only were not, but could not have been, altered or interpolated by myself. These gentlemen were with me every moment of the time between my receiving the papers and my delivering them to Lieutenant Pollard.

"3. If Lieutenant Pollard had made any alterations in the papers, these would have been detected by every one who read the papers before they were given to him, and afterwards read them in the newspapers. But all agree that they were correctly copied. In short, human testimony cannot establish any fact more fully than the fact that Colonel Ulric Dahlgren was the author of the 'Dahlgren Papers.'

"With regard to the part taken by myself in this affair, I lay no claim to any credit. I do not write this version of the affair to gain notoriety. I have made it a rule not to mention my own name, except in cases where I found that false impressions were being made upon the public mind. You know very well that my being Littlepage's captain entitled me to claim the capture of the papers for *myself*. But this I have never done. And, even when called upon by General Fitz. Lee to give my affidavit to the authenticity of the papers, I wrote him word that Littlepage was the captor of them. In his letter to Lieutenant Pollard, which was forwarded to me, he asked: 'Who is Captain Halbach?' I replied, for myself, that I was nothing more than the humble captain of a company of schoolboys, and that if I deserved any credit, it was only so much as he might choose to give me for preserving the papers, when advised to destroy them, to avoid being captured with them in my possession, which, I was told, would result in the hanging of our little party.

"I have never given the information herein contained before, because I had hoped that it would be given to the public by others, and I give it now, because I regard it as a duty to do so. My own course, after the killing of Dahlgren, was as follows: I joined those

who agreed to bury him decently in a coffin, and in compliance with a promise made to a scout by the name of Hogan, I prepared a neat little head-board with my own hands, to mark his grave. This was not put up, because the messenger from Mr. Davis for the body of Dahlgren arrived while we were taking it out of the ground where it had been hastily buried."

We had hoped to add to the above statement of Mr. Halbach that of Rev. Richard Hugh Bagby, D. D., who commanded the Home Guard on the occasion, who was stationed within a few feet of Colonel Dahlgren when he was killed, and who told us (in the course of a very minute and vivid description of the affair) that he *heard of the papers soon after they were taken from Dahlgren's body; that he read them the next morning before there was any opportunity for any one to alter them, and that the publications in the Richmond papers were correct copies of the originals.*

Dr. Bagby wrote out his statement for Hon. A. H. Stephens, and the distinguished Georgian told us not long before his death that he remembered distinctly the statement, and would try to find it among his papers, but he died before sending it and we have not yet been able to recover it.

Dr. Bagby also promised to write out his narrative and to procure affidavits as to the authenticity of the Dahlgren papers from others who were present, in response to a request made through us by General R. E. Lee, who said that while he had never had the slightest doubt of the authenticity of the papers, he wished to furnish in his "History of the Army of Northern Virginia," which he was purposing to write, the most *indisputable proofs* that the papers were genuine, and not forgeries.

But, alas! Dr. Richard Hugh Bagby—one of the truest, bravest, purest, noblest specimens of the Christian gentlemen, and the able minister of the gospel whom we ever knew—died before he had prepared his paper, and General R. E. Lee "crossed over the river" before he had done more than collect the material for a book whose lightest statement *the world* would have received with implicit credence. But this missing evidence is not a "*missing link*" in our chain which we will show to be complete and perfect.

Mr. Halbach's sworn statement shows beyond all cavil that he delivered the papers to Lieutenant Pollard just as they were taken from Dahlgren's person; that there was no alteration, and that the publication in the Richmond papers was correct.

If our readers will turn to Vol. 3, SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, pp. 219–221, and read the paper of that gallant soldier, and high-toned gentleman, General R. L. T. Beale, then Colonel of the Ninth Virginia cavalry, he will find that he states that Lieutenant Pollard brought the papers to him together with a memorandum-book, found also in Colonel Dahlgren's pocket, in which nearly all of the papers had been copied; that after reading them he forwarded the papers to Richmond and retained the memorandum-book; that the publication in Richmond corresponded precisely to both the papers and the memorandum book, and that after the authenticity of the papers was disputed he forwarded the memorandum-book to Richmond as corroborative proof.

And now we will introduce as our next witness General Fitzhugh Lee (at present, the distinguished Governor-elect of Virginia), who is as well known for his fairness during the war to "our friends, the enemy," and for his chivalrous and kindly feeling since towards those who fought on the other side, as for his gallant and skilful services for the land and cause he loved so well.

We give in full a letter written by General Lee to the *Historical Magazine, New York*, and published in that Magazine in 1870:

THE DEATH OF COLONEL DAHLGREN.

* * * * In compliance with your request, and solely because it seems to be an unprejudiced one, I transmit my recollections of Colonel Dahlgren's raid, that they may be placed within the reach of those "who respect the truth for its own sake."

February, 1864, found General Lee's army wintering along the line of the Rapidan, in Orange county, Virginia. General Meade's opposing army was in winter quarters, in Culpeper county, on the line of the Rappahannock.

During the latter part of that month, General Kilpatrick, a cavalry division commander of the latter, essayed a *coup de main* upon Richmond, the "objective point" of his commander-in-chief. Colonel Dahlgren was a subordinate officer on that expedition. Kilpatrick's idea was, secretly leaving his army, to clear General Lee's right flank well, and, by a forced march, with picked men and horses, appear before the western defences of Richmond, and enter its back door without even knocking. Combined with his movement was a diversion made by General Custer around General Lee's left flank, which drew after it, as was intended, what cavalry General Lee had at that time with his army.

Kilpatrick's route and the progress made on it were known in Richmond, so that when he arrived at the outer line of defences, quite a number of people were there to welcome him. I was in the city at the time, in person only (a portion of my cavalry being with the army, and a portion off, wintering in the interior of the State, where forage was more abundant), and rode out to the line of fortifications, witnessing Kilpatrick's departure after a brief stay, and a few shots fired from his artillery. There was no cavalry to pursue him with; and his return march, as far as I know, was unmolested.

Colonel Ulric Dahlgren's command was detached from the main body under Kilpatrick, with the intention, it was presumed, of crossing James river some distance above Richmond, releasing the Federal prisoners at Belle Isle, and, by entering Richmond from the south or Petersburg side, form again a junction with Kilpatrick. James river was high; and without attempting its passage, Colonel Dahlgren moved down its *north* bank, doubtless with the expectation of finding and uniting with Kilpatrick *in* Richmond. The latter, however, had left him and his small force to take care of themselves. It resolved itself then into a case of *suave qui peut.* Dividing into smaller parties, to facilitate their escape, Dahlgren, at the head of one of them, attempted to return through King & Queen county, but was killed, as far as I know and *believe*, at the point and in the manner described in the minute statement of Edward W. Halbach, of Stevensville, in that county. His statement can be found upon page 504 in the *Lost Cause.*

I was still in Richmond, when, on the second morning after Colonel Dahlgren's death, Lieutenant James Pollard, of the Ninth Virginia cavalry, brought me some papers and an artificial leg, which he said had been taken from the body of one of the officers of the enemy named Dahlgren, and who had been killed in King & Queen county. Pollard was one of my officers, accidentally in that vicinity at the time, and hence brought the papers *first* to me. Upon ascertaining their contents, I immediately took them to Mr. Davis. Admitted to his private office, I found no one but Mr. Benjamin, a member of his Cabinet, with him. The papers were handed him, and he read them aloud in our presence, making no comment save a laughing remark, when he came to the sentence, "Jeff. Davis and *Cabinet* must be killed on the spot," "That means you, Mr. Benjamin." By Mr. Davis's directions, I then carried them to General Cooper, the Adjutant-General of the army, to be filed in his office. I never saw them but once afterwards, when I took them out of the

Adjutant-General's office to see if copies of them, which had appeared in the Richmond papers, were correct, and immediately returned them again. The artificial leg was given to some army surgeons, to be used as a model. Colonel Dahlgren's body was brought to Richmond and buried, I heard, somewhere near the York River railroad depot; but by whom, or by whose order, I don't know, nor have I ever heard anything more about it.

And now to sum up: It is the universal belief of the Southern people that when General Kilpatrick and Colonel Dahlgren attempted their *coup de main* upon Richmond, in 1864, it was done with a view, whilst holding the city temporarily, to release the Federal prisoners; to "destroy and burn the hateful city." and to kill Jeff. Davis and Cabinet on the spot." Richmond at that time was filled with refugee ladies and children, whose husbands and parents were away in the armies, and the South was naturally filled with indignation at the *exposé* of the object of the expedition. To use a trite expression—"put the shoe on the *other* foot"—let the North imagine General Early's body to be found in the vicinity of Washington, when his forces retired from there in July of the same year, with orders upon it, to his troops, to "destroy and burn the hateful city," "kill Abe Lincoln and Cabinet on the spot"—"exhorting" long pent-up prisoners, with long pent-up revengeful feelings, to do it. I ask, would his remains be taken up tenderly and interred in the Congressional burying-ground, and his memory be cherished as a "murdered martyred hero?" The best men of the North now, in their cooler moments, may try to disabuse their minds of such an idea; but *it is a fact* that any officer who could, at that time, have informed the Northern public that he had captured and destroyed Richmond and killed "Jeff. Davis and Cabinet on the spot," the Presidency of the United States would have been but meagre compensation for him in the hearts of the masses of the people.

Personally, as a man educated to be a soldier, I deplore Colonel Ulric Dahlgren's sad fate. He was a young man, full of hope, of undoubted pluck, and inspired with hatred of "rebels." Fired by ambition, and longing to be at the head of "the braves who swept through the city of Richmond," his courage and enthusiasm overflowed, and his naturally generous feelings were drowned. His memoranda and address to his troops were probably based upon the general instructions to the *whole* command.

The conception of the expedition, I have heard since the war, orig-

inated in General Kilpatrick's brain. It furnishes the best specimen of cavalry marching, upon the Federal side, I know of during the war, for great celerity with proper relief to men and horses ; but it showed upon the part of somebody a most culpable want of knowledge of data upon which to base such a movement. I know *no time* during the war, when Richmond, with its admirable circumvallating defences, forewarned or not, could have been taken by a *division of cavalry*.

Accompanying this you will find a correct copy of the memoranda found upon Colonel Dahlgren's body, and a copy of my letter to General Cooper, transmitting his note-book. A *true* copy of the original of his address to his troop can be found upon page 502 of the *Lost Cause*.

I have only to add, in conclusion, that what appeared in the Richmond papers of that period, as the "Dahlgren Papers," was correctly taken from the papers I carried in person to Mr. Davis; and that those papers were not added to or changed in the minutest particular, before they came into my possession, as far as I know and believe, and that, from all the facts in my possession, I have every reason to believe they were taken from the body of Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, and came to me without any alteration of any kind.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

FITZHUGH LEE.

MEMORANDA OF DAHLGREN, AS PUBLISHED IN THE *Richmond Examiner*, April 1, 1864, AND REFERRED TO IN PRECEDING NOTE OF GENERAL LEE.

Pleasonton will govern details.
Will have details from other commands, (four thousand).
Michigan men have started.
Colonel I. H. Devereux has torpedoes.
Hanover Junction (B. T. Johnson).
Maryland Line.

(*Here follows a statement of the composition and numbers of Johnson's Command.*)

Chapin's Farm—seven miles below Richmond.
One brigade (Hunton's relieved Wise sent to Charleston).

River can be forded half a mile above the city. No works on south side. Hospitals near them. River fordable. Canal can be crossed.

Fifty men to remain on north bank, and keep in communication if possible. To destroy mills, canal, and burn everything of value to the rebels. Seize any large ferry boats, and note all crossings, in case we have to return that way. Keep us posted of any important movement of the rebels, and as we approach the city, communicate with us, and do not give the alarm before they see us in possession of Belle Isle and the bridge. If engaged there or unsuccessful, they must assist in securing the bridges until we cross. If the ferry-boat can be taken and worked, bring it down. Everything that cannot be secured or made use of must be destroyed. Great care must be taken not to be seen or any alarm given. The men must be filed along off the road or along the main bank. When we enter the city the officer must use his discretion as to when to assist in crossing the bridges.

The prisoners once loosed and the bridges crossed, the city must be destroyed, burning the public buildings, &c.

Prisoners to go with party.

Spike the heavy guns outside.

Pioneers must be ready to repair, destroy, &c. Turpentine will be provided. The pioneers must be ready to destroy the Richmond bridges, after we have all crossed, and to destroy the railroad near Frederick's Hall (station, artillery, &c.)

* * * * * * * *

Fifteen men to halt at Belona Arsenal, while the column goes on, and destroy it. Have some prisoners. Then rejoin us at Richmond, leaving a portion to watch if anything follows, under a good officer.

Will be notified that Custer may come.

Main column, 400.

One hundred men will take the bridge after the scouts, and dash through the streets and open the way to the front, or if it is open destroy everything in the way.

While they are on the big bridges, one hundred men will take Belle Isle, after the scouts instructing the prisoners to gut the city. The reserve (two hundred) will see this fairly done and everything over, and then follow, destroying the bridges after them, but not scattering too much, and always having a part well in hand.

Jeff. Davis and Cabinet must be killed on the spot.

LETTER FROM GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE TO ADJUTANT-GENERAL COOPER, ENCLOSING COLONEL DAHLGREN'S NOTE-BOOK.

HEADQUARTERS LEE'S DIVISION, CAVALRY CORPS,
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
March 31, 1864.

General S. COOPER,
Adjutant and Inspector-General:

GENERAL,—I have the honor to enclose to you Colonel Dahlgren's note-book just sent me by Colonel Beale, commanding Ninth Virginia cavalry. Had I known of its existence, it would have been forwarded with the "papers."

His name and rank is written on the first page with the date (probably) of his purchasing it. The book, amongst other memoranda, contains a rough pencil sketch of his address to his troops, differing somewhat from his pen and ink copy. I embrace this occasion to add, the original papers bore no marks of alteration, nor could they possibly have been changed, except by the courier who brought them to me, which is in the highest degree improbable; and the publication of them in the daily Richmond papers were exact copies in every respect of the original.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

FITZ. LEE,
Major-General Commanding.

Can there be a reasonable doubt that these papers, as published, were authentic?

But, if stronger proof is needed, we have in our possession several of the photograph copies of the original papers which were made at the time, and *the writing of which corresponds exactly to the specimen of Colonel Dahlgren's writing given in the memoir by his father.* The two are before us as we write; we have exhibited them to many skilled in such matters (among the number a distinguished Philadelphia lawyer), and *all of them concur that the writing is the same.*

As proof of the genuineness of our photographs, we give the following letter from the engineer officer (Major Albert H. Campbell), under whose "*immediate supervision*" the photographic copies were made from the originals:

LETTER FROM MAJOR CAMPBELL.

CHARLESTON, KANAWHA CO., W. VA.,
March 7th, 1874.

Colonel GEORGE W. MUNFORD,
Secretary Southern Historical Society:

DEAR SIR,--Enclosed I send you a photographic *fac-simile* of an address to his men, and a memorandum or draft of instructions found on the person of Colonel U. Dahlgren, United States Army, when killed during his raid on Richmond in 1864. The original of these instructions were sent to my office through the Engineer Bureau and General W. H. Stevens, by Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of State, for copy, and some fifty copies were made under my immediate supervision.

You will perceive they are double *fac-similes*, the paper being written upon both sides, and by holding either side between the eye and the light, the reversed side can easily be perused. The signed address has been published, I believe, but the other paper, I think, has not been.

By inspection, these papers will give indisputable testimony as to their origin, which has been so pertinaciously and indignantly denied by Colonel Dahlgren's friends.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALBERT H. CAMPBELL,
Late Major Confederate States Engineers,
In charge Topographical Department, Department of Va.

As for the charge that the signature in these photographs mispells the name—*Dalhgren* instead of *Dahlgren*—we have only to say that this is not true. An examination shows clearly that the signature is *U. Dahlgren*, and that the apparent difference is *caused* by the striking through of a letter on the reverse side of the paper on which the disputed document was written.

The following letter from General J. A. Early, in transmitting a photograph copy to our office, makes this matter so clear that we insert it, although not intended for publication:

LETTER FROM GENERAL J. A. EARLY.

LYNCHBURG, February 24th, 1879.

Rev. JOHN WILLIAM JONES, *D. D.*,
Secretary Southern Historical Society :

DEAR SIR,—I send you the copy of Dahlgren's address which Mr. McDaniel gave me for the Society. You will see that the "h" is very distinct in this copy. The address seems to have been written on two half-sheets of paper, or more probably on the two odd pages of a full sheet, with the conclusion written on the second page, or on the reverse side of the first leaf, and across the writing on the first page. By holding the half-sheet, in which the conclusion is copied, to a looking-glass, you can read the first part of the address very distinctly, and, by doing the same thing with the first page you can read the conclusion across the writing, which proves conclusively that this conclusion was written on the back of the first leaf of the sheet, and that the paper was so thin that the writing showed through it. The word across the back of which Dahlgren's name is written is "destroying," and it is the tail of the "y" which at first sight gives to the "l" in his name the appearance of an "h."

I find another leaf which is no part of the address, but seems to be part of instructions drawn up for the party which was to have crossed the river above the city and come down and taken Belle Isle and released the prisoners. The rest of the instructions were on the other side of the leaf probably, as there is the appearance of writing on that side, some words of which I can make out by holding the paper to the looking-glass.

Yours truly,

J. A. EARLY.

SUMMING UP OF THE PROOF.

As to the authenticity of the papers, then, we have established, we think, the following points :

1. The papers were taken from Dahlgren's person, in the presence of witnesses, by a boy *who could not write*, who did not know the name of the officer killed, and who was absolutely incapable of forging the papers.

2. They were turned over by Littlepage to Halbach, and were read by Dr. Bagby and others before there was *any opportunity* even if there had been any disposition to forge them.

3. They were carried direct to Colonel Beale, who read them and sent the papers by Lieutenant Pollard to Richmond, while retaining for some time the memorandum-book in which most of the papers were copied, and afterwards sending it also to Richmond.

4. Lieutenant Pollard delivered the papers to General Fitz. Lee, who carried them to President Davis.

5. Every one of these witnesses testify that the papers were *the same as those published.*

6. We have photograph copies of the originals, which Major Campbell testifies were made under his own "immediate supervision," which are identical with the published documents, *and the writing of which so corresponds to that of Colonel Dahlgren that any competent expert would testify that it is the same.*

Can there be the shadow of a doubt, then, as to the full and complete proof of the authenticity of the "*Dahlgren Papers*"?

The Opening of the Lower Mississippi in April, 1862—A Reply to Admiral Porter.

By Captain W. C. WHITTLE.

The Century, illustrated monthly magazine, of April, 1885, contains an article by Admiral David D. Porter, of the United States Navy, entitled "The Opening of the Lower Mississippi—April, 1862."

Before the article appeared I received a very polite letter from W. Lewis Fraser, Esq., manager of the *Century*, requesting me, as one of the officers of the Confederate iron-clad Louisiana, to furnish such a description as I could of the Louisiana, and of her construction, to accompany an article soon to appear in their magazine, enclosing me at the same time a pencil sketch of the vessel, of which he said, "from the enclosed drawing furnished by Admiral Porter, we conclude that she was somewhat similar to the Merrimac." I concluded from that clause that Admiral Porter might be the author of the article referred to.

I gladly supplied Mr. Fraser with as good a sketch and description of the Louisiana as I was able from my short experience on board and knowledge of her, and touched upon an incident connected with

her destruction with which I was peculiarly concerned. The manager of the magazine was kind enough to publish what I said, in foot notes, along with the article when it appeared over Admiral Porter's signature.

In consequence of my having been a party to the incident above alluded to, connected with the destruction of the Louisiana, I have been requested to write a reply to certain portions of the article to prevent the perpetration and perpetuation of an unjust reflection upon the conduct of an honorable gentleman and a gallant and efficient officer, Commodore John K. Mitchell, who commanded the naval defences at the time of the passage of the Confederate fortifications and fleet by Admiral Farragut, and at the subsequent surrender of the land defences to the present Admiral Porter.

It is with reluctance that I consent to do so, and I wish that the task had fallen upon one better able to deal with it as it deserves.

From a reluctance to engage in controversy incident to age, my former gallant commander, Commodore Mitchell, hesitates to undertake it. It is with no desire or intention to enter into a controversy, with no desire or intention to injure anyone, but simply to do justice where silence might lead to injustice in the minds of those who read Admiral Porter's article, unacquainted with all the circumstances bearing on the case, and with no other guide to a proper understanding of it.

It is no part of my purpose to discuss how far the Federal Government was indebted to Admiral Porter for the services rendered by the renowned Admiral Farragut, by Admiral Porter's recommending Admiral Farragut to the Washington authorities to command in chief the expedition to carry out a scheme conceived by Admiral Porter, as the article states; or of his, as is implied, standing as it were sponsor for the loyalty of Admiral Farragut; nor for the service rendered by Admiral Porter in getting the Federal fleet over the bar, in reference to which he says in his article, page 935, "Farragut felt extremely uncomfortable at the prospect before him, but I convinced him that I could get the vessels over, if he would place them under my control, and he consented to do so."

I will leave these matters to the credulity of the American reader not unfamiliar with Admiral Porter's style.

I will commence my work by stating a fact that has most important bearing upon Commodore Mitchell's conduct, which is, that, except for an active co-operation, the forts and land forces were a separate and distinct command from the naval forces on the Con-

federate side. The former were under the command of General Duncan, and the latter under the command of Commodore Mitchell.

This is set forth in Admiral Porter's article, who says, page 950, "General Duncan told me that he had no authority whatever over the naval vessels, and that, in fact, Commodore Mitchell, of the regular naval forces, had set the military authorities at defiance. So I waived the point, being determined in my own mind what I would do when the forts were in our possession."

As is set forth in my notes accompanying, in publication, Admiral Porter's article, the Louisiana was in an entirely incomplete condition when she was sent down from New Orleans, and Commodore William C. Whittle, the naval commander at New Orleans, only sent her down in that condition in obedience to positive orders from Richmond to do so, and against his remonstrance and better judgment. Her guns were not mounted, and the machinery of her two propellers was not put together. The machinery of her miserably conceived wheels, working in a "well" in her midship section, one immediately forward of the other, was in working order, but when she cast off her fasts at New Orleans on, I think, April 20th, 1862, the wheels were started, but with them she went helplessly down the stream, and tow-boats had to be called to take her to her destination, the point where she was afterwards destroyed, on the left bank of the river, just above Fort St. Philip, where she was tied up to the river bank, with her bow down stream. Machinists and mechanics were taken down in her, and worked night and day to complete the work on the machinery and to prepare the ship for service.

Our gallant and efficient commander, the lamented Charles F. McIntosh, aided by active, zealous and competent officers, bent all their energies to put the ship in a fighting condition, and by the time that the Federal fleet came up to run by the batteries, on April 24th, all the guns, except, I think, two, were mounted. At that time, the work on the machinery of the propellers was far from completion, and the vessel was, in that regard, as helpless as when she went there. The port-holes for the guns were so miserably constructed as simply to admit of the guns being run out, and were so small as not to admit of training laterally or in elevation.

With regard to the question of putting the Louisiana below Fort Jackson and near the obstructions, as General Duncan wished and urged, Admiral Porter, in his article, says, page 941: "Fortunately for us, Commander Mitchell was not equal to the occasion, and the Louisiana remained tied up to the bank, where she could

not obstruct the river or throw the Union fleet into confusion while passing the forts."

On page 940, Admiral Porter says: "We had kept up a heavy fire night and day (from the mortar fleet) for nearly five days—about 2,800 shells every twenty-four hours." This was kept up from behind a point of land below Fort Jackson, upon which, by some short-sightedness on the Confederate side, the military commander had allowed the trees to remain uncut down, so that the shells from the mortars could be thrown over the trees into Forts Jackson and St. Philip, while the mortar vessels were not visible from the forts. This was the fire which General Duncan wished the Louisiana, by dropping down, to divert from the forts to herself. When the suggestion was urged, Commodore Mitchell had a consultation with his officers. It was decided, and wisely, that it was injudicious, for the reason that it would place her under the fire of the whole Federal fleet commanded by Admiral Farragut, without its being in her power to reach them by a single shot, in consequence of her ports not admitting of an elevation of more than five degrees; and in addition, to the terrific fire of Admiral Porter's mortar fleet—"2,800 shells in twenty-four hours"—any one of which, falling upon her unprotected upper deck, would have gone through her bottom and sunk her, under which combined fires it would be impossible for any work to be done on our machinery, which we so hoped to complete in time for service when the Federals should come up. Is it not, then, unjust to thus speak of Commodore Mitchell? Is it not conclusive that in his refusal to do so ill-judged a thing, he proved rather that he *was* the man for the occasion?

At the time that Admiral Farragut's fleet ran the batteries, Commodore Mitchell's command consisted of the still helplessly immovable Louisiana, Commander Charles F. McIntosh, the converted merchant propeller, McRae, Lieutenant-Commander Thomas Huger, and the little ram, Manassas, Lieutenant-Commander Alexander F. Warley. That all these were fought bravely, and as efficiently as their character and condition admitted of, was thoroughly established.

The courageous McIntosh and Huger received mortal wounds, to say nothing of many other brave spirits. The officers and men of these necessarily illy constructed, illy armed and provided, and incomplete substitutes for vessels of war, went out to fight, and did fight, each, as it came up, one of the most powerful naval fleets that this country ever fitted out, with all the improvements and facili-

ties that human ingenuity, money, and fine machine shops and dock-yards could supply. And no one, with the heart of a brave man beating in his breast, can truthfully reflect upon their courage.

The converted propeller, "Governor Moore," which was so efficiently and heroically fought by her brave commander, Beverley Kennon, was not of Commodore Mitchell's command, nor were the river steamers intended for co-operation.

When Farragut's fleet passed up it left below Forts Jackson and St. Philip, under General Duncan, and the still helpless "Louisiana," under Commodore Mitchell, with a river steamer as a tender, the "Landis," alongside, which was entirely unarmed. The "Louisiana" had used her guns against all of the Federal fleet as they passed, and every man fought bravely and well, and chafed under their powerlessness, from causes and defects beyond their efforts to correct, to do more. There she lay, with her little flag bravely flying, after having resisted every projectile from Admiral Farragut's fleet. The guns used during the action on board the "Louisiana" were those of the bow division pointing down the river, and those of the starboard broadside division pointing across the river; the former consisting of two 9-inch, smooth bore shell guns and one 7-inch rifle; and the latter, I think, one 32-pounder rifle, and two 8-inch smooth bores.

Of the bow division, I had immediate command. I was the Third Lieutenant.

During the conflict, one of the largest of Admiral Farragut's fleet, as if her steering gear was disarranged, was caught in the eddy current and came right athwart our hawse, her starboard side nearly, if not actually, touching our stem, with only the length of our short forward deck outside of our armor between her side and our armor In that position we received her fire without any shot perforating, and the three guns of my division were fired as fast as they could be loaded and discharged, but here the abortively constructed port-holes prevented our depressing our guns to sink her.

It was at this time that our brave commander, Charles F. McIntosh, received his death wounds. When this vessel was placed in this position, as if anticipating that she intended to try to board us, and chafing under the forced inactivity of our vessel, he called away his men to repel the attack and gallantly led them to the upper deck, when he was shot down, as were numbers of his brave followers. A braver man, or set of men, never gave up their lives to any cause.

I cannot pass on further in my narrative without a tribute to the

courageous intrepidity of the commanders and crews of the steamer McRae, and the little ram, Manassas, the other two vessels of Commodore Mitchell's command.

The former, a small converted merchant steamer, and the latter originally, I think, a tug-boat, which was roofed over with iron, turtle-back fashion, and used as a ram. The officers and crews of these two little vessels took them out to meet their powerful antagonists, and fought to the death the vessels of Admiral Farragut's fleet without any regard to their strength and size, or to their own weakness. The brave commander of the McRae, Huger, fell mortally wounded, and was succeeded by his First Lieutenant, C. W. Read, who fought with desperate courage as long as he could reach an enemy and until the Federal fleet had passed beyond his power to get at them. Her gallant crew suffered heavily. She, after the action, was sent up under a flag of truce, to carry the wounded to New Orleans, where they could receive better treatment. I think that she was there taken possession of by the Federals.

The courageous Warley, of the Manassas, after fighting and ramming among the Federal fleet as long as he could, found that under the heavy ordnance of the enemy, his little craft was leaking and fast filling, and he had to scuttle and leave her, taking to the swamp.

I cannot believe that at any period of the world's history greater courage was ever displayed, or against such odds.

And now I come to the time of the surrender of the forts and the destruction of the Louisiana.

I think it was on April 27th that Commodore Mitchell was informed by General Duncan that he had received a demand from Admiral Porter to surrender, and offering terms of capitulation, and that he had peremptorily refused. Our work was still going on, night and day, on our machinery. The next morning we were to test the efficiency of it. At daylight, a note from General Duncan came off to say that, during the night, a portion of his garrison had mutinied or deserted, and that, not knowing the extent of the disaffection, he had determined to accept the terms offered by Porter.

Commodore Mitchell was, of course, astonished, and jumping into a boat went on shore, and asked if the note was genuine. The reply was, that it was.

He learned that a portion of the garrison of Fort Jackson, from New Orleans, becoming uneasy about their families, had deserted. He remonstrated and urged that the garrison of St. Philip was true, as was the crew of the Louisiana, but he was told that it was too late,

as a messenger had been despatched. Commodore Mitchell returned to the Louisiana.

Admiral Porter's fleet, led by the flag-ship, Harriet Lane, was then seen coming up under a flag of truce, in reply to a flag of truce on Fort Jackson.

A consultation was called by Commodore Mitchell. The decision was, that with an enemy above—an enemy below soon to be in possession of our forts—with limited supplies—no reliable motive power —to destroy the vessel.

An orderly but rapid transfer to the unarmed tender "Landis" was made; the magazines and charges in our guns were drowned as far as practicable. Commodore Mitchell, Lieutenants Wilkinson, Ward and I were the last to leave the Louisiana after firing her effectually. Commodore Mitchell then called me to him and told me to go in a boat, indicated, to Commodore Porter's flag-ship, then anchored off Fort Jackson, distant about a mile, and say to him, with his compliments, that he had fired the "Louisiana," and drowned, as far as he could, the magazines and charges in the guns, but that she was secured to the banks with rope fasts, which might burn; and as he was indisposed to do him any damage while under a flag of truce in answer to a similar flag from the forts, he notified him in case his burning ship should drift down among his fleet. I started down in the boat, two men pulling; when I got about one-third of the distance, I felt the boat tremble, and, looking around, saw that the Louisiana had blown up at or near the spot where I left her. I went on, however, and, going alongside of the Harriet Lane, was received by my old naval academy school-mate, Edward Lea, who was on deck. I asked for Commodore Porter, and was told that he was below. A messenger was sent down to him. The reply came back that he was arranging the terms of capitulation of the forts.

In a short time he came up. I delivered the message of Commodore Mitchell. He said, "Where is the Louisiana?" A strange question from one who had been "fairly shaken from his seat," and whose flag-ship had been "thrown on her side." I replied that she had blown up.

I returned to the "Landis," which was up the river just above Fort Jackson, at which point she was awaiting the approach of Porter to demand our surrender.

In a short time the Harriet Lane steamed up towards us. As our flag was still flying, she fired a gun as a signal, demanding our sur-

render. Our little vessel was entirely unarmed, and had been taken there to await that demand. The flag was ordered to be hauled down, which was done in a dignified manner.

Of this, in his article, Admiral Porter says, page 951: "His (Mitchell's) movements had been reported to me, and as soon as General Duncan had left the ship, I gave orders for the Harriet Lane to weigh anchor and beat to quarters. We steered directly for the vessel carrying Mitchell's flag, and the order was given to fire at the flag pole, but the smoke was not out of the gun before the Confederate flag was hauled down."

The last clause is probably the most obnoxious part of his article. As I said before, we had gone there to await the signal to surrender in this unarmed vessel. When the signal was made, it was replied to by hauling down our flag. I deny most positively that it was done in a hurried or undignified way.

Right here I will state, if Admiral Porter intended by this clause to reflect upon or impugn the courage of these officers and men, that when their reputation for courage is put against his for veracity, I will say to him as he *claims* to have said to the Confederate officers, when he says it was reported to him that the Louisiana was coming down as a fire ship on his flotilla—"If you can stand the explosion when it comes, we can."

After our surrender, we were placed first on the Clifton and afterwards on the Colorado. We were not treated kindly on the Clifton, but the officers of the Colorado were as kind to us as I think their orders would permit. From the Colorado we were put on board of the Rhode Island for transportation to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor.

Admiral Porter, on page 950, says: "We were all sitting at the table on board the Harriet Lane with the terms of capitulation between us. I had signed it, as had also Commander Renshaw, of the Westfield, and Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, of the Harriet Lane, was about to follow our example, when he was suddenly called on deck by one of his officers. He returned immediately, and informed me that the iron-clad Louisiana was in flames and drifting down the river towards the mortar flotilla (steamers), through which there was not room for her to pass, as our vessels were anchored within thirty yards of each other. 'This is sharp practice,' I said to the Confederate officers, 'but if you can stand the explosion when it comes, we can.'

"We will go on and finish the capitulation. At the same time I

gave Lieutenant Wainwright orders, &c., &c., &c. Then I handed the pen to General Duncan and Colonel Higgins, who coolly signed their names in as bold a hand as if they were not momentarily in danger of being blown up. *Then we all sat quietly awaiting the result.* In a few moments an explosion *took place which fairly shook us all out of our seats, and threw the Harriet Lane over on her side, but we finished the terms of capitulation.*"

I leave it to the reader to account for the apathetic inactivity with which, in the face of such a danger, "we sat quietly awaiting the result," and, too, to explain the nature of the explosion which only caused the little boat in which I was to tremble, when, at three times the distance, it "fairly shook us all from our seats, and threw the Harriet Lane over on her side." Is this addressed to the "marines?"

To Fort Warren we were taken by the Rhode Island, commanded by Commander Trenchard. When we got there, we were courteously received by Colonel Dimmick, who had the heart of a brave soldier and a Christian gentleman in his bosom. He extended to us our paroles, putting us on the footing with other prisoners. A day or so after, the good, brave old Colonel sent for Commodore Mitchell, Lieutenants John Wilkinson, W. H. Ward, W. C. Whittle, and some other Lieutenants, and told us that he had been ordered from Washington to withdraw our paroles and put us in confinement. Upon inquiry, we learned that it was because of the report of Admiral Porter, of "scandalous or infamous conduct" in having set fire to the Louisiana and sent her down as a fire-ship upon his flotilla while under a flag of truce and receiving the capitulation of the forts. Commodore Mitchell wrote a letter to the authorities in Washington, embodying my statement of having received and delivered his message to Admiral Porter, and we were at once released, and the privileges of our paroles extended to us.

Let the impartial reader judge for himself.

Now, to establish beyond doubt how unjust Admiral Porter's conduct was, and his criticism of Commodore Mitchell's conduct is, I will give the following documents, the printed original of which I have :

CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, December 5th, 1863.

Finding and opinion of a naval court of inquiry, convened in the city of Richmond, Va., January 5th, 1863, by virtue of the following precepts:

CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF ORDERS AND DETAIL,
RICHMOND, December 24th, 1862.

SIR,—By order of the Secretary of the Navy, you are hereby appointed President of a court of inquiry, to be convened in this city on the 5th of January next.

Captain S. S. Lee and Commander Robert G. Robb have been ordered to report to you, and with you will compose the court.

Mr. George Lee Brent will report to you as Recorder. You will inquire into the whole official conduct of Commander John K. Mitchell, Confederate States Navy, while in command of the steamer Louisiana, and in charge of the vessels of the Confederate Navy at and below New Orleans, and report the same to this Department, with your opinion whether the said officer did or did not do all in his power to sustain the honor of the flag, and prevent the enemy from ascending the Mississippi River; and if he did not, to what extent did he fail so to do.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. FORREST, *Chief of Bureau.*

Flag-Officer SAMUEL BARRON, *C. S. N.*,
Commanding, &c., James River, Va.

FINDING.

That Commander Mitchell assumed command of the Louisiana at New Orleans on the 20th April, 1862; and from that time until the destruction of the vessel, only a period of eight days was embraced.

That the whole force under his command consisted of the Louisiana, the McRae, the Manassas, the Jackson, and one launch.

That on the day he took command, Captain Mitchell descended the river Mississippi in the Louisiana, and took up a position on the left bank of the river, about half a mile above Fort St. Philip.

That on leaving New Orleans, the machinery of the Louisiana was incomplete, her motive power imperfect, and her battery improperly mounted.

That she could not, on a fair trial, stem the current of the Mississippi with her own motive power, aided by two steam tugs.

That every exertion was made by Commander Mitchell, the officers and mechanics, to get the Louisiana in a proper state of efficiency

for defence of the passage of the river, and that the defects in mounting the battery had been remedied, and the battery served with efficiency, with the exception of two guns out of place.

It appears that a request, or order, was sent by General Duncan, commanding Fort Jackson, to Commander Mitchell to change the position of the Louisiana to a point lower down the stream, which, by a council of officers, was unanimously deemed impracticable, and to a certain extent impossible on account of the great depth of water, and that such change of position would endanger the safety of the Louisiana. That in the position General Duncan desired the Louisiana to assume, she would have been in range of the mortar boats of the enemy, and perfectly helpless, inasmuch as she could not give her guns more than five (5) degrees elevation; not enough to reach the enemy. That the best disposition possible was made of the vessels under the command of Commander Mitchell to resist the passage of the enemy.

That on the 24th of April the enemy appeared, and his passage was hotly contested by the Louisiana, the McRae and the Manassas.

That the Jackson was previously sent up the river to guard certain passes, and the launch down the river to signal the approach of the enemy; and that they took no part in the fight.

That every possible resistance was offered by the vessels mentioned to the passage of the enemy up the river. That at no time was the Louisiana able to leave her moorings and pursue the enemy, from want of sufficient motive power. That the interval between the passage of the enemy and the destruction of the Louisiana (four days), was employed in completing the machinery to render her more able to cope with the enemy; and that it was Commander Mitchell's intention to make an attack when the Louisiana was capable of doing so.

That Commander Mitchell, when he heard that General Duncan, in command of Fort Jackson, had accepted the terms of surrender offered the day before by Captain Porter, United States Navy, remonstrated with General Duncan against such a course, but was told it was too late, as a flag of truce boat had already been sent.

That the enemy appeared in overwhelming force; and that at the time it was determined in council to destroy the Louisiana the position of affairs was as follows: There were from ten to fourteen large vessels of Flag-Officer Farragut's fleet above the Louisiana, and the mortar fleet and gunboats of Captain Porter were below. Two vessels of the enemy with white flags flying, were coming up the river in sight

to accept the surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which had white flags in answer to them. That the Louisiana could not move from where she was moored to the bank ; nor could she fire on the boats with flags of truce flying ; and in a short time the forts would be in the hands of the enemy, and the Louisiana between them. It was then unanimously determined in a council of the officers to destroy the Louisiana, as it was the only course left to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy.

This destruction was accordingly effected under the direction and supervision of Commander Mitchell, in an orderly and deliberate manner, and every precaution was taken to insure the safety of his men.

OPINION.

And the court is of the opinion, from all the evidence adduced, that Commander Mitchell did all in his power to sustain the honor of the flag, and to prevent the enemy from ascending the Mississippi river ; and that his conduct and bearing throughout the period of his service while in command of the vessels of the navy, for the defence of the Mississippi river, under the trying and embarrassing circumstances under which he was placed, was all that could be expected by the country and the naval service of a capable and gallant officer.

S. BARRON, *Flag Officer,*
President of the Court.

GEORGE LEE BRENT, *Recorder.*

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NAVY DEPARTMENT,
March 17th, 1863.

Proceedings and finding approved. Office of Orders and Detail will dissolve the Court.

S. R. MALLORY,
Secretary of the Navy.

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CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF ORDERS AND DETAIL,
RICHMOND, March 18th, 1863.

Flag-Officer, S. BARRON, *Commanding, &c.,*

SIR,—The Naval Court of Inquiry on Commander Mitchell, of which you are the presiding officer, is hereby dissolved. The

court convened in this city on the 5th day of January and has been continued thus long in session awaiting the attendance of General Mansfield Lovell and Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Higgins, who were summoned to appear before it as witnesses, by orders from the War Department. Learning that one of these gentlemen, Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins, cannot be spared from his present command, and that General Lovell has made no answer to the summons from the War Department, although they have been more than two months since summoned, again and again, there is no course left but to dissolve the court, which is done accordingly, and you will so inform the members and the judge advocate. You will be pleased to have this letter, or a certified copy, spread upon the records of the court.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. FORREST, *Chief of Bureau.*

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The foregoing is ordered to be published for the information of all whom it may concern.

S. R. MALLORY,
Secretary of the Navy.

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Before this court convened, General Duncan died.

It is worthy of note that neither General Lovell, who commanded all the troops in and below New Orleans, nor Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins, who was second in command of Fort Jackson, could be gotten as witnesses before this court, notwithstanding Admiral Porter's statement that the conduct of Commodore Mitchell was severely criticised and condemned by the Confederate army officers.

The Louisiana was a coveted prize. In one of the Federal yards, with every facility for work, she could soon have been made into a formidable engine of war. No doubt her destruction was a great disappointment to Admiral Porter, and I can only explain his harshness towards Commodore Mitchell and his Lieutenants as prisoners, and his bitterness in his criticisms since, by his failure to possess himself of her.

Would it not be far nobler to gracefully wear the laurels he has won, than to pluck those from the brow of his dead friend, Farragut, or his vanquished foe, Mitchell?

Norfolk, Va., December 18th, 1885.

Editorial Paragraphs.

Volume 13 will be found, we think, one of the most interesting and valuable of our whole series—a fit companion to the volumes already issued.

Renewals of membership fees for 1886 are now in order, and we hope that our members generally will forward their dues *at once, and without waiting for any further dunning*. The great need of the Society is a *promptly paying* membership, which will enable us to meet current expenses as they arise.

So many forget that our terms of annual membership are "*$3.00 per annum in advance*," and that when one is enrolled as a member he continues as such until he withdraws, *entitled to all privileges, and responsible for all dues*.

We have had some ugly experiences of late in having members, who have been receiving our Papers for several years, and owe us for their dues, to coolly respond to our gentle reminder that we need the money, "I only subscribed for one year, and paid for that." Now, of course, every intelligent man knows that a subscriber to a newspaper, or magazine, or annual, who fails to notify the publisher beforehand to discontinue his subscription, is *legally* bound for it, and that he cannot discontinue *until he has paid up all arrears*. But we cannot, of course, undertake to enforce our *legal rights* for the small sums due us in widely-scattered communities, and can only appeal to our friends to let us have our just dues—a very small matter to each individual, but a large aggregate to us. *There is justly due the Society today at least five thousand dollars*. The half of this would pay in full our expenses for 1885, and print our volume for 1886.

Kind words are always pleasant, and we have been the recipients of some very strong expressions as to the interest, value, and importance of our work. One of the strongest of these comes from a distinguished editor of Boston, who says that "no society at the North has done a work at all comparable to the grand work accomplished by the Southern Historical Society." We can only say that much more remains to be done, and that if our friends will only stand by us we will do a work of which what has been already accomplished is but the beginning.

Book Notice.

THE LIFE AND CAMPAIGNS OF MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART, COMMANDER OF THE CAVALRY ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA. By Major H. B. McClellan. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Richmond, Va.: J. W. Randolph & English.

We said two years ago that we had had the privilege of reading some of Major McClellan's MSS., and that he would produce a book of rare interest and great historic value. The book, gotten up in the best style of the book-

maker's art, is now before us, and we do not hesitate to say that it more than fulfills our prophecy.

Major McClellan had a rare subject for an interesting book, and he has been fully equal to the occasion.

Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, or "Jeb. Stuart," as he was familiarly called, was unquestionably one of the prominent figures of the war—in our judgment, the ablest cavalry leader which the war produced on either side. He handled infantry with great skill, was delighted when he could "crowd them with artillery," and seemed equally at home leading a cavalry charge, or, musket in hand, directing the advance of the infantry skirmish line. Genial and full of fun, laughing, singing, and playing practical jokes on all comers, he was at the same time stern in his discipline, ceaseless in his vigils, almost incapable of fatigue, and utterly regardless of danger when there was stern work to be done. He has been appropriately called "a splendid war machine," and he was the admiration not only of the cavalry, but of the whole army of which he was so conspicuous a leader, and whose splendid achievements he did so much to produce.

Besides this, the story of Stuart's life has never before been told, except in the most fragmentary way, and even a fairly well written book about him would possess more than ordinary interest.

But Major McClellan has peculiar qualifications for his task. For a large part of the time of Stuart's brilliant war career he was his chief of staff and confidential friend, and had every opportunity of personal knowledge of most of the events he describes. Still he has conscientiously and laboriously studied the official reports on both sides—corresponded with officers in position to know particular events—and has also made diligent use of private papers which Mrs. Stuart placed at his disposal. In a word he was thoroughly equipped for his task, his literary qualifications were of high order, and he has written a book which is clear, chaste, and every way admirable in its style, and is at the same time a real contribution to the history of the Army of Northern Virginia. With the loving hand of a devoted friend Major McClellan defends Stuart from adverse criticism, or describes his able strategy and his brilliant exploits; but he writes in the calm spirit of the historian rather than with the blind zeal of the partisan, and has made one of the *fairest* books we have ever seen.

If we were to make an adverse criticism it would be that, in his laudable aim to bring out clearly Stuart's splendid military career, Major McClellan has not introduced many anecdotes, reminiscences, and private letters which would add to the interest of the book for the popular reader, and bring out more clearly Stuart's stainless private character. And yet, while avoiding meretricious ornaments of style, there are some passages of rare beauty and touching pathos, and the whole book is one which an old Confederate at least cannot but read with sustained interest, and kindling enthusiasm.

We deeply regret that the book comes to us too late for the full review which, under other circumstances, we should have delighted to give it, and that our printers warn us that even this hurried notice must close.

Promising, then, to recur to the subject again, we can now only extend our cordial congratulations to our accomplished and gallant friend, Major McClellan, on his complete success in making a superb book, and express the earnest hope that his present venture may meet with such success as to encourage him to give us at no distant day a complete *History of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia*, of which he was up to the final surrender the able Adjutant-General

We must add that the steel engraving which forms the frontispiece seems to us a well-nigh perfect likeness of Stuart; that the maps are very valuable, and that the paper, type, binding, and whole *get-up* of the book leave nothing to be desired.

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